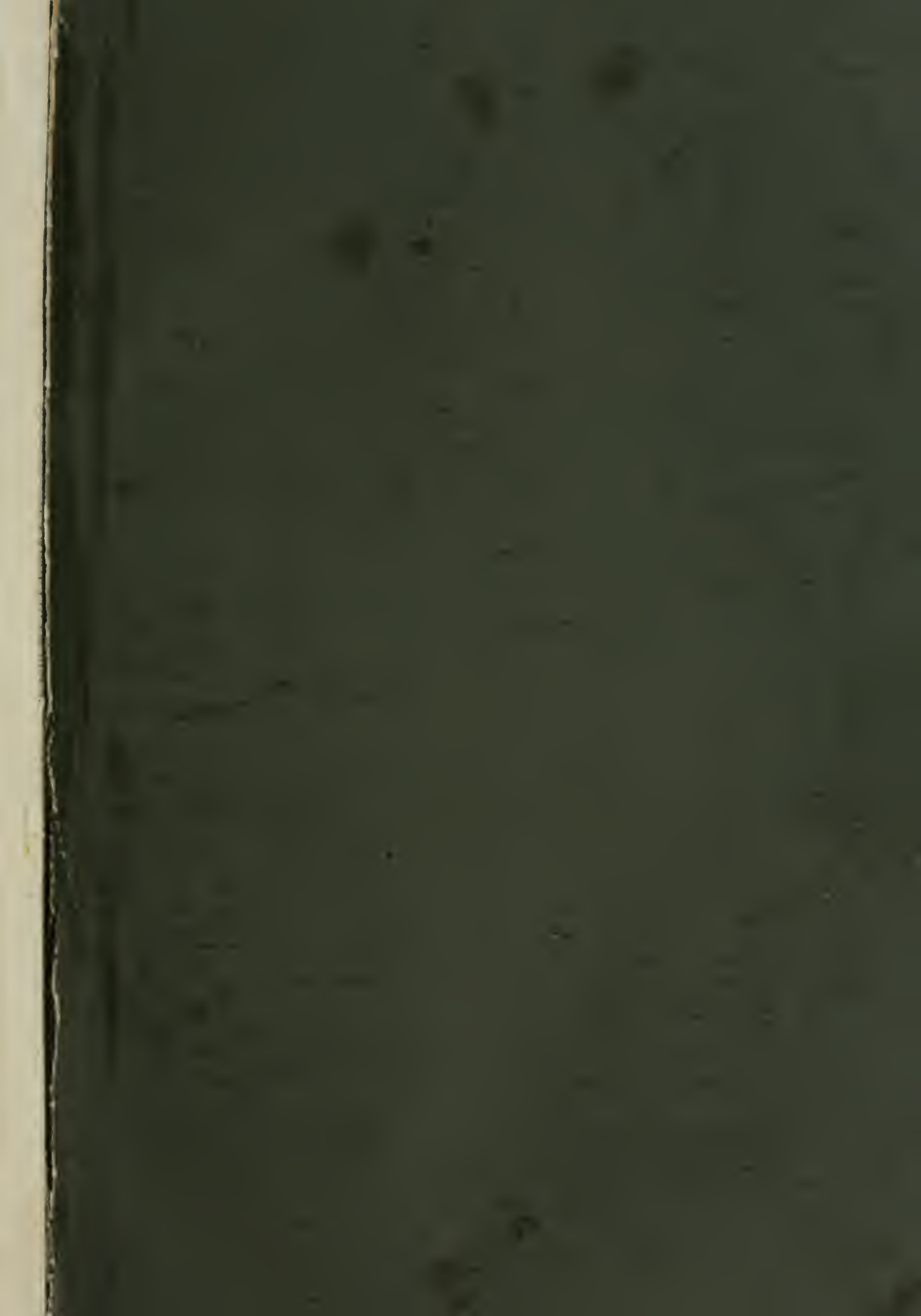


HARRIET WAINWRIGHT FRIEND.



Compliments of The
Author

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID,

TRANSLATED LITERALLY, LINE BY LINE, INTO

ENGLISH DACTYLIC HEXAMETER,

BY

REV. OLIVER CRANE, D. D.,

CORPORATE MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

"Per Ardentem sine fraude Trojam
Castus Æneas patriæ superstes
Liberum munivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis."

Horace, Carmen Saeculare, 41-44.



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PREFACE.

IT is a singular fact in the history of English Literature, that the first book printed in the English language was a "History of Troy," drawn mainly from the *Æneid* of Virgil, written first in French by Raoul le Feure, the Chaplain of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, and, at the command of the Duke, translated from the French, and printed as his first book, by William Caxton, the introducer of printing into England. Respecting this somewhat celebrated "first book," Caxton, in its title, says: "Whiche sayd translacion and werke was begonne in Brugis in the contree of Flaunders, the fyrst day of Marche, the yere of the Incarnacion of our said Lord, a thousand four hondred sixty and eight, and ended and fynysshed in the holy cyte of Colen the xix day of Septembre, the yere of our sayd Lord God, a thousand four hondred and enleven" (1471). The reason for such command to print it, is stated in the *Biographia Britannica* to be, "possibly to gratify the disposition there was at the time, in the English or British nation, to derive their original from Brutus and his Trojans." Subsequently Caxton issued "The Boke of Eneydos; compyled by Vyrgyle; which hath be translated oute of Latine into Frenche, and oute of Frenche, reduced into Englyeshe, by me, William Caxton, the 22d day of Juyn, the yere of our Lord 1490." This, though of inferior literary merit, was, however, well received, as being the first recognized translation into English of any part of the *Æneid*. "The Hystory, Siege, and Dystruccyon of Troye," written by the monk, John Lydgate, about the year 1430, but not printed until 1513, hardly

deserves mention in this connection, for it was in no sense a translation of the *Æneid* ; although its fine descriptions of rural scenery, and vivid portrayals of combats, as well as noble sentiments, made it popular at the time, though variously estimated by critics.

But the honor of the first poetical version, in English, of the *Æneid* at all worthy the name must be accorded to Gawin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, Scotland, issued in 1553. This was, as it professed to be, a fairly close, and certainly spirited, rendering of the original, of the entire *Æneid* not only, but of the so-called 13th Book, added by Maphæus Vegius; but, while regarded as English, it is in the broad Scotch dialect, scarcely intelligible now to those familiar only with modern English. Its literary excellence was evinced by its winning its way to popularity at once, and retaining it during that and the succeeding century, notwithstanding its dialectic peculiarities, and the appearance of other and vernacular versions.

The second noteworthy attempt at a metrical version in English of any part of the *Æneid* was in 1557, by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who translated the 2d and 4th Books into blank verse, a meter invented by himself, but which has since taken such high rank in English versification. This was a work of much literary ability ; but unfortunately his public duties prevented him from carrying it to completion. It is still by many highly prized for its closeness to the original, being a line by line translation, and for its vigorous and pure English diction.

The next poetic version in English was that by Thomas Phaer, of the first seven Books, issued the following year, 1558, in an entirely different, though analogous, meter, which speedily became popular, and was adopted by George Chapman in his celebrated translation of Homer's *Iliad* issued in 1596. Encouraged by the favorable reception of his work, Phaer applied himself to its completion; but he was able to carry it only as far as to "the first third of the 10th Book," when death interrupted his labors. It was, however, subsequently taken up and completed, in the same style and meter, by Thomas Twyne, M. D., including the Vegian addition, now no longer admitted as worthy a place by the side of

Virgil's inimitable epic. Numerous editions of Phaer's translation were issued, and its fidelity and smooth versification give it still a high standing in the estimate of scholars.

But that was a transitional period, as well in its poetry as in the English language itself ; and poets seem, both in originals and in translations, to have invented, or adapted, forms of verse to suit their own tastes ; but, following in the wake of Chaucer, all hitherto appear to have adopted the iambic verse, as was the case in each of the above-mentioned versions of the *Æneid*, each being different from the others, but all iambic in structure. But now came of a sudden a signal innovation, not indeed in classic, but in traditional usage. Scarcely a decade had passed, since the issue of Phaer's and Twyne's completed version, when there appeared a work which was destined to a notoriety far beyond the innovator's anticipations ; and which at once became the target, rightly or wrongly, on which critics, with remarkable persistency, seemed to regard themselves at liberty to practice their keonest archery. It was on the 20th of June, 1582, as stated by himself, that Richard Stanyhurst published "The first four Bookes of Virgil's *Æneis*, translated into English historicall verse," a singular combination of pentameter and hexameter, usually, however, classed with the latter. This was a venture in disregard of already established meters, which, while it proved a puzzle to the critics, leaving them in doubt, from its peculiarities, as to whether it was intended as a burlesque, or an honest effort at a literal rendering of the classic poet's verse in its original measure, evoked a general onslaught of unsparing, almost savage, criticism, which, for persistency, and evident intent at annihilating its object, has rarely been paralleled in literature. Ten years after its publication, Thomas Nash—no slight critic in his day—thus opens the assault : "Mr. Stanyhurst, though otherwise learned, trod a foul, lumbering, boisterous, wallowing measure in his translation of Virgil." One hundred years later, Thomas Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, echoing the same note, writes : "In his choice of measure, he (Stanyhurst) is more unfortunate than his predecessors, and in other respects succeeded worse." A hundred years or more still later,

Robert Southey, the poet—wedded, as were all the poets and critics of his day, to iambics, as if intent on squelching him as a pest—asserts: “As Chaucer has been called the well of English undefiled, so might Stanyhurst be denominated the common sewer of the language.” Poor Stanyhurst! How little he realized the odium which the seemingly unwarranted temerity of his innovation would, for fully two hundred years, evoke. Nor is the ban, imposed so long ago upon the effort to revive a classic meter, even yet wholly lifted. Its practicability, and advisability, have been again and again discussed, and that by some of the ablest scholars, but with usually an adverse verdict. The poet-artist C. P. Cranch, in the Preface to his admirable blank-verse version of the *Æneid*, issued 1872, covers almost two pages in canvassing this much-debated question of translating the classic epics of Greece and Rome in what he styles “these quaint and trailing six-footers;” and closes with the remark: “The difficulty of sustaining to the end, in hexameter, a poem so varied in thought and action as the *Æneid*, is a consideration which might well make the most gifted rhythmical artist shrink from the task; a task tenfold greater, if it be a main object with him to keep close to the literal phrasing of the text.” This is simply a reiteration of an older decision, many times repeated with honest intentions by the masters of criticism in the past. With such reiterated intimidations, ancient and modern, warning against it, it hardly need occasion wonder that not a single hexametrical version of the *Æneid* (as far as the writer is aware) exists in the English language; and, if the Virgilian Catalogue of the British Museum may be relied upon as a true exponent of facts in the case, only one has ever been even attempted; but that one grappling with precisely what the poet C. P. Cranch has signaled as so formidable, if not impossible, a “task.” In 1865 there was published in London, in small, pamphlet-like form, an edition of “*The Æneid in English Hexameters*, by W. Grist, Head-master of Central Hill Collegiate School, Upper Norwood.” The author, however, as if to forestall what seemed an impending storm of adverse criticism, states distinctly in his Preface, that the task was undertaken solely “to assist his own pupils in the work of translating

Virgil, and in the composition of Latin hexameters." Only one Book of the *Æneid* in this form was issued.

But why, it may reasonably be asked, such persistent disparagement of a legitimate meter, from the days of Thomas Nash down to the present time ; especially when the meter interdicted as inadmissible is certainly within the reach of the availabilities of the English as well as other languages, and success in it, in other lines of poetry, is already marking the poetical achievements of the present age. It is becoming more than ever open to grave doubt whether the disparagement of hexameter, which has been so long sanctioned by the dictum of the older critics, is not after all an aspersion on the English tongue itself, than which no modern language is more pliable ; none more capable of adaptation to all conceivable metrical forms. The late poet-scholar, Dr. James G. Percival, successfully reproduced in English nearly every meter found in classic lyric poetry ; and our much-lamented and universally honored national poet, the late Professor Henry W. Longfellow, has certainly shown, in his charming "Evangeline," and "Miles Standish," that the English is not incapable of being harnessed to the classic hexameter, and triumphantly achieving therein success, in a race for popular favor. In fact, Longfellow had, from his own admirable translations, become thoroughly convinced of its utility, if not indispensability, in giving the classic epics a fitting setting in English. To his friend, Mr. Fields, under date of April, 1871 (See *Century* magazine for April, 1886, page 891), he made this emphatic statement, embodying his own strong conviction : "To translate a poem properly, it must be done into the meter of the original ; and Bryant's 'Homer,' fine as it is, has this great fault, that it does not give the music of the poem itself." Dr. Edward Guest, in his *History of English Rhythms*, in like manner favors rather than discourages a similar correspondence, in translations from classic poets ; Matthew Arnold's advocacy of it for like purposes needs simply a reference. The nearly simultaneous appearance in England of three independent versions of Homer's *Iliad* in hexameter, viz., by E. W. Simcox (1865), by J. D. Dart (1865), and by Sir William W. Herschel (1866), only corroborates

the estimate of Professor H. W. Longfellow, and warrants, if it does not encourage, effort in it.

This is a progressive age, welcoming improvement in every department of literature, as well as science and industry; and the time is fast approaching, if it has not come already, when disparagement of any justifiable meter, and especially of one so inwoven with the epic poetry of ancient times, but whose capabilities in modern languages are as yet very far from being exhausted, will no longer be tolerated. In German it has already become fully legitimated; and why not welcome honest effort to popularize, in English, a measure which for ages was the recognized voicing of the heroic Muse, especially when its rich cadences, in classic languages, have continued to charm the ears of scholars, down through all the centuries of literature to the present time?

Objections, it is true, have been raised against the use of hexameter in English, and it is admitted that some of these have pertinence and weight; but, when the availabilities of the English language are rightly understood and utilized, in their proper adaptations to it, these are not insuperable, and ought not to be allowed to put it under a perpetual ban. The crucial objection, that hexameter is suited only to languages such as the Greek and Latin, whose versification is based on *quantity*, and not to languages like the English, whose poetry is all controlled by *accent*, is more apparent than real; because it overlooks the flexible nature of hexameter, and totally ignores the value of accent as an element of power in language. It regards the variable cadence, made by the classic poets in their versificational collocation of consonants and vowels, as absolutely essential to hexametrical rhythm: whereas the exquisite charm of duly collocated accentuated words in verse is what constitutes one of the prime excellencies of the English, as a language rich in poetry and song. To render hexameter as available as iambic in English, the fact must be accepted that *accent* is a ruling factor in its versification; and the attempt to compel the ear, as has been perhaps too much the case in its use, to ignore its own culture, and shift accent to suit the poet's arbitrary arrangement in his verse, must end in failure. In hexameter, as in

all other meters, *time* is to be considered : and, as in music, so in prosody, the rhythm is marred at once, if cadence does not distinctly indicate its measure. The classic poets fully understood this, and secured their rhythm by variableness in accent and fixedness in quantity. Their cadences were a prosodical sacrifice of accent to rhythm. Hence, in reading their own poetry, they literally sang or chanted it, giving to each syllable a distinct ictus, or beat of the hand or foot, in keeping time. In fact, Virgil very plainly intimates this in his description of the combined music and song of Orpheus, in the *Æneid*, Book vi, 644-647 : while of Virgil's own reading, Professor H. Nettleship remarks: " Though slow in conversation, Virgil was a beautiful reader. His manner of recitation is said to have been sweet and wonderfully attractive ; so much so, that a contemporary poet, Julius Montanus, said that verses, which in themselves seemed flat and dumb, sounded well when he read them ; such was the charm of his voice, pronunciation and gestures. We know how Octavia was affected by his reading of the lines about Marcellus." His reading was in strict accordance with the established rules of Latin prosody, which made quantity, and not accent, the basis of emphatic intonation, and gave it such a charm to the ears of those to whom the Latin language was vernacular. Now let accent, in the same way, be allowed its full force and time, and not be arbitrarily imposed on syllables where it does not naturally belong, and at once the ear, trained to the use of an accentual language, in the same manner not only detects, but accepts the effect produced, as agreeable. If accent be a legitimate factor in English versification, let it be recognized ; and then, with a strict adherence to it, and a due regard to vowel and consonant in the collocation of words, there is no valid reason why hexameter may not become equally naturalized in English as in German. A heavier tax, it is true, may thus be laid upon those who essay it with these restrictions ; but it does not follow that because the true ideal in it has often failed to be reached, therefore hexameter, as a meter, is to be ostracized as totally unsuited to naturalization in the English language.

But closely allied is another objection, and by some considered still

more formidable, viz., that a lack of spondaic words in English precludes success in the use of hexameter in it, at least to the extent achieved in the polysyllabic Latin and Greek. This, too, is more ideal than real, for it overlooks an important fact in classic poetry ; for it assumes the necessity of a preponderance of spondees over dactyls for the perfection of hexametrical rhythm : whereas the preponderance of either of these factors was a simple linguistic necessity, recognized distinctly by the classic poets themselves. The versatility of the Greek, notwithstanding its grammatical restrictions, gave the poets in it a wider range of choice in the structure of their meters than did the more stable Latin. In the latter, the very ponderousness of its words, and the unwieldy nature of its verbal suffixes in declensions, not only admitted, but necessitated, a larger spondaic element in all the forms of its poetry, than in the more facile Greek, or in the notably less hampered modern languages. The Homeric hexameter is essentially dactylic, while the Virgilian, especially in the *Æneid*, is spondaic. Virgil rarely admits a pure dactylic line ; and when he does, it is evidently with studied effort for a specific effect, as in his well-known lines in Books viii, 596, and xi, 874 : while Homer, particularly in the *Iliad*, gives freer rein to his choice ; and both—when sprightliness and spirited action invite it, as in the rush of thought in stirring descriptions—avail themselves of the dactylic movement as an element of life. But even in the ordinary run of their respective rhythms Homer's verse is in a more dactylic mold than Virgil's, and evidently from the necessities of their medium of thought.

Hence Professor T. L. Papillon, in his admirably discriminate discussion of "The Virgilian Hexameter," in the Preface to his valuable edition of Virgil's Works, concludes : "It thus seems that Virgil, in adapting the Homeric hexameter to the Latin language, realized that the dactylic rhythm must be modified by a large admixture of 'spondei stabiles,' as Horace calls them (*A. P.* 256). A considerable majority of his verses have at least three spondees (including the last foot) ; and the proportion of fifteen such lines in *Æneid* i, 1-10 to nine in *Iliad* i, 1-10, may be taken as a rough measure of the extent to which he carried out this

modification of Homeric rhythm. A spondee in the first foot, contained in a single word and followed by a pause in sense, is almost the only circumstance under which he seems to shrink from spondaic rhythm in the first four feet : and the somewhat slow and ponderous movement thus given to the verse at starting is reserved, as a rule, for the special expression of solemnity or emotion."

The twofold nature of the hexametric foot, therefore, was not only fully understood, but its availabilities laid hold of and utilized by the classic poets, in its adaptive use in their respective languages. Some of them indeed, notably Ennius, and after him Lucretius and Catullus, the latter two less glaringly, failed to discriminate, as fully as did Virgil, the necessity of adaptation, in their adoption of the Homeric meter ; and, in their efforts to reproduce in Latin his dactylic measure, were compelled to have recourse to archaisms and strained forms of expression which grated harshly on Latin ears, and made their poetry less grateful than Virgil's. To modern ears the spondee, in spite of the rich cadences of Virgil's rhythm, is heavy ; and its preponderance, in an extended poem, becomes monotonous : and hence the so often reiterated exception taken to imitative hexameter. The transfusion of the spondee-element has overloaded the verse ; and very naturally hexametrical translations have been, as already intimated, condemned as inadmissible, on the same score as were the poems of Ennius, because of their evidently exotic model in too close imitation. To modern ears the rhythm of smoothly flowing dactylic movement is pleasing rather than repulsive, as infusing life by the very sound of its recurring cadences ; and when just enough of the spondee-element is admitted to relieve monotony, the objection as to the heaviness of hexameter vanishes.

Accordingly there can be no valid reason drawn from the meter itself, or from the demands of the epic Muse, or from modern taste, for insisting on a predominance of the spondaic over the dactylic element in hexameter, especially in English, in which monosyllabic words, derived mostly from the old Saxon, so profusely abound ; whilst the fact that the English does not admit of the syllabic endings in declensions of nouns,

and but sparingly in verbs, which constitute so prominent a feature of the classic languages, becomes an additional reason for a larger freedom in hexameter than has usually been accorded.

Its management, especially in a linear version of so extended and varied a poem as the *Æneid*, is indeed a formidable task ; but the large infusion into English of Latin and Greek and polysyllabic words, which, having become incorporated in the language, are tacitly available, renders the work of accommodation in it less difficult ; while it largely compensates for what some have deemed a defect in English, its paucity of inflections, save in well-nigh obsolete archaismal endings. But with all the drawbacks incident to its attempted naturalization in modern tongues, hexameter is too grand, and withal too ancient, a measure to be utterly discarded : and, while perfection in its difficult versification can at best be but proximate, honest endeavor to realize the poet Longfellow's ideal of translations, and his own personal effort to popularize it, is at least admissible : and, although classic models in their own languages are indisputable, yet rigidity in the application to modern languages, and especially to the English, of rules originally made for the availabilities and necessities of languages entirely different in their structural aptitudes, savors perhaps too much of literary ostracism, and ill comports with modern evolutionary progress.

No man better understood this than did the poet Longfellow, whose professional studies led him to a very thorough analysis of the elements and affinities of the flexible modern, as compared with the less flexible ancient languages. Hence, in his adoption of the epic meter of the classic poets in one of his longest and most finished poems, he deliberately set aside, as incongruities, the hitherto rigidly applied canons of the classic verse, and determined to adapt a meter, rich in rhythm and varied in cadences, to the accentual and uninflectional requirements of the English tongue. Thomas Davidson, in his sketch of the Life and Writings of Prof. H. W. Longfellow, in the 9th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Vol XIV., p. 861), discriminately notes this as a special characteristic of the Evangeline meter. " Though written," he remarks,

"in a metre deemed foreign to English ears, the poem immediately attained a wide popularity, which it has never lost, and secured to the dactylic hexameter a recognized place among English metres." Hexameter in English can be popularized only as Longfellow has done it, viz., by subordinating the spondaic to the dactylic element, and not, as had been previously regarded essential in it, by strictly enforcing the exactions of a prosody based solely on quantity, but by bringing it into rhythmic conformity to the rules of structure and accent to which the language itself is subject.

In the version here attempted, a latitude, both in the scope and structure, but not in the rhythm, has been designedly taken : but, in order more feasibly to secure the requisite supply of spondees in a linear rendering—for the spondaic element is not to be discarded—the Latin forms of proper names occurring have been uniformly retained. No violence surely can be considered done to modern nomenclature ; for no classic scholar can be offended by their retention : whilst uniformity of adherence to them throughout the work must familiarize the mere English reader sufficiently to prevent misapprehension. For obvious reasons also—exactness and fidelity, if no other—the synonyms, used by Virgil himself to designate prominent nationalities, have been scrupulously retained in the version ; e. g., Danaï (or Danaäns), Achaians, Argives, Lacedemonians, Pelasgians, and Grecians for the Greeks ; and Teucrans, Dardans (or sons of Dardanus), Dardanians, Phrygians, Laomedons, Æneäns, etc., for Trojans. The use of these by the poet was undoubtedly intentional, to avoid tautology, or to give a pleasing variety : and they are themselves evidence of his adaptive skill. They are retained, therefore, not merely because they facilitate metrical adaptation, but because they allow the reader to see just what terms Virgil did use, which, being ignored by some translators, and accounted excrescences or redundancies by others, have been recklessly sacrificed, even by some of the best commentators of the Æneid. If Virgil's versatility of expression is to be appreciated, and his exceeding exuberance of diction be regarded of any value, the retention of these is a necessity absolute. The same is true

of Virgil's well-known habit, studiously sustained, of repeating the same or analogous ideas in varied forms of expression, ^{which} would be shorn of its charm—for charm it certainly is—if their peculiar phraseology were disregarded, and mere generalities substituted in their stead. It constitutes, in fact, one of Virgil's special excellencies as a poet-scholar, showing a very remarkable acquaintance with the nice distinctions of Latin synonyms: and yet a strictly literal reproduction of these so constantly recurring terms is one of the most formidable of all the difficulties with which a critical translator of the *Æneid*, whether in prose or verse, has to contend: yet, if these are left out, or indiscriminated, much of the rich aroma of his style would be lost; for Virgil, as a poet, is exceedingly choice in the use of his words, every one seeming to have been chosen with the utmost nicety of taste, and regard for adaptation. To overlook his precision in these, therefore, were to mar the beauty of the word-picturing, in which he so preëminently, as a poet-artist, excels. It is these little gems of expression, by which a word often starts a beautiful image or analogy, that are so missed by those familiar with the original, in what were otherwise excellent versions. Poetic words are often just as precious as poetic thoughts, or poetic similes; for they are an essential part of the poet's art. Hence it has been a constant aim in the present version to preserve, as far as practicable, these word-pictures, as well as the nice distinctions in the frequently recurring synonymous terms, where the English would admit; but where it failed to supply exact correspondences of words, equivalents have been employed.

As regards the *ÆNEID*, the mere fact that it rose to the dignity of a classic so soon after the poet's death, and has maintained its position as such among scholars of all the civilized nations of Europe during all the past Christian centuries, certainly entitles it to a very high rank as a work of poetic art. Probably the works of no classic author—not even excepting the immortal Homer—have had so many and such extended commentaries written on them as the works of Virgil. The Virgilian catalogue of the British Museum covers seventy-four folio pages, and has

references to upwards of 1250 editions contained in the Library, and these by no means comprise all that have ever been issued of Virgilian literature. Many of these issues, it will be remembered, consist of several, and some of them very huge volumes. The writer has one large folio volume, dated 1586, and containing the combined commentaries of Donatus and Servius, in 2,220 closely printed pages ; and another, the compilation of Burmanus, of 2,680 pages, in four quarto volumes, and others almost equally voluminous. In fact Virgilian literature would make a library of no slight dimensions of itself, a testimony accorded to few authors, in like decisive expression, of any age. The *Æneid* was Virgil's greatest work, the one on which his fame as a poet has mainly rested, and will rest for all coming time. It has stood, with the *Iliad* of Homer, in undisputed preëminence at the head of epic poems in any language, ancient or modern. The more closely it is studied, the more deeply will the impression of it as such be made upon the mind. It would doubtless have been more complete in its details, and more highly artistic in its finish throughout, if the poet had lived to give it, as was his earnest desire, his final touches. But as it is, it commands the admiration of every student of the classics. Professor Francis Bowen, in the Preface to his admirable *Notes on it* (1859), has very comprehensively summarized the characteristics of the *Æneid* as a poem. He remarks :

“ The *Æneid* is the most regular, finished, and uniformly sustained poem of its class. It is the perfection of art, as inimitable in its peculiar sphere, as the *Apollo Belvidere* is in statuary, or the *Parthenon* in architecture. The flow of easy and polished versification never fails, the narrative and descriptive passages are happily conceived and intermingled, and the characters and scenes are grouped with admirable skill, having a proper connection with each other, and all contributing to the progress of the story. The imagination and taste of the writer are equally conspicuous. The style never falls into bald and prosaic narration, and never offends by excessive or misplaced ornament. The choice and arrangement of words are so felicitous, as often to remind the reader of a curious and tasteful piece of mosaic or inlay work. Yet the composition does not appear studied and constrained, but generally proceeds with an air of natural grace and simplicity. The imposing and majestic tone of many passages kindles and elevates the feelings, and the reader is frequently hurried away by the energy of the style, and the fervor and spirit of the description. An admirable judge of effect, Virgil never wearies by monotony, nor

offends by sudden starts or forced transpositions. The scenes and images are fitly disposed, to heighten each other by contrast, to astonish by their variety and grandeur, and to please by their vividness and beauty. The sentiments are dignified and generous, and are nobly expressed both in words and actions. A profound student of the human heart, the poet touches the chords of softer feeling, or expresses the violent workings of passion with equal power. Moral suffering is delineated with touching effect, and the strife of opposite emotions, the urgency of terror, and the pathos of despair are vividly presented, and leave a deep impression on the mind. The character and history of Dido afford conclusive proof, that if Virgil had chosen dramatic writing for his province, he might have equalled or surpassed the noblest tragedies of the Greeks."

In comparing Virgil with Homer, Professor Bowen adds :

"He could not rival the energy, simplicity and truth of his predecessor, but he could avoid the rudeness, inequalities and defects of his model. In richness of ornament and purity of style, in polished and harmonious versification, in elegance, propriety and uniformity, in inventing probable incidents and uniting them into a connected whole, in clearness of conception and dignity of speech, in correctness of delineation and sustained elevation of style, in striking contrasts and pathetic effect—in a word, in all the qualities of *art*, the *Æneid* is greatly superior to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*."

Every scholar will, in the main, most heartily endorse this exceedingly discriminate estimate by one of the most distinguished literary critics of our country and times : and yet there must ever be, in every impartial mind, a reservation in praising the hero, *Æneas*, whom Virgil sought to ennoble in the eyes of his countrymen. Possessed, as depicted by the poet, of unquestionably noble traits, and human in all his acts, still his treatment of the lovely queen, Dido, was simply execrable, and utterly unworthy the high distinction with which the poet has sought to invest him. There is really no palliation for it, save in the low standard of morals fostered by the religious systems in vogue in Rome at its palmiest period (the Augustine), when Virgil lived and wrote. If, as some have contended, it was a concession to the corrupt sentiments of the imperial court, then are we not at liberty to infer that it was the simple protest of his own better judgment against such concession, that led the poet to insist, as his dying request, that at his death the *Æneid* should be destroyed ? Whether this be so or not, Virgil nowhere in the poem

attempts to justify Æneas in his conduct in the case, on the score of honor or morality; but he simply (though unsuccessful, as he himself must have felt) strives to enlist in his readers' minds, a counter-sympathy for his hero, as a victim of fate. But it is a blemish on the hero's character, clinging, in the readers' memory, to him through all his subsequent career, in spite of desire to banish it.

But with this one notable exception, Æneas stands before us throughout the Æneid as an object of admiration, not always indeed the highest, but always commanding the respect and prompt obedience of his comrades; and so winning an interest, and often carrying with him our profoundest sympathy. We accord him instinctively a very high place in our esteem for his filial devotion, his evidently sincere religious veneration, and as having a heart ever pulsing with human kindness, and warm with responsive human sympathies. We love him, notwithstanding his glaring fault, for the love he ever shows to those at home, his father, wife, son; and our sympathy is, from the outset, enlisted in his behalf, as the victim of supernal wrath, and the fate-buffeted hero of a noble race.

Virgil's forte is in his descriptive power. He sketches nature with a master's hand, never blundering in his touches. His love of nature is genuine: his eye catches the delicate phases of her manifestations, as well in inanimate as in animate objects; in landscapes, and in the grouping of external scenery, as in the intense activities of sentient life. But his insight into human passions, and the springs of human action, and the forms of their development, is that of an expert: he is in it well-nigh unrivaled. His delineations of character are all singularly life-like and true: and such is the marvelousness of his skill in sketching, that sometimes a single sentence, an incident, an epithet, a mere word, will flash to view a living character, with a life-likeness, which, like the image in the camera thrown on a delicately sensitized plate, photographs itself on the memory instantaneously and indelibly. And what gives these character-pictures such a value is that there is no confusion in them, no mistaking one for the other: each is distinct, and cannot be forgotten. His "fidelis Achates," from first to last, is a model of subservient fidelity. Barcé, the

elderly nurse of Dido, though but incidentally introduced, is a perfect portrait—a type, as she so naturally might be, of feminine senility ; a bustling, fussy old woman, more eager to do the bidding of her royal mistress than to consult her own convenience and comfort. Dido herself is one of the best-sketched characters in the poem. She is a queen, beautiful in appearance, and queenly in actions and spirit, notwithstanding her womanly weakness. Her cordial welcome to the shipwrecked wanderers, the unstintedness of her generosity, the nobleness of her sentiments, and the quenchless warmth of her attachment, together with her sad early history and her tragic death, beget an intense sympathy for her. We pity her ; and, though her untimely end is seemingly the natural sequence of her highly dramatic cast of character, yet no one can read the story of her experiences, and remain indifferent to the rising impulses of compassion started by it. Her traits are as finely drawn as the features of a portrait painted by Raphael or Michael Angelo. The hand of the artist is as clearly discernible in Dido's portraiture as in that of Æneas, or Turnus, or the vacillating Latinus. Even her indignantly scornful bearing on meeting Æneas, her destroyer, in the under-world, is in perfect keeping with her queenly spirit, as so truthfully and graphically depicted in her life. Each character, in fact, throughout the entire poem, is a study of itself ; each moving, however casually introduced, in his or her own sphere, instinct with living attributes. Turnus is a hero of the rarest type, and deserving a nobler destiny than the poet, by way of contrast for the greater exaltation of his own chosen hero, Æneas, has seen fit to assign him. Mezentius, too, in spite of his contempt for the gods and his soured look on humanity, has, nevertheless, strong human traits ; and the poet's description of his tragic end is one of the finest scenes in the Æneid. His noble son's self-sacrifice in filial devotion is a touch of descriptive art, such as only a master-artist could give. So, also, the charming episode of Nisus and Euryalus ; the death and funeral of the youthful Pallas, with its torch-light cavalcade ; and the intense yet subdued grief of the aged Evander, as he meets the bier of his heroic son—all bespeak a master's hand, in the delicate and faultless touches made

in each. But these are mere specimens. Scattered through the entire poem, on almost every page indeed, are discernible the same evidences of matchless skill in drafting nature to the life. Virgil possessed the soul of poetry, and even common-place incidents are made, by the touch of his pen, poetic.

But there is another, and to some, even a richer, realm of artistic adaptation in the *Æneid*, giving it an increased interest to the scholar, viz., its wealth of archaic allusions. It is an exhaustless storehouse of archaeology, replete with hints and references to ancient Roman customs and manners. Its fund of information, in these respects, is perfectly marvellous. It takes imagination back over the dim centuries of ante-Roman history, and depicts the simple habits of Evander and the Arcadians; and in so doing has made the name of Arcadia a synonym of primitive simplicity of morals and government in every modern language. The whole story of the visit of *Æneas* to Evander, from beginning to end, fascinates, not only by its intense naturalness, but by the deep in-sight it gives into primitive manners and modes of life. Then there is the unique array of archaic armor, as the mustered hordes which compose the army of Turnus are described; each tribe and corps marshalled under their own leaders, and appearing in their own tribal costumes, and armed with their own characteristic weapons; all forming a treasure-trove, unearthed by the poet's magic wand, and showing conclusively that Virgil, in preparing himself for the writing of his great national epic, studied his subject thoroughly, and has succeeded in bringing out things old as well as new, in his matchless sketches of pre-historic objects and times. It is no wonder that the *Æneid* sprang at once into popularity; for it touched not only the imagination, but the heart of his countrymen, to have their origin, as a nation, carried back to so grand, as well as high, an antiquity; whilst antiquarians then, and ever since, have seen in it a value greater to them than the mere romance of semi-historic heroes and their chivalric achievements.

But the *Æneid* possesses an interest scarcely less to the student of history and philosophy, for the distinct and clear light thrown by the

poet in it upon the religious and philosophic sentiments and tendencies of his times. The Sixth Book alone is a perfect thesaurus of mythological and philosophical lore, presenting, as it does, such vivid delineations of the idealized imaginings, and religious beliefs almost inseparably connected with them, current among the Romans of his own and earlier days. The influence of these poetically embellished views on subsequent thought is plainly traceable, both in profane and ecclesiastical history, through all the Middle Ages, and in literature and art, even down to modern times. No one can doubt that Dant  drew his inspiration, in the awfully lurid descriptions of the infernal realms in his immortal *Divino Com dio*, from Virgil's striking portrayals, taken in part from Homer, of analogous scenes ; whilst our own Milton has certainly drawn largely from the same storehouse of imagery in his *Paradise Lost*. That the Pythagorean scheme, as explained by the poet through the aged Anchises to his son in Elysium, did, to a greater or less extent tinge even the tenets and practices of the medi val church, is a concession which the truthful historian can hardly evade. That some ceremonial accessories may have crept in from the same or kindred sources, is possible. Rev. J. G. Cooper, in a note on Book vi, line  36, in his edition of Virgil's Works, has referred to one such admitted instance. "In the entrance of the heathen temples," he remarks, "*aqua lustralis*, or holy water, was placed to sprinkle the devout on their entrance. This custom of sprinkling with holy water in the Roman church, La Cerda admits was borrowed from this practice." But how far other views and practices may have been foisted into currency through the glamour of song thrown around them by the Mantuan poet, it is not needful here to discuss. Enough that Virgil's impress has been felt, as the influence of few other poets ever has been, on all the ages since he lived ; and although the religious system then in vogue in Rome has long since passed away, yet the clear, rich amber of his charming verse has encased its imagery and conceptions, and these will last, as antiques at least, as long as genuine poetry finds a responsive chord in the human heart, or there exists a cultured mind to appreciate poetic monuments.

Hence another characteristic, and one which has contributed perhaps as much as any to the charm of the *Æneid*, viz., Virgil's exquisite taste, and marvellous chasteness of expression, in dealing with the diversified incidents and subjects admitted into the poem. This, in fact, is one of the most striking features of his poems, evincing not only his poetic art, but his culture of heart, giving his writings an individuality unmistakable, and an attractiveness which minds susceptible of appreciating at once purity of thought and beauty of style combined, instinctively recognize and prize. This feature, his chasteness of thought and expression, is the more remarkable, however, as seen in contrast with the grossness indulged in by many of his contemporaries. He handles even forbidden subjects with a delicacy which forestalls offense, and wrenches from even the most fastidious criticism a commendation. His own purity of soul and conscientiously sensitive mind are the pulse-throbbings, which impart a healthful life to his poetry throughout. *Æneas*, with the exception already alluded to as forming an indelible stain on his otherwise noble character, was undoubtedly the embodiment of Virgil's own inner consciousness—the iconized ideal of his own susceptible self. Scholars have long ago pointed this out; and no one, familiar with the facts of his personal history as they have come down to us, can doubt it. The theory, that *Æneas* was the portraiture of Augustus, does not militate against its being drafted from the poet's own self-hood, in an effort to delineate what a sovereign ought to be, rather than what he really was. Virgil, as a poet-artist, painted from life, however ideal the portrait drawn may have seemed, and the traits embodied were to a large extent his own, adapted to the condition of the idealized character. But he was too pure of heart himself to pander trucklingly even to royalty; too chaste of thought to cater to corruption at any price. He had much to contend with, as well as much to aid him, in the popularization of his theme. While many things at the imperial court, whence his chief patronage came, were totally uncongenial, nay, even revolting, to his susceptible nature, yet his laudable anxiety to conciliate, subjected him to very potent temptations to swerve from his own high standard, and tended

often to warp his better judgment ; and doubtless some things which appear to us as blemishes in his design of the *Æneid*, are chargeable not to any lack of refinement of taste in its author, but to the times and circumstances of its composition. We know the importunity of the Emperor Augustus, to have the Sixth Book recited to him by the poet, led to the insertion in it of special accommodative allusions, such as the Pythagorean system of transmigration of souls, by the introduction of which an opportunity was furnished him of bringing in the beautiful tribute to the then recently deceased nephew of Augustus, the youthful prince Marcellus, whose mother, Octavia, for it rewarded the poet handsomely, and so paved the way for his high and deserved popularity at court. Then there was that other and almost insuperable difficulty, to one of Virgil's refinement of taste, viz., the character of the deities, whose intervention it was indispensable for him to utilize, if popularity for his great epic were his aim. Virgil no doubt felt this, as his material modification of Homer's representations of the same deities very plainly shows. Yet there were the models of idealized life before him, as embodied in the mythological divinities then constituting the objects of veneration in the popular mind, simple deifications of human passions, and some of them of the worst manifestations of human character, and tending rather to degrade than elevate ; to check the higher aspirations of the soul instead of expanding and ennobling them. But the manner in which Virgil has handled these, presents him to us as a poet far in advance of Homer ; for although his higher supernatural personages are represented in human moulds, yet they are by no means as paltry in spirit as the corresponding Homeric deities. Virgil's heart was attuned to the harmonies rather than to the discords of human nature. The kindlier impulses dominated his own actions, and it is not strange that he sought to infuse the same tendencies in the characters of those whom he would lift to veneration in his noble epic.

But there is another, though nearly allied, characteristic of Virgil in the *Æneid*, which has often been overlooked, but which deserves at least passing notice, viz., the technical accuracy exhibited in it. Like Shake-

speare, Virgil rarely, if ever, makes mistake in specialties. Thus, is he describing sailor experiences and naval tactics? Sailor phrases are used with a precision and aptness, which even modern seamen at once recognize as exactly in place, and make one almost imagine that Virgil must have been a sailor, to have rendered him so familiar with the sea and all the usages of a sea-faring life. In like manner, is it soldier-life, and army accessories, and battle scenes that are being portrayed? What graphic precision is observable in even the minutest details, as well as in the casual incidents of camp life; the night-patrols, the scouts, the sentries on the walls and at the gates, or on the outer breast-works—the whole system, in short, of ancient fortification and methods of warfare; the muster of troops, the marshalling of squadrons of cavalry and infantry, the onsets and charges, the personal combats and daring exploits of chieftains and privates; the armistice for the burial of the dead, the search for the bodies through the ravines and along the hill-sides, where the conflict had surged; the burials and funeral pyres, with the unique ceremonies attendant; the trophy-tree, and the trophies and spoils of the foe uphung upon it—all are gems of technical skill, and evincive of strictest fidelity to fact, as witnessed by one familiar with army-life. Is it the sack of a city by night that forms the picture? What city was ever taken by a midnight surprisal, whose overthrow has been depicted with more life-like truthfulness in all its details than that of the taking of Ilium, as sketched by Virgil in the Second Book of the *Æneid*? We can almost see the glare of the conflagration, as it rolls its flames above the burning city, and is reflected from the distant headlands of the straits of Segeüm; can almost hear the clash of arms, the din of jarring voices, the wail of women and the maddened shouts of desperate men in the awful death-struggle in defense of a city being laid in ashes.

Does he see fit to describe games, as in the Fifth Book? What reporter of modern sports could be more technically accurate? And what pen, in prose or verse, has ever depicted such a marvel of apparent entanglement and extrication in intricate evolutions of cavalry manœuvres as that which Virgil's has done in the so-called Game of Troy, as

executed by Ascanius and his squad of youthful associates? One would naturally suppose that the poet must have been a sporting man, or a veteran in the service, thus to have depicted the scenes of the one, and the characteristic drills of the other, with the exceeding accuracy with which he has done it. All his similes and illustrations, whether imitative or original, are so exactly true to fact that one hardly knows which most to admire, their truthfulness or the skill of the poet in them. His accuracy in some cases, I am aware, has been questioned, but usually by not knowing the facts involved. Take a single instance in illustration: In Book First, line 317 of the *Æneid*, the “volucer Hebrus” has been a stumbling-block to many commentators, notwithstanding ALL the early MSS. concur in it as the true reading. Heyne, Bently, Kennedy, Ruæus, and even the cautious Ribbeck, following Rutgers, have joined, with some others, in preferring the conjectural “Eurus.” The Hebrus, or modern Maritza, is the only considerable river in Thrace; and, as Harpalycé was the daughter of the Thracian king, Harpalycus, it was in perfect keeping with his subject for the poet to select a stream where her exploits in the chase were achieved. Then, as to the fitness of “volucer” as an epithet of the Hebrus, the writer can personally testify, having resided for three years (1860-63) in Adrianople, at the head of navigation on the Maritza, where its three tributaries, the *Arda*, the *Tundja*, and the upper Maritza unite, just above the city, and flow on thence to the *Ægean Sea*. Just below the confluence, and opposite the city, the Maritza is spanned by a very ancient Roman bridge, built substantially on stone piers and arches. Let any one, as the writer has often done, take his stand on that old bridge (which may have been there even in Virgil’s day), when the spring floods come rushing down from the distant Balkan mountains in the three confluent streams, and swelling the Maritza to its fullest capacity, and gaze on the long streaks of foam as they shoot with arrow-like appearance and velocity through the choked arches, and onward to the sea, and he can no longer doubt the exceeding accuracy and appropriateness of both the epithet and the name of the object of comparison chosen. Virgil did not mistake in his allusion. He knew whereof he wrote when

he made it, and had either himself seen the Hebrus at its spring flood, or had received his information direct from those who had themselves witnessed it. Commentators of so accurate a poet should be very guarded in their conjectural emendations, and know the facts in the case, before they venture to discard the authority of all the early copies of the text.

Can we wonder, then, that the *Æneid*, abounding, as it does, in passages evincive of such consummate technical acquaintance with both ancient and contemporary Roman usages and facts, in so many departments of life's phases, took so strong a hold of the Roman heart and mind, and has possessed a charm to some of the greatest minds in ages since? No book, we venture to say, in any branch of classic literature, has been more read and valued. It was one of the few works which Martin Luther specially prized. His *Virgil* and his *Missal* constituted his staple, as a library, in his cloistered hours; and it retained its place, even by the side of his Bible, though subordinate to it, on his table till the day of his death. It was simply his tacit testimony to its inestimable worth. The *Æneid* is a model epic, whose high estimate by scholars time has only tended to enhance. Probably no classic work has had more scholarship brought to bear on its interpretation, both in ancient and modern times, than the *Æneid*; and judging from the many scholarly works in its elucidation published of late years, its critical study has not yet by any means reached its ultimate limit. There are difficulties, it is true, both in its phraseology and allusions, which have puzzled the best annotators; but in the main, few poets have been more transparent in style and diction than Virgil. His poetry is the perfection of harmony in conformity to the strict rules of Latin prosody. With his numbers and rhythm the ear never tires. His nice adaptation of sound in the words to the rhythm in the meter has often been remarked. Instances of these felicitous alliterations and musical accommodations will readily recur to every student familiar with the original, and need be only alluded to here. But this charming feature forms one of the chief difficulties in translating his poems into any other language. How are these correspondences of sound and sense, of thought and expression, of image and

embodiment, to be represented to modern ears, when they are in any other language than the poet's own—simply inimitable? Some of these poise on archaic terms and phrases, and a play upon words, pleasing to ears vernacular, but which are shorn of their peculiar beauty to any other.

The aim of the present version, held steadily in view throughout—as will be gathered by even a casual comparison of it with the original—has been, not to equal the rhythmic beauty of the poet's numbers, for this is a sheer impossibility, but to permit Virgil to utter his own thoughts in his own phraseology as nearly as practicable, without retrenchment or meretricious embellishment. Every word, save the occasionally often-recurring minor conjunctions, has been rendered, and a constant effort made to give each its full force; whilst additions, when indispensable to complete ellipses or to accommodate the meter, are scrupulously in the line of the poet's thought. The lines left incomplete by Virgil (of which there are 56 in all) are left the same in the version. The rendering is line by line, and as literal as justice to the two languages, in the restricted plan, would admit. It is the result of no slight critical labor, prosecuted *con amore* throughout; and if it shall be found to contribute, in any measure, to a closer study of this incomparable epic, the chief object of its publication will have been attained. Perfection in it is not claimed. It is at best a venture in a direction signalled, but not traversed, with like design in the translation of the *Æneid*, before: but, if others shall be prompted by it to achieve more perfect success in the same line, the venture will not have been in vain. The pleasure derived from the close intimacy with this noble classic, necessitated by the restricted plan adopted, is of itself an ample compensation for the long and exactive labor it has cost. Begun some twenty years since, and then simply as an experiment, without, at the outset, the most distant thought of its completion, much less its publication, the work has rather grown into than been made what it is. The track proposed was so untrodden, that aid from any source could only be at best subsidiary; and yet every available help has been welcome. At hand for reference have been the forty different editions of the *Æneid*, or

Works of Virgil, in the translator's possession, to each of which he is more or less indebted for suggestions, but to none for the meter or even a single line as it stands. It has been the recreation of many an otherwise weary hour, as opportunity, amid other cares and duties, allowed. Through encouragement from classical scholars, without which the version would probably never have been completed, or if completed, never published, it is now committed to an indulgent public, simply as an honest effort to stimulate the study, by an attempted reproduction in English, in its original meter, of one of the grandest epics ever written in any language. With this end even proximately accomplished, the aim in its preparation will have been fully attained.

At the suggestion of the late Prof. Robert Potts, LL. D., of Cambridge University, England, whose interest in it was a cheer, the plan of adding Notes was at one time entertained; and material, to a certain extent, was collected, drawn in part from the writer's nine years' residence in the Orient, in regions and on lines of travel made familiar by the poet's vivid descriptions, as well as from other sources; but this was abandoned as mainly needless. The idea broached by his long-esteemed friend, the late Prof. Thomas A. Thacher, LL. D., of Yale University, of printing the Latin text on each opposite page, to correspond with the version, was contemplated; but this would have increased both the size of the volume and the price, when the text is so easily available: hence the decision to omit it. A third proposal—early adopted, and carried through the entire work, and cancelled even after it had begun to be executed in type—was to give foot-references to passages where phrases or sentences were repeated by the poet, or to allusions throwing light on the point in hand, or to words used in similar sense by Virgil himself. To illustrate Book i. line 313; Note, See Book xii. 165, or Book i., line 354; See Book x. 823. And under 2d head; Book i., line 28, Ganymede; Note, See Book v., l. 252; while under 3d head, take two examples. Book i., line 1, the much-vexed word "primus," Note its use in line 24; and in line 8, "quo numine læso," compare "pro numine læso," in Book ii., line 183. But all these encumbrances of page and book it was deemed best to dispense with, and

leave the version wholly free of either note or comment, as it now appears.

In regard to the spelling of the poet's name ; undoubtedly Vergilius has the sanction of antiquity ; but the usage of at least three centuries of English Literature has certainly legitimated in our language its Anglicized form. There is force, therefore, in the conclusion of Prof. B. H. Kennedy, D. D., of Cambridge: "Virgilius in Latin is indefensible ; but, while we write Vergilius only, it may be long before the Italians give up their long-cherished Virgilio, the French their Virgile, and we English our familiar VIRGIL."

It only remains to express acknowledgments for the kindly aid, in suggestion and encouragement, given by esteemed friends, to whom specimens of the work were shown, especially to the late Prof. Robert Potts, LL. D., of Cambridge, England, and Prof. Thomas A. Thacher, LL. D., of Yale, both of whom took a kindly interest in the work ; to Prof. Francis Bowen, LL. D., of Harvard, to whose admirable Notes on Virgil's entire Works, reference has already been made ; to Prof. Henry S. Fricze, LL. D., of the University of Michigan, whose *Æneid* is a standard in Academic studies ; to Prof. Basil Gildersleeve, LL. D., of Johns Hopkins University ; to Prof. John Stuart Blackie, LL. D., of the Edinburgh University, and to ex-president Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL. D., of Yale, both of whom, though objecting to hexameter, approved of the general aim of the version ; to Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, D. D., of New Haven, himself a poet and author ; to Rev. Robert Aikman, D. D., of Madison, N. J. ; to his college classmates, Gen. Henry B. Carrington, LL. D., of Boston, Prof. Edward Olmstead, M. A., of Wilton, Conn., and Rev. Guy B. Day, M. A., of Bridgeport, Conn., the two latter classical teachers of many years experience—to these, and others, who have kindly taken interest in his tentative yet difficult effort, the translator would tender his sincere thanks for the cheer which their words and letters of encouragement have given him.

O. C.

Morristown, N. J., January 25, 1888.

ANALYSIS.

BOOK I.

ÆNEAS STRANDED AT CARTHAGE.

✓ THE poem opens in the seventh year after the fall of Ilium, with the hero, Æneas, a wanderer, exiled by fate, and under the ban of Juno's wrath: the Muse is vowed to reveal its causes: 1-11. This is briefly stated: 12-32. Then, with a glance at Carthage, Juno's pet-city and the scene of an important episode, the Trojan fleet of twenty ships is seen at sea off the coast of Sicily, bound for Italy, and Juno soliloquizing over it: 33-40. Her plan formed, she hastens to Æolia, and cajoling invokes Æolus the king of the winds, to destroy the hated fleet, who complacently responds: 50-80. (He lets loose the winds from their cave, raising a terrible storm at sea, which sinks one vessel and scatters the rest: 81-122.) Neptune interposes, rebukes the winds, and calms the sea: 123-156. The hero, with seven of his ships and their weary crews, take refuge in a land-locked harbor on the Libyan coast: 157-179. Landing, he, with his faithful attendants, Achates, ascends a hill in hope of discovering the missing twelve ships, none seen, but instead, a herd of deer: he shoots seven stags, and returning, distributes them, one to each ship, and leaves his comrades as they feast on the venison: 180-222. Venus meanwhile appeals to Jupiter in behalf of the Trojan wanderers: 223-253. Jupiter consoles her, by unfolding the scroll of fate, and revealing events consequent on a war to be waged by Æneas in Italy, and the future grandeur of Rome: 254-296. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, is sent to Carthage to prevail upon Queen Dido to a favorable reception of the stranded Trojans: 297-304. Venus, in the meantime, disguised as a huntress, meets her son, Æneas, in a forest, whether he and Achates had gone to hunt or not: 305-334. She informs him where he is, and relates in brief the sad tale of Dido's early history and settlement in Carthage: 335-371. Æneas, in return, describes his circumstances and calamities, and appeals to her for friendly aid; when she, predicting the safety of his lost companions, urges him to go to the city, and, screening the two in a mist, manifests her divinity, and departs suitably to Paphos: 372-417. He, following her direction, enters the city unobserved; and making his way to the temple of Juno, is cheered to find on its walls pictures of Trojan battles-scenes: 418-493. The queen appears with her retinue: his surprise, while observing her, to see delegates from the missing vessels come appealing to her for redress from an outrage in being forbidden to land: 494-560. Dido's cheering response, and her desire to see their king: 561-573. The mist suddenly vanishes, and Æneas presents himself to the queen, thanks her, and offers his recognized credentials: 579-612. Dido's welcome and preparation for a banquet: 613-642. Æneas sends Achates back to the harbor for his son, Iulus, and for special presents to Dido: 643-656. Venus, full of anxiety, persuades Cupid to personate Iulus: 657-687. He appears in the impersonation, amid the pleasures of the banquet, and captivates the queen, who falls in love with Æneas: 687-722. The libation, the song of the minstrel boys, and the queen's request to Æneas to entertain them with an account of the downfall of Ilium, and his subsequent adventures, thus preparing the way for the vivid narration in the next Book: 723-756.

BOOK II.

THE FALL AND SACK OF ILIUM.

ÆNEAS, in compliance with Dido's request, though loath to revive its sad memories, proceeds to relate the scenes attendant on the fall of Ilium: 1-12. In the tenth year of the siege, the Greeks, despairing of success otherwise, have recourse to a stratagem—the building of an immense wooden HORSE filled with soldiers, which being left on the plain in front of the city, the fleet withdraws to

the rear of Tenedos : 13-24. The Trojans, supposing the enemy gone home, joyously emerge from the city-gates, and view the battle-fields and the huge horse : 25-30. The populace being in doubt concerning it, Laocoön, chiding them, thrusts his spear into its side : 31-56. Meanwhile Sinon, a pretended deserter from the Greeks, surrenders himself, and is brought before king Priam in mock agitation : 57-74. Encouraged by Priam, he proceeds to retail a tissue of lies, the story of his escape from death, to which he had been doomed by envy of Ulysses, and his appeal to their pity : 75-144. Priam, overcome by his tears, orders him unbound, and asks an explanation of the design of the horse : 145-162. Sinon, with attestations of veracity, states that it was left as a peace-offering to Minerva for her stolen image, the Palladium ; and ends by warning the Trojans against desecrating it, and forecasting the results of its being received into the city : 153-194. At this juncture a strange omen intervenes. Two enormous sea-serpents are seen skimming over the sea from Tenedos ; and, on reaching the Ilian shore, they seek the altars where Laocoön is engaged in sacrificing to Neptune ; and, after attacking and strangling his two sons and himself, gliding away to the shrine of Minerva, and hiding under the feet of her image ; 195-227. Aghast, the populace pronounce it a just punishment for his temerity in desecrating the horse, and insist on its being drawn into the city and installed in Minerva's temple, which is done, and the city gives itself up to hilarity : 234-249. Meanwhile by moon-light the Grecian fleet returns ; and Sinon, alert, at a signal from the flag-ship opens the wooden horse and releases the imprisoned soldiers, who, emerging armed, slay the sentinels, and open the outer gates, and the sack of the city begins : 250-267. Hector's ghost appears in a dream to Æneas, and tells him all is over ; and warns him to flee : 268-297. Aroused from slumber, and hearing a great commotion, he ascends to the roof of his house, and with consternation and horror sees the city in a blaze and tumult : 298-317. Panthus, a priest of Apollo, comes running to his door, and apprises him of the crisis : 318-335. Æneas sallies forth, with a hastily mustered squad, into the city ; their adventures and successes ; Androgeos, mistaking them for allies, is slain : 336-385. They, at the suggestion of Coræbus, don Grecian armor, and incur its consequences : 386-401. The fight for the rescue of Cassandra, in which her suitor, Coræbus, is slain : 402-437. The desperate struggle at the palace : 438-468. Its fall and the consternation ensuing : 469-515. The fate of Polites, and his father Priam, at the hands of Pyrrhus : 506-538. The dismay of Æneas ; his frenzied resolve to slay Helen, the cause of the war, whom he discovered crouching at the altar of Vesta, and his restraint therefrom by his mother, Venus, who bids him go rather and rescue his own household : 559-621. Appalled, he hastens home, and proposes an immediate flight to the mountains ; but his father, Anchises, stoutly refuses : 622-649. Their entreaties are unavailing, until two omens occur ; a luminous flame on the head of Iulus, and a brilliant meteor, decide the matter, and Anchises yields : 650-704. The arrangement to meet outside of the city at the ruins of the ancient temple of Ceres : 705-720. With saddened heart, yet firm in purpose, he takes at length his aged father, who had long been crippled by a stroke of lightning, on his shoulders, and leading his little son by one hand, who toddles with unequal steps along, and with his wife Cræusa following close behind him, he gropes his way through by-streets, to the place of meeting : 721-750. On reaching the spot, lo ! his wife is missing ; and he returns in search of her into the city, and is met by her ghost, by which he is warned to flee ; then sadly he retraces his steps, and departs to Mount Ida, bearing his aged father on his shoulders : 751-834.

BOOK III.

ÆNEAS JOURNEYS IN SEARCH OF A HOME.

AFTER the overthrow of Ilium, Æneas, retiring to Antandros, at the southwestern foot of Mount Ida, spends the ensuing winter in fitting out a fleet of twenty vessels, and, early in the spring, sets sail for Thrace ; where landing, he is occupied the remainder of the year in founding a new city—Ænos—and designates its citizens Æneans : 1-18. Early the following spring, while one day collecting boughs to screen an altar for sacrifice in honor of their new enterprise, he is startled by a sepulchral sound from the ground, which proves to be that of Polydorus, son of Priam, who warns him to quit at once the murderous shore : 19-48. The story and tragic death of Polydorus : 49-56. Reporting the prodigy to his father and the chiefs, it is resolved to abandon the region ; and, after awarding sepulture to Polydorus, they embark for Ortygia : 57-72. Arriving at Delos, in Ortygia, they are cordially welcomed by king Anius, the priest of Apollo, who consults for them the oracles : 73-89. They are directed to seek their ancestral home, which Anchises interprets to be Crete, the home of their progenitor, Teucer ; and so they sail with buoyant hopes to Crete : 90-129. Landing, they commence a city, which they name Pergameä, and settle down ; but, at the

end of two years, famine and pestilence determine them to return to Ceyx to renew the tracks of Aeneas : 140-146. But an oracle has foretold gods appear in vision to Aeneas, and demand his return thence to Deos, urging him to sail direct for Italy, the mother of his race : 147-171. Anchises, on hearing the report of his sons' vision, confesses his mistake by assuming Deos to be the sole promoter of their race, and acknowledges the power shared by Dardanus, and, recalling Cassandra's prophecies, recommends the plan of sailing for Italy : 172-191. They accordingly set sail, but a storm drives them out of their course, and lands them on an island of the Sirens, where they encounter the Harpies ; and Calypso, their guest, tempts them with fearful talismans, which alarm them, and they depart at the command of Anchises, 191-206. Continuing along by numerous islands they reach A Æolia, where they celebrate Trojan games, and Æneas deposits trophies in the temple of Apollo : 207-208. Thence, in the sixth year of their wanderings, they come to Epirus ; and, on entering the city of Buthrotum, they are surprised to find Andromache and her then husband, Helenus, son of Priam, ruling the country : 209-260. The pathetic meeting of Æneas and Andromache at a council of Hector is first of the city : 261-343. Helenus warns them, recognizing his old companion and friend, Anchises, and orders a feast : 334-355. As priest of Apollo, Helenus, at the request of Deos, gives them oracular directions respecting their voyage to Italy, and indicates a sign—a white sow and pig discovered on the bank of a stream—as the signal of the end of their journey ; but he especially warns them of Scylla and Charybdis on the way : 354-432. He refers also to the Sirens of Circe and her peculiar habits, and urges Æneas to visit her cave, and, under her guidance, to descend into the under-world on a visit to his father, then to be there : 433-462. Loaded with presents, they bid adieu and sail for Italy : 463-505. A calm night at sea ensues ; Italy is sighted at dawn ; the exhilaration and Anchises' Prayer : 506-536. They enter a port, and descend a temple of Minerva on the heights ; but Anchises, observing some white horses grazing, pronounces it an omen ; and, after adoring Juno, as specially directed by Helenus, they again set sail : 537-550. Deos is sighted in the distance, at the foot of which they moor at nightfall, and during the night witness its eruption : 551-557. At day-break a strange-looking human being appears, begging aid and protection : 558-606. He tells the story of his adventures with Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops : 607-654. The sullen appearance of Polyphemos, his description, and their escape from the monster and his murthering horde : 655-685. They take in the fugitive, and start along the southern shore of Sicily, till they reach Drepanum, where Anchises dies and is awarded sepulture ; whence sailing, a storm drives them to Carthage : thus ends the recital, when the assembly disperses : 684-718.

BOOK IV.

DIDO'S LOVE AND TRAGIC DEATH.

THE next morning after the banquet, and the narration of Æneas, Dido discloses to her sister, Anna, her passionate love for their new guest, and her scruples in regard to a second marriage, and is encouraged by Anna to cherish the emotion, in view of the glory to accrue from the alliance with the Trojan prince : 1-59. Dido sacrifices to Juno and other deities, to propitiate their favour in her yielding to the impulses of the new attachment ; when enues her consequent absorbing love for Æneas, bidding her to neglect her plans for aggrandizing her new city : 54-80. Juno intriguingly meanwhile approaches Venus, and proposes a truce to their strife by an alliance of the two kingdoms of Italy and Carthage, in the union of Æneas and Dido : Venus, having already been apprised by Jupiter of the rates concerning Italy, complaisantly connives at the plan : 81-128. A hunting excursion is accordingly arranged, in the midst of which Juno, as intimated to Venus, sends a violent thunder-storm, in which the hunters scatter, leaving Æneas and Dido to take shelter alone in a cave, where, by Juno's aid, a quasi-marriage is accomplished, and its sad consequences are fore-shadowed : 129-172. A graphic description of Rumor, personified as gossip, is given ; and the report of the dankest line Love spreads abroad : 173-195. It reaches the ears of Iarbus, a Libyan sutor of Dido, who is greatly exasperated, and frantically implores of Jupiter vengeance on his rival : 196-219. Jupiter, in compliance with his entreaty, sends Mercury down to warn Æneas to quit Carthage, and to sail at once for Italy, his future home : 220-237. Mercury departs, and arriving at the outskirts of Carthage, finds Æneas entirely engaged in superintending building operations to beautify the city. He delivers his peremptory message from Jupiter ; receiving which, Æneas, though reluctant, prepares to obey, and secretly makes ready his fleet : 238-295. Dido, suspecting his design, entreats him to abandon it ; her touching appeal, and his inflexible purpose : 296-361. She, finding all entreaty vain, bursts out in a tirade of scathing reproaches for his perfidy, and imprecates eternal vengeance on him. She swoons, and is

carried to her chamber by attendants : 362-392. Æneas, still unmoved, persists in his preparations, in accordance with the mandate of Jupiter : Dido appeals to her sister, Anna, to aid in her efforts to change his mind and detain him ; but, though Anna seeks frequent interviews, and uses her utmost persuasion, he remains inexorable : 393-449. Dido now becomes desperate, and prays for death, and secretly determines on it : her forebodings and frenzy depicted : 450-473. She disguises her designs, and by plausible pretexts induces her sister to prepare a funeral pyre, on which to burn, as she alleges, the relics of the hated Dardan. Anna unsuspectingly complies with her request : 474-503. Dido decks herself and the altars, and prays for success in her tragic purpose : 504-521. Her sleepless excitement, and soliloquy at night : 522-553. In the meantime Æneas, being again warned in a dream to be gone, at early dawn arouses his comrades and sets sail : 554-583. Dido at day-break from her palace describes the fleet in the offing, and gives vent to a violent outburst of frenzy, praying for condign retribution on the perfidious Dardan, and for an avenger of her wrongs to arise : 584-629. She then calls her old nurse, Barcé, and sends her with a fictitious message to her sister, Anna ; whilst she ascends the pyre, and, at the sight of the Dardan relics, utters her last words, and then falls upon the sword left by Æneas : 630-665. Consternation at the act ensues : her sister hastens to her side, and, with affectionate expostulations, sustains her drooping form as Dido expires in her arms : 676-692. Juno dispatches Iris from Olympus to receive her departing spirit : 693-705. Thus ends the saddest tragedy of the poem.

BOOK V.

ANNIVERSARY GAMES AT DREPANUM.

ÆNEAS at sea looks back with sad surmises on the flames of Dido's suicidal pyre : 1-7. A storm arises, and the fleet is compelled to put into the port of Drepanum, on the westerly coast of Sicily : 8-34. Their former host, Acestes, describes them from a height, and hastens to extend a welcome : 35-41. As it was now about a year since he there buried his father Anchises, Æneas announces his intention of celebrating the anniversary by suitable games, and invites all to join him in preparatory solemnities at the tomb : 42-71. Accordingly, all wreath their temples with myrtle, and proceed together to the tomb ; where, in the midst of the ceremonies, a serpent glides from the mound to the altar, and tastes of the sacrifices ; which he greets either as his father's spirit embodied in it, or the genius of the place : 72-103. At the appointed day, the ninth following, crowds assemble to witness the games : the prizes are displayed, and the signal for commencement is given : 104-113. First. THE BOAT-RACE. The four contesting yachts, with their captains and crews, are described : 114-123. The goal set, a rock in the offing ; the places assigned by lot, and the race begins. A graphic description of the start, the applause, the struggle : 124-158. As the contestants near the goal, Gyas, commander of the *Chimera*, in a gust of anger, pitches his helmsman overboard, and takes himself the helm : the amusing plight of the half-drowned helmsman crawling, wet and dazed, upon a rock : 159-185. Sergestus, the commander of the *Centaur*, in his eagerness, staves his galley on a shelving ledge ; then follows a spirited struggle between Mnestheus of the *Pristis*, and Cloanthus of the *Scylla*, in which the latter wins : 186-243. The prizes distributed ; the return of Sergestus in his crippled vessel, and his prize : 244-285. Second Game. THE FOOT-RACE. The contestants ; the mutual affection of Nisus and Euryalus, two of them ; the slip and fall of the former, and his quick shift in turning it to the advantage of his friend, and the generosity of Æneas in awarding the prizes : 286-361. Third. THE BOXING-MATCH. The swagger of Dares, and his defiant challenge accepted, at the instigation of king Acestes, by the Sicilian champion Entellus. Stiffened by age, the latter steps forth, displays the terrible gauntlets of his trainer Eryx, recounts in brief their history, and waives their use in favor of the Trojan gauntlets : 362-425. In the encounter Entellus, by a false thrust, falls heavily, but is quickly helped up, and renewing the fight severely punishes Dares, and then drives his gauntlet through the skull of the prize bull as a substitute for Dares : 426-484. Fourth. THE TRIAL OF ARCHERY. A pigeon is suspended from an erected mast-head as the mark ; Hippocoön, the first archer, hits the mast-head ; Mnestheus, the second, cleaves the string, setting the bird free ; Eurytion, the third, shoots the pigeon on the wing ; and lastly the fourth, Acestes, discharges his arrow in the air, and it takes fire, which being variously interpreted, Æneas embraces his host and loads him with presents : then the prizes are awarded satisfactorily to all : 485-544. Fifth. THE GAME OF TROY. Participated in by Ascanius and his squad of youthful associates, a marvel of intricate cavalry manœuvres, with which the anniversary games end : 595-603. Meanwhile Juno sends Iris down to foment discontent among the Trojan women, who in their frenzy set fire to the ships in the harbor : the alarm given, and the fire discovered by the crowd at the games, and all rush to

the scene, Æneas in advance, who indignantly chides the silly women: Æneas prays, and Jupiter sends a timely shower and quenches the flames, four vessels only being burnt: 604-627. The perplexity at the disaster, in which the aged Nautes advises that the cowardly and infirm be left with king Æneas, and the rest to sail for Italy: Anchises appears to Æneas in a dream and sanctions the advice of Nautes, and tells him to land at Cumæ, go to the Sibyl's cave, and, guided by her, visit him in Elysium: 700-745. The advice taken: the town of Acrota fortified, where the miscreants are left, and Æneas, with the rest, sails for Italy: 746-778. Venus entreats Neptune to prosper the voyage, and in compliance Neptune escorts them with his retinue: 779-826. A quiet night at sea, in which the pilot, Palinurus, beguiled by Sleep, falls overboard, and is lost: Æneas takes the helm, and guides the vessel, bemoaning the loss of his faithful pilot: 827-871.

BOOK VI.

THE DESCENT OF ÆNEAS INTO THE UNDER-WORLD.

LANDING at Cumæ, Æneas, as enjoined by Helenus and Anchises, repairs to the shrine of Apollo, the awe-inspiring cave of the Sibyl, the Delian prophetess; and, while viewing the sculptures on the door, the Sibyl arrives: 1-41. Her cave described, with the attendant of her inspirational ecstasy, and utterances of her ominous oracles: 42-97. He entreats her to conduct him on a visit to his father in Elysium, citing the cases of Orpheus, Pollux, Theseus, and Hercules in attaining a like privilege: 98-123. She warns him of the difficulties, but directs him to search for and find in the forests a GOLDEN BOUGH sacred to Proserpina, which will serve him as a talisman: apprising him of the death of a comrade during his absence, she enjoins on him first to attend his funeral: 124-155. Returning to the fleet in the harbor, he finds his trumpeter, Misenus, dead; the story of his death, and the mourning over him: 156-178. While engaged in the forest, cutting wood for the funeral pyre of his friend, his attention is attracted to a pair of doves, who conduct him haply to the coveted BOUGH: 179-211. The obsequies of Misenus ended, he repairs again to the Sibyl's cave: 212-235. Preparatory sacrifices offered; then, amid solemn signals and warnings, the Sibyl bids him draw his sword and follow her: 236-263. Invocation of the poet for permission and inspiration to depict what they saw and heard: 264-267. In the vestibule they meet personifications of human woes—Grief, Remorse, Old Age, Fear, Hunger, Want, Toil, Death and its brother Sleep, Sordid Pleasures, War, Furies, Discord; and near by a great Elm-tree, wherein lurk Delusive Dreams: Then come monsters of imagination—Centauri, Scyllas, the hundred-armed Briarius, the Hydra of Lerna, Chimeras, Harpies, Geryons: Æneas, startled at their horrid aspects, draws his sword and is about to rush upon them, but is warned by the Sibyl that they are mere phantoms: 270-294. The river Styx, and the ferryman, Charon, is descried with a crowd of ghosts waiting on the bank to cross over: 295-313. The Sibyl explains the scene by stating that the unburied wander thus a hundred years on the gloomy bank: Æneas recognizes several lost comrades, among them his pilot, Palinurus, who tells the story of his sufferings and death, and entreats to be extricated, but is comforted by the Sibyl: 337-383. Charon challenges them, but is awed by a sight of the talismanic BOUGH, and submissively ferries them over the Styx in his patched wherry: 384-416. The Sibyl drives the snarling watchdog, Cerberus, and they climb the slimy bank unharmed: 417-426. Suddenly cries of wailing infants assail their ears; they have reached the precincts of the untimely dead, or those wrongly condemned to death: the Judge, with his silent court, is passing, and they reach the abode of suicide—the Fields of Mourning—where he descries unhappy Dido, whom he essays to address, but she spurns him: 427-476. Next they come to the resort of heroes, where the early Trojan heroes greet him, and the Greeks are alarmed: 477-493. The story of Deiphobus, the son of Priam, slain on the night of Ilium's fall: 494-534. Here the Sibyl chides Æneas for lingering, and they pass on: 535-547. Pluto's dismal realm looms with its lurid battlements on the left, from which issue sounds of clanking chains and the din of tortures, which the Sibyl explains as they pass: 548-627. Elysium at length is reached, and on its door-post Æneas hangs the mystic BOUGH: 628-636. The delectations of its inhabitants described: 637-650. They are there met by Mucius, who directs them to Anchises, whom they find in a secluded vale, contemplating the future glories of his descendants: 660-702. Anchises, after the greeting, proceeds to unfold the mysteries of the river Lethæ, the spirits thronging it, and explains transmigration and the philosophic theory of the origin of life: 703-723. Purgatory explained: 724-751. Anchises then conducts them to a mound, where pass in review before them the heroes prior to the foundation of Rome: 752-787. Then follow their successors, the Cæsars in the golden age, the Republic, the Empire: Anchises

becomes enraptured at the view : 788-823. Marcellus the elder and younger, with the poet's tribute to the latter (for which the mother, Octavia, richly rewarded him) : 854-886. Then Anchises conducts them through Elysium, depicts the wars to come in Italy, and then dismisses them through the ivory gate of Sleep ; when Æneas returns to his comrades and moors his fleet at the beach of Cajeta : 887-901. Thus closes the most remarkable Book of the Æneid, whose imagery has so largely influenced subsequent literature.

BOOK VII.

HOSTILITIES IN ITALY BEGUN.

AT Cajeta the nurse of Æneas dies, and is awarded an honorable sepulture and her name given to the site ; after which they skirt the shores of the island of the sorceress Circé by moon-light ; but the kindly aid of Neptune enables them to avoid it : 1-24. They at length enter the long-sought Tiber amid the singing of birds, and moor their ships to its shady banks : 25-36. The previous state of Latium described : Latinus, the king, and his only, and now marriageable, daughter, Lavinia ; her suitors, among them TURNUS, the antagonistic rival of Æneas ; the oracles of Faunus forbidding native and enjoining a foreign nuptial alliance ; the news of the arrival of the Trojans in the Tiber spreads : 46-106. Meanwhile the Trojans partake of a frugal repast under a lofty tree on the river's bank ; and, while eating the quadrated cakes, on which their food in rustic style had been placed, the fearful prophecy of the harpy Celeno (Book III, 255) was explained, and the dread of it dispelled : 107-147. The exploration of the country is begun, and Æneas dispatches a hundred nobles with presents to the court of king Latinus, while he himself lays out a town and fortifications : 148-159. The envoys reach Laurentum, which is described, and are welcomed by the king : 160-201. The object of their mission stated and their presents to Latinus displayed : 211-248. Latinus is at once impressed with the coincidence of previous oracles, and accedes to their overtures, ratifies an alliance, and offers his daughter in marriage to Æneas ; and, as a token of sincerity, sends him a magnificent span and a chariot ; whereupon the ambassadors return : 249-285. Thus far all seems favorable ; but suddenly Juno espies the Trojan camp in Italy, and vows vengeance and bitter war : 286-322. She summons Allecto, a Fury, and bids her do her worst to scatter the seeds of rancor and strife : 323-340. Allecto accordingly hies to the palace of Latinus, and crouching at the door of queen Amata, flings a serpent stealthily into her bosom, which sets the queen in a frenzy, whirling like a top : 346-403. Having set things in train for war at Laurentum, the fiend repairs to Ardëa, the home of Turnus, the future hostile rival of Æneas, and hurls a snake at him, after she had vainly tried other means, and goads him on to break the treaty recently formed : 404-474. She then hastens to the Trojans, and finds a ready occasion for a feud. A pet deer of Sylvia, the daughter of Latinus' herdsman, is wounded by Ascanius on a hunting excursion, and, fleeing to its mistress for refuge, sets the whole clan of peasants on fire to avenge the outrage : 475-504. They rally with rude weapons, and the fiend from a house-top sounds the shepherds' alarm, and a desperate fight between the Trojan hunters and peasants ensues, wherein the brother of Sylvia and others are slain : 505-536. Allecto, exulting in her successes, reports to Juno, who, lauding, warns her to begone from earth : 537-571. Meanwhile the slain are brought in, and Latinus is implored by the excited populace to avenge their death : Turnus intensifies their grievance, and Latinus, finding remonstrance vain, retreats to his palace and abandons the reins of government : 572-600. Juno, descending from heaven, with her own hand unbars the gates of war in the temple of Janus, and all Ausonia at once springs to arms : five great cities—Laurentum, Atina, Tibur, Ardëa, and Crustumeri—prepare for war : 601-640. The Muses are once more invoked to open Helicon, and recall these events of dim antiquity : 641-646. The leaders of the mustering hosts presented—Mezentius and his son, Lausus, marshal the forces of Agylla : 647-654. Aventinus, the son of Hercules, and his troops and their equipment given : 655-659. Catillus and Coras, the Tiburtian brothers, like Centaurs come : 670-677. Cœclus, the son of Vulcan and founder of Prænesté, with his anomalous horde : 678-690. Messapus, the son of Neptune, bearing a charmed life, with his singing band : 691-705. Clausus and his Sabines, with clashing shields and thundering tread : 706-722. Halæsus, with his clan in nondescript armor ; Cebulus, Ufens, Umbro the priest, and Virbius, with his fiery steeds : 723-782. TURNUS the champion of the confederate hosts, in his splendid armor and chariot ; and lastly Camilla, the Amazon of marvellous fleetness, with her squadrons of cavalry, at whom the crowds gaze with admiration, as she appears decked in purple and gold, with badge of pastoral myrtle : 783-817.

BOOK VIII.

ÆNEAS' VISIT TO EVANDER IN ARCADIA.

TURNUS hoists the signal of war on the castle of Laurentum, and the confederate chieftains rally their forces round it; while Venulus is sent as a special envoy, to solicit alliance, to the court of Diomedes, who, after the Trojan war, had settled in Apulia, and built the city of Argypria: 1-17. Meanwhile Æneas, troubled at the turn of events, is visited in a dream by the river-god, Tiberinus, who advises him to seek alliance with Evander, the king of Arcadia, residing in Pallanteum on the Aventine hill, afterwards a part of the city of Rome, promising him a pleasant voyage, and hints at the grand cities to arise on the Tiber: 18-65. On awaking, Æneas prays to the Laurentine nymphs, and to father Tiberinus; and selecting a couple of galleys, he prepares to embark for Arcadia, when unexpectedly he discovers, under the hollies fringing the Tiber, a white sow and pigs—the omen mentioned by Helenus (Book III. 389-392), as designating the site of his future city; and forthwith he sacrifices them to Juno (as enjoined by Helenus, B. III. 437-9), and embarks for Arcadia: 66-80. A delightful sail up the smooth Tiber brings them at noon in sight of the castle and city of Pallanteum: 81-101. On that day, it happened that Evander and his people were engaged in an anniversary festival in honor of Hercules, their deliverer; and in the midst of their feast they are startled by the sight of approaching vessel: Pallas, the son of Evander, rushing to a mound in front, challenges the strangers; but their friendly signal allay his fear, and, learning who they are, and their errand, he invites them ashore: 102-125. Æneas, being admitted to the presence of the king, addresses him, referring to their common ancestry, and states this as a reason for his coming in person, instead of sending ambassadors, and proposes a mutual alliance against their common foes, the Rutulians: 126-141. Evander complaisantly replies, recalling the fact of his once having met Anchises in Arcadia when he was on a visit to his sister in Salamis, who gave him a keep-sake, which his son, Pallas, still retained; and so, acceding to the alliance, he invites Æneas and his comrades to join in the festivities of the day, and orders the feast renewed: 142-183. The feast over, Evander explains the origin of the day's celebration, by relating the story of Cacus, a noted robber, son of Vulcan, the terror of the region, whose den was in the Aventine mount, but whom Hercules, when returning from the slaughter of the Geryon, slew for stealing some of his Iberian cattle, and so delivered them from the terrible pest: at the close of the recital, all join in the celebration: 184-279. In the evening they are entertained by a torch-light procession, ending in a rustic dance and song in praise of the hero of the day: 280-305. Evander returns to the city, leaning on the arm of his guest and his son, and wiles the time by sketching the history of the early settlers of Italy from Saturn, their founder, on, and points out to his guest the various places of interest, which in after times became celebrities in Rome: until, arriving at his humble abode, when, with an apology for its humbleness, invites his guest in, spreads a couch of leaves with a bear-skin, and leaves him to repose for the night: 306-368. In the meantime Venus, alarmed at the aspect of events, entreats Vulcan to forge her son a suit of invincible armor, which he cheerfully engages to do: 369-406. A graphic description of Vulcan's Ætnean furnaces, and of the Cyclops' work-shop is given: 407-453. At early dawn Evander visits his guest, and proposes an alliance also with the Etruscan prince, Tarchon, who had just revolted from Mezentius in Agylla, and agrees to send his son, Pallas, to the war under Æneas: 454-519. In the midst of the interview Venus gives a signal of the impending conflict—the clang of glittering armor in the sky—which Æneas explains: 520-540. They ratify their mutual treaty; when Æneas revisits his comrades on the beach, and sends a delegation to report his success to Ascanius: the rest of the Trojans are furnished with steeds by Evander: 541-552. With the benison of their host, they depart on horse-back, escorted by the Arcadian troops, to the camp of Tarchon near the river Cæré: 553-607. Venus in a vale meets and presents her son with the armor just forged by Vulcan, at sight of which he is enraptured. Taking up each piece, he tests its weight, and on the shield sees delineated, in elaborate design, Rome's history, which, unaware of its full import, he admires, and then lifts to his shoulders the fates of his posterity—the shield of his destiny: 608-731.

BOOK IX.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURLALUS.

JUNO sends Iris down to incite Turnus to attack the Trojans in camp during the absence of Æneas: 1-24. Accordingly, the confederate hosts threaten the garrison; but the Trojans, having been strictly charged by Æneas not to venture outside the gates, await the onset: 25-45. Turnus,

on his Thracian charger, rides up and insultingly tosses a javelin over the walls ; but, being unable to dislodge them, he in chagrin orders his troops to fire the fleet : 46-75. The Muses again invoked to recall from the dim past the legend to account for the fleet's rescue—His mother Cybelé once obtained from Jupiter the solemn promise of immunity for her sacred pines on Mount Ida, from which the ships were built ; and, at the critical moment, the vessels are transformed into sea-nymphs, and float away unharmed : 76-122. Rutulians are amazed ; but Turnus interprets it as an ill omen for the Trojans : both armies set guards and await the morrow : 123-135. Nisus and Euryalus, boon companions, while on sentry duty together guarding the gate, concoct a plan of apprising Æneas of the state of affairs, and report it to the chiefs, who applaud its heroism, and cheer them on by presents and promises : Ascanius gives special assurances to Euryalus respecting his mother, without whose knowledge the venture is risked ; and so, when duly equipped, they are escorted to the gate, and sent forth with benisons : 176-313. They proceed in the darkness to the Rutulian camp, ere starting on their hazardous journey to Pallanteum, and there make fearful havoc, but escape loaded with spoils : 314-336. Meanwhile a squad of cavalry under Volscens, on their way from Laurentum, intercepts them : Euryalus, betrayed by his new-donned helmet gleaming in the midnight, is taken : Nisus, having meanwhile reached a place of safety, missing his friend, returns to his rescue, but in vain ; for, ere he is able to reach him, he is slain by Volscens : his death avenged by Nisus slaying the slayer, who then falls on the body of his friend pierced by many wounds : 337-445. The poet pays a beautiful tribute to the heroic pair : 446-449. The squad take up the body of their dead chief slain by Nisus, and, cutting off the heads of Nisus and Euryalus, proceed to the camp, where they find mourning and consternation over the slaughter done by the two heroes ; and fixing their two heads on spears, they display them to the view of the dismayed Trojans : 450-472. Rumor thereof reaches the ears of Euryalus' mother, who, leaving her loom, gives vent to depressing lamentations ; but, to prevent its effect on the soldiers, she is tenderly conveyed to her home : 473-502. The trumpet sounds, and the exasperated Rutulians assault the Trojan entrenchments and attempt to scale the breast-works : 503-524. The poet invokes Calliope to inspire him in depicting the havoc ensuing : 525-529. Turnus hurls a brand, and sets fire to a tower in the Trojan garrison, which is precipitated, burying many in its ruins : a desperate struggle by two survivors, who, however, are killed by Turnus : 530-568. Mighty deeds of valor are performed on both sides : 569-589. The vain boaster, Numanus, is shot with an arrow by Ascanius, who is applauded for the exploit by Apollo, but warned to abstain from further like ventures : 570-671. Pandarus and Bitias, giant brothers, incautiously open the gate and attempt a repulse : 672-690. Turnus, hurling a ponderous falcate, prostrates Bitias : 691-716. Mars now sides with the Latins, and the Trojans fall back in disorder : Pandarus, enraged at his brother's death, by a powerful effort, shuts the gates, excluding many comrades, but includes Turnus, who spreads havoc and consternation among the Trojans : 717-777. Mnestheus and Sergestus at length force him step by step, like a lion at bay, to the wall, when he suddenly leaps from the battlement into the Tiber, and swimming away, rejoins his comrades : 778-818.

BOOK X.

THE BATTLE RENEWED ; PALLAS SLAIN BY TURNUS.

JUPITER calls a council of the gods in Olympus, and deprecates the war: the speeches of Venus and Juno : 1-90. Jupiter solemnly declares that both parties shall be treated impartially, but the fates must decide their respective lots, and ratifies his decision by a nod and an oath, making all Olympus quake : 96-117. The Rutulians renew the attack on the Trojan camp, which is bravely resisted, Ascanius appearing bare-headed amid the chiefs in the defense : 118-145. Meanwhile Æneas, having met Tarchon and concluded a treaty of alliance with him, embarks the Arcadian and Etruscan infantry for the scene of war, and sails by night gently down the river Tiber, Pallas at his side asking questions : 146-162. Renewed invocation of the Muses to open Helicon, and tell the chiefs and forces of the allies : 163-165. These enumerated and described as they sail by night on the Tiber in their thirty transports : 166-214. At dawn the sea-nymphs—his lately transformed ships—greet and escort the hero, their chief, Cymodocé, explaining who and what they were and what the state of affairs in the camp ; and apprising him that the Arcadian and Etruscan cavalry had already reached their appointed posts, and that Turnus was about to attack them in force, bids him hasten on : he, with a prayer to Cybelé, presses on toward the camp : 215-257. The fleet heaves in sight of the Trojan camp : Æneas signals his approach by lifting aloft his invincible, glittering shield, which is hailed from the ramparts with shouts, which startle the Rutulians : 258-275. Turnus, at once rallies his troops to intercept them, as they attempt to

land : Tarchon, in his haste to reach the shore, wrecks his galley, throwing his troops into the surf : 276-307. The attack and its repulse, in which a terrible conflict ensues, with fearful carnage on both sides, which brings on a general engagement : 308-361. Pallas, seeing his Arcadian cavalry dismounting to engage an infantry takes command and rallies them, and charges with fearful havoc on the Rutulian line : he encounters Lausus, but they are not permitted a mortal combat with each other, being each reserved for a different antagonist : 362-438. Turnus challenges Pallas to single combat, which is accepted ; and, after a desperate struggle, the latter is slain, and Turnus takes from the prostrate form the fatal *batteuse*, which he is yet to rue (Book xii, 940), but he yields the body insultingly to Evander : 439-500. Æneas, learning of the death of his youthful friend, sweeps a wide swath, slaying many, in search of Turnus, spreading confusion in the Rutulian ranks ; seeing which the Dardian chief, with Ascanius, rally from the entrenchments to support him : 510-605. Meanwhile Jupiter, in bitter irony, jeers Juno at the issues, who sullenly deprecates the doom foreboded, and entreats for at least a temporary respite for Turnus, which, while forbidding further interference, Jupiter grants : 606-632. She prepares a *Wrath*, personating Æneas, by which Turnus, thinking it real, is deceived and led off of the field, and Turnus is entrapped on board a ship, which snags its hawser, and sails away with him to the city of Laurentum, his father, despite his frantic deprecations : 633-688. Meanwhile Mezentius, warned by Jupiter, takes the field, and rages like a wild boar, slaying many brave Trojans and Arcadians—his mighty foe, and many a hero falls : 689-754. Mars poises the issues ; the gods look down with pity : Venus and Juno, with various emotions, look on while Iliphoné raves : 755-761. Mezentius marches on, grand as Orion, making havoc, till wounded by Æneas, but shielded from death by his brave son, Lausus, who is cut down by Æneas, who in pity relents and offers him his hand in dying : 762-823. Mezentius, having by reason of his wound been disabled, retires to the shade of a tree on the bank of the Tiber, where he learns of the death of his son, and, rallying all his strength, he, in desperate determination to avenge the death of his son, or die in the attempt, mounts his war horse, Rhœbus, whom he addresses, and furiously rushes after Æneas, howering on him death, which are dexterously caught on the charmed shield, till at length Æneas stabs his horse, and slays Mezentius : 824-908.

BOOK XI.

FUNERAL OF PALLAS, AND DEATH OF CAMILLA.

ÆNEAS the next day erects a trophy of spoils taken from Mezentius, and, cheering his comrades, arranges for the burial of the dead, and for sending the body of Pallas home : 1-28. The lamentation in the camp over Pallas, and the tribute to him by Æneas : 29-58. A woe-worter is then wrought, festooned with garlands, and on it placed the body, which is followed by his *superb* war-horse, Æthon, and his inconsolable body servant, Acetes, and attendants of honour, bearing his spear and helmet, and an escort of Trojans and Arcadians : amid sad farewells the cavalcade starts for Pallanteum : 59-99. A delegation from Laurentum arrives, asking a cessation of hostilities for the burial of the dead, which is received, and an armistice granted by Æneas, and mutual preparations are arranged accordingly : 100-138. The cavalcade reaches Pallanteum at evening, and is met by a torch-light procession : the pathetic grief and lament of aged Evander over the bier of his son : 139-181. The unique funerals of Trojans and Etruscans described : 182-202. The Latin funerals and rival pyres and burials : 203-212. Mourning in Laurentum is intensified by Drances in exciting rancor against Turnus : 213-224. The return of the envoys from the city of Diomedes : a council of state is called by Latinus to hear their report ; the report, and Diomedes's advice to abstain from war with the Trojans : 225-295. The commotion it produces ; the address of Latinus deprecating war and counselling peace : he suggests the plan of ceding to the Trojans a tract of land along the upper waters of the Tiber ; or, if they prefer it, furnishing them materials for vessels for emigration, and advises sending special ambassadors to effect reconciliation : 296-335. Drances seconds the king's plan, with bitter invectives against Turnus, urging him to accept the challenge of Æneas to single combat : 336-375. Turnus retorts, and agrees to the test of valor : 376-444. Meanwhile news of Æneas advancing on the city is announced ; the consequent alarm ; the council prorogued ; Latinus retires in dismay, and Turnus prepares for battle : 445-472. The city is at once thrown into commotion ; the queen and her attendants repair to the temple to pray for Turnus, and invoke vengeance on Æneas : 473-485. The splendid equipment of Turnus described as he goes forth from the city ; he is met at the gate by Camilla and her well-mounted cavalry, and the plans for the battle are concerted : Camilla is to take command at the city, while Turnus intercepts Æneas in a dfile of the mountains : 486-531. Juno relates to Opis the early history of Camilla, indicates her impending death, and bids Opis go and

avenge it: 532-596. The sanguinary engagement between the Trojan and Etruscan cavalry on the one side, and Camilla and her regiments on the other: 597-647. The daring exploits of Camilla; her eager pursuit of a boasting Ligurian, and his fate: 648-724. Tarchon's rally and charge, and his feat in capturing Venulus: 725-759. Arruns stealthily follows Camilla, while she is pursuing the gaily dressed Chlorus; and, watching his chance, fatally wounds her; her hasty message by her adjutant, Acca, to Turnus, to come at once to the rescue and assume command; her death: 760-835. Opis finds Arruns skulking, chides him, and sends an arrow of vengeance through his heart: 836-867. The rout of the Rutulians at the fall of Camilla; they rush to the city in a panic; the desperate fight of the Latin women on the walls: 868-885. Meanwhile Acca reaches, and apprises Turnus of Camilla's death and the rout of the Rutulians. In consternation he leaves his ambush, and wrathfully hastens back to the city, while Æneas unobstructedly passes the defile and gains the open plain. The two, with their squads, gallop over the plains in sight of each other towards the city, but halt and camp apart outside, awaiting the morrow: 896-915.

BOOK XII.

THE FINAL ISSUE—THE DEATH OF TURNUS.

THE Latins, having been beaten in two battles, demand that Turnus fulfill his promise and meet Æneas in single combat, who sullenly agrees: 1-17. Latinus urges Turnus to seek a bride elsewhere, and yield to manifest destiny: 18-44. Turnus responds in conciliatory tone to the king, but in defiance of Æneas: 45-53. Queen Amata entreats him not to venture, and the blushing Lavinia confuses him, rendering him frantic: 54-80. He inspects his steeds and his armor: 81-106. Æneas receives the challenge of Turnus, and accepts, sending back his terms: 107-112. The monarchs on both sides appear at the ratification, each graphically described; Æneas first stepping forth, solemnly attests his acceptance, stating the conditions: 161-194. Latinus responds, and with equal solemnity ratifies his approval: 195-215. Turnus in turn states sullenly his acceptance, when a murmur runs through the attendant ranks, and Juturna, the deified sister of Turnus, taking advantage of the opportunity, precipitates a renewal of hostilities by a rupture of the truce: 216-276. One of the nine sons of the Arcadian Gylippus is slain by the tilted spear of the augur Tolumnius, when instantly the battle begins: Latinus in dismay flees, and shuts himself in his palace, while the conflict spreads: 277-288. Messapus charges, while Æneas, in solemn utterance, demands cessation and the fulfilments of the ratified but now violated compact: 289-323. Turnus takes command in person, and spreads havoc through the Trojan ranks: 324-383. Æneas, seeing the trend of matters, flies to arms, and in the encounter is shot by a stray arrow in his foot, and limps away bleeding to the rear, where the bustling leech, Iaspis, endeavors in vain to extract the steel, until Venus secretly drugs the lotion used, and heals him, and he again rushes to the fight: 384-445. Turnus quails, as he sees him advancing with his column, and Juturna, perceiving her brother's peril, pitches his charioteer, Metiscus, off, and assuming herself the reins, drives the chariot away, eluding Æneas: 446-487. The surge of battle on both sides deepens: 488-554. The determination of Æneas to fire the town; his impetuous charge, and the consternation ensuing within the walls: 555-592. In the midst of it, queen Amata in desperation hangs herself: 593-603. The dismay and mourning it occasions: 604-613. Turnus catches the distant sounds of wailing in the town, while chasing a few straggling deserters on the outskirts of the plain, whither his sister had driven his chariot, and rebukes her sternly; a messenger, bespattered with blood, apprises him of the crisis, and he returns full of defiant wrath: 614-695. Æneas rejoices at seeing him, advances to meet him, clanging his armor in defiance: all stand aghast as the champions close in fight: 696-724. Jupiter poises the issue in his scales: in the onset the sword of Turnus snaps at the hilt, being that of his charioteer and not his own. He flees, begging loudly for his own sword, hotly pursued by Æneas: 725-765. The spear of Æneas, hurled at his antagonist, gliding by, sticks fast in the root of a tree, which is wrenched out by Venus, while Juturna restores to Turnus his own sword; and once more the champions stand face to face in the final death-struggle: 766-790. Jupiter meanwhile chides Juno, who now, having received the concession that the Latins may retain their name and language, retires: 791-842. Jupiter accordingly withdraws Juturna from her brother's side by a death-omen, and she in inconsolable grief departs from the scene: 842-886. The champions now, freed from all impediments, meet. Turnus hurls an enormous stone, which falls short of its mark, and Æneas sends a spear crashing through shield and armor, and pierces the groin of Turnus, who falls and surrenders, but entreats that his body be restored to his friends: Æneas is on the point of relenting and sparing him, when he espies the fatal BALDRIC of Pallas on his prostrate foe, and with exasperated wrath, in vengeance plunges his sword in him, and Turnus dies: 887-952.

THE ÆNEID.

ERRATA.

- Book II. Line 263, for Neopltemus, read Neoptolemus.
Book II. Line 318, for Achians, read Achaians.
Book II. Line 524, for spoke, read spoken.
Book IV. Line 244, for withhold, read withholds; period omitted
at end of line.
Book V. Line 106, for Aceste's, read Accestes'.
Book VII. Line 682, for Prenestë, read Prenesté.

THE ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

Bound for Italia the fleet of Æneas, by malice of Juno,
Strands on the Libyan coast, and is welcomed by Dido to Carthage.

*[I am he, who aforetime tuned to a delicate oat-reed
Pastoral song ; and, the woodlands leaving, compelled the adjacent
Fields to submit to the plowman's culture, however exacting ;
Grateful the service to farmers ; but now of the horrors of dread Mars.]*

ARMS and the hero I sing, who of old from the borders of Troja
Came to Italia, banished by fate to Lavinia's destined
Seacoasts : much was he tossed on the lands and the deep by enlisted
Might of supernals, through ruthless Juno's remembered resentment :
Much, too, he suffered in warfare, while he was founding a city,
And into Latium bearing his gods : whence issued the Latin
Race, and the Alban fathers, and walls of imperial Roma.

Mind me, O Muse, of the causes, in what her divinity outraged,
Or why offended the queen of the gods in so many disasters
Made a man famed for his piety roll, and so many a hardship
Drove to endure. Have celestial souls such utter resentments ?

Carthage, a primitive city, which Tyrian colonists settled,
Stood once fronting Italia, and far in the distance the Tiber's
Mouths ; in resources rich, and austere in habits of warfare,
Which, more highly than all lands, Juno is said to have singly
Cherished, regarding e'en Samos subordinate : here was her armor ;
Here was her chariot : the goddess that this should a kingdom for nations
Be, if the fates would allow it, already devises and covets :
But she had still of an issue to spring from the blood of a Trojan
Heard, which in process of time would demolish the Tyrian castles.

Hence would a people of wide domain, and in battle relentless,
Come unto Libya's downfall : so would the destinies reel it.

Fearful of this was Saturnia, and mindful of previous warfare,
Which she at Troja of old had waged for her favorite Argos :

Nor had the causes as yet of resentment, and rancorous umbrage,
Dropped from her soul : there remain still deep in her memory hoarded
Paris' invidious verdict, the insult of spurning her beauty,
Aye, and that odious race, and the kidnapped Ganymede's honors.

Fired yet further by these, on the whole main she was the storm-tossed
Trojans, the residue left by the Danai and ruthless Achilles,
Forcing afar from Latium ; they were through many a long year
Wandering, driven around by the fates over every high sea.
Such was the labor immense of founding the Roman Republic.

Scarcely were they on the deep, out of sight of Sicily's headland,
Spreading elated their sails, and with bronze beak plowing the sea-foam,
When in her bosom Juno still nursing the fester eternal

Thus with herself : " Am I, overcome, to desist from my project,
Able not even to bar from Italia the king of the Teucrans ?

Vetoed forsooth by the fates ! Could Pallas a fleet of the Argives
Burn, and the Argives themselves submerge in the depths of the ocean,
All for the trespass of one, and the craze of Oïlean Ajax ?

Down from the clouds she, the swift-shot lightning of Jupiter darting,
Shattered their crafts, and upturned by the winds the expanse of the waters ;

Him, still breathing out flames from his breast by a thunderbolt riven,
Caught she away in a whirlwind, and fixed on a tapering rock-crag :

Yet here am I, who parade as the queen of the gods, and withal, too,
Jupiter's sister and spouse, for so many a year with the one tribe
Waging a warfare ; who then does Juno's divinity worship
Henceforth, or will as suppliant sacrifice lay on her altars ? "

Thus by herself did the goddess, with heart all ablaze as she ponders,
Straight to the country of storms, spots pregnant with furious South-winds,
Come to Æolia. Here King Æolus, deep in a dismal

Cavern, the struggling winds, and the loudly reveberant tempests,
Checks at command, and in fetters and prison incarcerate curbs them ;

They, all indignant the while with a mighty uproar of the mountain,
Round their enclosures rave. High Æolus sits in his castle,
Swaying his sceptres, and quiets their spirits and tempers their passions ;

Did he not, they would the seas, and the lands, and the limitless heaven,
Verily bear swift with them, and sweep them away through the welkin.
But the omnipotent father hath hid them in caverns of darkness,

Guarding against this, and o'er them a mass and the loftiest mountains
 Piled, and assigned them a monarch, who might, by a definite compact,
 Know how to check, and to give them the slackened reins as commanded.
 To him then Juno as suppliant used these subtle persuasions :

“Æolus, seeing the father of gods and the sovereign of mortals 65
 Thee hath assigned to allay and awaken the waves by the wild winds,
 On the Tyrrhenian main is a nation, mine enemy, sailing,
 Ilium into Italia bearing, and vanquished, their home-gods.
 Smite thou a force in the winds, and o'erwhelmingly founder their vessels ;
 Or come, scatter asunder their carcasses over the ocean. 70
 Twice seven nymphs there are of mine own of unparalleled beauty ;
 Thee to the fairest in form of them all, to Deiopeia,
 Will I in durable wedlock join, and thine own will pronounce her,
 That she may with thee all of her years, for such merited service,
 Spend, and maternally make thee the parent of beautiful offspring.” 75

Æolus thus in response : “ O Queen, whatsoever thou wishest
 Thine is the task to explore ; my due is to meet thy requirements.
 Thou whatsoever is mine, this kingdom, my sceptre, and Jove, too,
 Winnest me, grantest me thou to recline at the deities' banquets,
 Yea, and thou makest me potentate also of storms and of tempests.” 80
 These words spoken, with uptwirled barb he the cavernous mountain
 Thrust in the flank, and the winds forthwith, like a marshalled battalion,
 Rush where the portals have yielded, and blow o'er the lands in a cyclone :
 Down on the sea they have swooped, and the whole to its nethermost soundings
 Surge they at once, the East-wind and South, and, surcharged with tornadoes, 85
 Afric's sorocco ; ponderous roll to the beaches the billows.
 Shouts of the seamen ensue, and the stridulous creaking of cordage ;
 Darkening clouds of a sudden away both the sky and the day-light
 Snatch from the eyes of the Teucrans : night broods dark on the ocean.
 Thundered the poles, and the firmament glitters with flashes incessant ; 90
 All things seemingly threaten immediate death to the heroes.
 Straightway relaxed by a shivering chill are the limbs of Æneas ;
 Deeply he groans, and, extending his two palms ruefully starward,
 Thus with his voice breaks forth : O thrice and quadruple happy
 They, who in sight of their sires, 'neath Troja's imperial ramparts, 95
 Chanced to expire ! O Tydides, most brave of the race of the Danaï,
 Why could it not have been mine to have fallen on Ilium's blood-drenched
 Plains, and have poured this life by thy right hand out, where the ruthless
 Hector lies low by Æacides' shaft, where the mighty Sarpedon
 Glorious rests, where the Samoïs, caught in its surges, 100

Rolls on bucklers, and helmets, and brawniest bodies of heroes ? ”

While thus casting about, from the north has a roaring tornado
Stricken aback his sails, and is heaving the waves to the planets.
Snapped at the thwarts are the oars ; then broaches the prow, and the broadside
Swings to the billows ; precipitous tumbles a mountain of waters. 105

These on the top-wave hang, and those does the billow in yawning
Lay bare the earth in the troughs, and the undertow burrows the bottom.

Three does the south-wind, snatching up, hurl on insidious ledges—

Ledges th’ Italians call in the midst of the billows the Altars—

Ridges immense at the sea-line: the east wind three from the deep sea 110

Urges amain on the shoals and the quicksands, grievous to witness !

Runs them aground on the shallows, and girds them around with a sand-bank.

One, that was wafting the Lycian troops and the faithful Orontes,

Right in sight of his own eyes, down from its summit a huge sea

Strikes on the stern-deck: pitched from his perch, and prone, is the helmsman 115

• Rolled off headlong ! Three times whirling, the wave in the same spot

Spins her around, and the swift-flowing eddy in ocean engulfs her.

Sparsely are seen there floating about in the fathomless whirlpool,

Armör of men on the billows and timbers and treasures of Troja.

Now has Ilioneus’ staunch ship, now that of valient Achates; 120

That in which Abas was wafted, and that of the aged Aletes

Hapless succumbed to the storm: through the loosened seams of their broadsides

All take in the inimical shower, and gape with the fissures.

Meanwhile the ocean embroiled in a mightily murmuring uproar,
Storms let loose, and the stilled depths stirred to their nethermost soundings, 125

Neptune profoundly shocked hath perceived; and, up from the deep sea

Gazing abroad, hath his calm head raised o’er the crests of the billows.

There he discovers all over the surface the fleet of Æneas

Strown, and the Trojans oppressed by the waves and the ruin of heaven:

Not unaware was her brother of Juno’s intrigue and resentment: 130

Summons he to him the East-wind and West-wind, and thus he bespeaks them:

“ Hath such a confidence then in your high-born pedigree seized you,

That ye now heaven and earth, without my divinity’s sanction,

Dare, O ye winds, to embroil, and to heap up these mountainous masses ?

Whom I—but first it behoves me to quell the tumultuous billows: 135

Ye shall atone me offences by no like penance hereafter.

Instantly hasten your flight, and this message convey to your sovereign:

‘ Not unto him do the sway of the sea and the terrible trident

Fall, but to me by allotment: he tenants the desolate rock-lands,

Your habitations, O East-wind; there in his palace himself let

• 140

Æolus bluster, and reign o'er his close-barred prison of storm-wind."

Spake he, and quicker than speech he assuages the turbulent waters.

Puts he to flight the collected clouds, and disclose the sunshine.

Triton at once, and Cymothœ, pushing amain from the sharp crag

Heave off the vessels; himself, too, easing them up with his trident, 145

Opens the fathomless quicksands and tempers the face of the waters:

Then in his chariot lightly he glides o'er the crests of the billows;

Just as when oft, in the midst of a mighty assembly, a rampant

Riot has risen, and rage in their souls the contemptible rabble:

Now fly torches and cobbles, for fury supplies them with weapons; 150

Then, if perchance they a man for his virtues and piety honored

Spy, they are silent, and riveted stand on the stretch of attention:

He by his arguments governs their passions, and quiets their bosoms:

So all the roar of the ocean subsided, when over its surface

Gazing, the father, upwafted in open heaven, his coursers 155

Turns, and away as he flies gives reins to his prosperous chariot.

Weary at length, the Æneans the shores which are nearest by scudding

Struggle to reach, and are rounded away to the Libyan headlands:

There, in a deep recess, is a spot, where an island a harbor

Forms by its upthrown sides, on which every wave from the deep sea 160

Broken is checked, and distributes itself into separate bayous.

Frowning on either side are stupendous cliffs, and their twin-peaks

Threaten in heaven, and under their summits protected the waters

Widely are silent; while there, in the shimmering woods, is an arbor;

Darkly a thicket o'erhangs it above with its horrible shadows; 165

Under its opposite front with its pendulous cliffs is a grotto,

In it are sweetest of waters and benches of natural granite—

Home of the nymphs: no cables here ever are holding the storm-racked

Vessels; no anchor, with grappling-fluke, to their moorings secures them.

Hither Æneas with seven ships gathered at length from the whole fleet's 170

Number, retreats, and the Trojans, with longings intense for the mainland,

Glad disembark from on board, and, enjoying the coveted sand-beach,

Eagerly straighten their brine-drenched joints to repose on the seashore.

Now at the outset, Achates a spark struck out of a flint-stone;

Caught he the fire on the leaves, and the dry combustibles round it 175

Furnished abundant, and rapidly fanned up a flame in the fuel.

Then they the cereals soaked by the waves and utensils of Ceres,

Weary of hazards, unlade, and the fruits that were saved from the ship stores

Bring, and prepare in the flames to parch, and on granite to crush them.

Meanwhile, Æneas, an eminence climbs, and intently the whole wide 180

Prospect, scans far over the ocean, if possibly Antheus,
 Tossed by the wind, he may sight, and his high-benched Phrygian galleys,
 Or else Capys, or arms on the lofty stern of Caïcus.
 No, not a vessel in sight, but instead three stags on the sea-beach
 Spies he strolling about; whole herds as their retinues follow 185
 These at the rear, and a long train grazes at large through the valleys.
 Halted he here, and his bow in his hand, and his feathery arrows
 Hastily seized, the weapon which faithful Achates was bearing.
 Foremost the leaders themselves, their heads uplifting aloft with
 Tree-like antlers, he levels; then routs the promiscuous rabble, 190
 Driving the whole drove on mid the foliaged grove with his weapons;
 Nor does he stop, till he seven huge carcasses there as a victor
 Stretches out slain on the ground, the number that equals his vessels;
 Hence he repairs to the harbor and shares them with all his companions.
 Then he the wine, which the noble Acestes had laden in wine casks 195
 Late on Trinacria's shore, and the hero had given at parting,
 Deals out, while in addresses he comforts their sorrowing bosoms:
 "Comrades—for not inexperienced are we in reverses aforetime—
 Bravers of sorer, to these, too, shall deity grant us a limit.
 Ye have encountered the fury of Scylla, and crags that re-echo 200
 Deeply within it; and ye have, moreover, Cyclopiæan rock-dens
 Fearless explored! re-encourage your souls and your gloomy forebodings banish:
 These scenes you will doubtless delight to remember hereafter!
 On through these varied disasters, through many a risk of adventures,
 Tend we to Latium, where fates point us to peaceful possessions: 205
 There are yet destined again to arise the dominions of Troja;
 Firm then endure, and prepare yourselves for the prosperous issues."
 Thus with his voice he bespeaks them, yet, sick from accumulate troubles,
 Hope in his countenance feigns, and at heart he represses his anguish.
 Gird they themselves for the game, and the viands which now are in waiting: 210
 Strip they the hides from the ribs, and lay open to view the intestines.
 Part cut up, and affix on the spits, the quivering fragments;
 Others set caldrons on shore, and the fires enkindle around them,
 Then with the food they recover their strength, and, reclined on the green sod,
 They are with good old Bacchus and juciest venison stated. 215
 After their hunger was cloyed, and removed are the viands and tables,
 They in protracted discourses inquire for their absent companions,
 Still in suspense 'twixt hope and fear, or to count them as living,
 Or as enduring their last, and no longer to hear them in calling:
 Chiefly the pious Æneas the loss of the sprightly Orontes 220

Now, and anon, too, of Amycus mourn, and apart the inhuman
Fates of Lycus and Gyas the valiant, and valiant Cloanthus.

Now was an end, when Jupiter down from the uppermost æther,
Gazing abroad on the sail-winged sea, and the regions adjacent,
Scanning the shores and the broad tribes, thus on the summit of heaven 225
Paused, and absorbingly fastened his eyes on the Labyan kingdoms.
Him then pondering over such paramount cares in his bosom,
Sadder than wont, and suffusing her eyes into glistening tear-drops,
Venus addresses: "O thou, who the fortunes of men and immortals
Swayest in infinite sovereignty ever, and awest with thunder, 230
What can my noble Æneas so great have committed against thee?
What can the Trojans have done, that enduring so many bereavements,
All the wide circle of lands, for Italia's sake, is debarred them?
Surely that hence there hereafter should be, with the rolling of ages,
Romans; that hence should be chiefs from the blood reinstated of Teucer, 235
Who were the sea and the lands to possess in an absolute empire,
Thou hast explicitly promised: What sentiment, father, hath changed thee?
I was by this e'en the fall and the sorrowful ruins of Troja
Wont to relieve, when fates with fates in a counterpoise weighing.
Now does the same lot follow the men, by so many disasters 240
Hounded: what limit, O sovereign supreme, dost thou grant to these hardships?
Safe could Antenor indeed, when escaped from the midst of the Argives,
Penetrate far the Illyrian bayous, and innermost sections
Reach of Liburnians' realms, and could pass by the source of Timavus;
Whence it, through nine mouths bursting with echoing roar of the mountains, 245
Issues a sea, and careers o'er the meadows a resonant ocean.
Here he the city Patavium still, and abodes of the Teuerans
Planted, and gave to the nation its name, and appended the Trojan
Armor, and now he at rest in a peaceful composure reposes.
We, thy descendants, to whom thou ordainest the castle of heaven, 250
We, with our shipping—O awful!—a wreck, for the grudge of a single
One, are abandoned, and sundered afar from Italia's confines.
Sire, is this piety's honor? Thus dost thou to sleepers restore us?"

Tenderly smiling upon her, the father of men and immortals,
With the sereneness of visage by which he the sky and the tempests 255
Calms, kissed gently the lips of his daughter, and thus he bespeaks her:
"Spare thy alarm, Cytherea: remain unaffected thy kindreds'
Fates unto thee: thou shalt gaze on Lavinium's city and promised
Ramparts, yea, and sublimely shalt waft to the planets of heaven
Thy high-minded Æneas: no, there hath no sentiment changed me. 260

He—for I kindly will tell thee, and, since this solicitude gnaws thee,
 Wider unrolling the secrets of fates, will array them before thee—
 He shall a mighty war in Italia wage, and shall crush out
 Barbarous tribes, and establish for men regulations and ramparts,
 Until the third year's summer hath seen him in Latium reigning, 265
 Until there three full winters have passed with Rutulians vanquished.
 As for the youthful Ascanius, to whose name is Iūlus
 Added—for Illus it was while the Ilian dynasty lasted—
 Thirty superior cycles, with months to revolve in their orbits,
 He shall complete in his reign, and his court from Lavinium's homestead 270
 Shift, and shall Alba Longa invest with impregnable power.
 Here now on in succession, for three hundred years, shall dominion
 Vest in the peerage of Hector, till Ilia, princess and priestess,
 Pregnant by Mars, shall bring forth twins at a birth as her offspring;
 Then shall, elate with the tawny hide of a wolf as his mother, 275
 Romulus take up the nation, and, sacred to Mars, shall a city
 Found, and shall thence, from his own name, title its citizens Romans.
 Them I appoint no assignable limits, nor seasons of conquest ;
 Boundless the sway I have given them. But as for petulant Juno,
 Who now the sea and the lands and the heaven with terror harasses, 280
 She for the better shall model her schemes, and with me she shall cherish
 Romans, the lords of achievements, the toga-distinguishing nation :
 Such is my pleasure. The epoch shall come, in revolving of ages,
 When the Assaracan house shall Phthia, and famous Mycenæ
 Proudly reduce to dependence, and reign over subjugate Argos. 285
 There shall a Trojan be born of illustrious lineage, CÆSAR,
 Who shall his empire bound by the ocean, his fame by the planets,
 JULIUS, a name transmitted direct from the mighty Iūlus.
 Thou shalt hereafter to heaven, with spoils from the Orient laden,
 Welcome him safely, and he, too, be worshipped with votive oblations. 290
 Then shall the barbarous ages grow milder, and wars shall be ended ;
 Vesta, and hoary Faith, and Quirinus, with Remus his brother,
 Joined shall administer justice, and war's dire portals, with rivets
 Welded with iron, be bolted, and impious Fury within them,
 Seated on truculent armor, and bound from behind with a hundred 295
 Brazen links, rave horrid, with mouth all dripping with gore-clots."

Spake he, and straight from on high he dispatches his Maia-born herald
 Down, that the lands and the new-built castle of Carthage be opened
 Friendly to Teucrans, lest, unaware of their destiny, Dido
 Drive them away from her confines. Swiftly he flies on the mighty 300

Air, by the oarage of wings, and alighted in Libya's confines.
 Soon he performs his behest, and the Punic lay by their ferocious
 Hearts at the deity's bidding ; but chiefly the queen a complacent
 Soul, and benignant mind entertains in behalf of the Teucrans.

Pious Æneas at night has, many a project revolving, 305
 Planned, when is granted the genial light, to go forth, and the new-found
 Regions explore, and on what wild shores by the wind he has stranded,
 Who on them dwell—for he sees them untill'd—whether men or the wild beasts,
 Warily search, and to bring his discoveries back to his comrades.

Deep in a cove of the wild-wood, under a sheltering rock-bluff, 310
 Closed by the trees and the horrible shadows around, he his squadron
 Hides, and himself goes walking, attended by only Achates,
 Grasping in hand a couple of broad-barbed, steel-pointed javelins.

Out in the midst of the forest his mother confrontingly met him,
 Wearing the mien and attire of a maid, and the arms of a Spartan 315
 Maiden, or such as the Thracian Harpalycé, when she careering
 Wearies her steeds, and in speeding outrivals the feathery Hebrus :
 For she had hung from her shoulders a bow, in the guise of a huntress,
 Pliant and light, and had given her hair to the winds to dishevel ;
 Bare to the knee, and her fluttering folds tucked up in a bow-knot. 320
 Promptly, “ Ho ! warrior youths,” she exclaims, “ pray tell me, if strolling
 Anywhere here you have happened to see any one of my sisters,
 Girt with a quiver, and clad in a vesture of maculate lynx-skin,
 Or with a loud shout pressing the chase of the lathery wild-boar.”

Thus spake Venus, and thus broached counter the offspring of Venus : 325
 “ Maiden, I neither have heard, nor seen, any one of thy sisters ;
 O—but whom may I properly call thee ? for thine is no mortal
 Visage, nor yet does thy voice sound human—O surely a goddess !
 Art thou the sister of Phœbus ? or one from the blood of the wood-nymphs ?
 Be thou propitious, whoever thou art, and relieve our embarrassed 330
 Labor, and teach us beneath what sky, and on which of the wide world's
 Coasts we are tossed : we are strangers alike to the people and region,
 Roaming around, by the winds and the great waves hitherward driven :
 Many a victim to thee at thine altars shall fall by our right hand.”

Then said Venus, “ Indeed I regard me unworthy such honors : 335
 Custom it is for the Tyrian maidens to carry a quiver
 Round, and to lace their ankles above with a buskin of purple.
 Punic dominions thou seest, the Tyrians, and town of Agenor ;
 But the confines are Libyan, a race undaunted in warfare.
 Tyrian Dido the sovereignty sways, from her city an exile, 340

Fleeing her brother. The tale of her grievance is lengthy, and lengthy
 Too, are its mazes ; but I will the main trails trace of its outlines.
 She had a husband, Sychæus, the richest in landed possessions
 Known of Phœnicians, and loved by her lorn with a passionate fondness.
 Virgin her father had given her to him, and wedded with brightest 345
 Omens of bliss, but her brother, Pygmalion, then was the kingdom
 Ruling of Tyrus, in crime more atrocious by far than all others.
 'Twixt them a fierce animosity came, and he basely Sychæus
 Even in front of the altars, and blinded by lust for his money,
 Stealthy, with dagger, o'ercomes unawares, disregarding his sister's 350
 Tender attachments ; and long he the deed concealed, and the pining
 Lover the villain, by many a pretext, wheedled with empty
 Hope : but the ghost of her husband unburied itself in her night-dreams
 Came to her, lifting before her its visage amazingly pallid :
 Ghastly the altars it laid, and its bosom all gashed with the dagger, 355
 Naked to view, and uncovered each hidden misdeed of the household :
 Then it exhorts her to hasten escape, and depart from the country ;
 And, as an aid for her journey, in earth it discloses her ancient
 Treasures, an unaccountable weight both of gold and of silver.
 Dido, incited by these, was preparing her flight and companions : 360
 Rally around her all who have felt for the tyrant a mortal
 Hate or a poignant fear : the vessels, which chanced to be ready,
 Seize they, and load them with gold, and away on the ocean are wafted
 Miser Pygmalion's hoardings : a woman is guide of the project. 365
 Thence to these haunts they have come, where now thou seest yon stately
 Ramparts and rising castle of recently colonized Carthage.
 Ground they have purchased, and named it, from terms of the bargain, the BYRSA,
 Just so much it should be as they could enclose with a bull's hide.
 But who, prithee, are you, or from what shores journeyed ye hither ?
 Whither hence hold ye your way ?" To her thus inquiring he answers, 370
 Heaving a sigh, and drawing his voice from his innermost bosom :
 "Were I, O goddess, retracing to traverse the whole from the outset ;
 Hadst thou, moreover, the leisure to hear the details of our hardships,
 Vesper would sooner put day to repose on occluded Olympus.
 We are from primitive Troja, if haply hath mention of Troja 375
 Passed through your ears ; and wafted on various waters a tempest
 Hath, by a chance of its own, impelled us to Libya's seacoasts.
 I am the pious Æneas, who with me am bearing my home-gods,
 Snatched from the foe, in my fleet, by renown o'er the firmament noted,
 Seeking Italia my home, and from Jupiter mighty my birthright. 380

I, in my twice ten vessels, embarked on the Phrygian waters ;
 Pointing my way was my mother divine, and I, heeding her omens ;
 Seven now barely survive, and they shattered by billows and east wind.

I, as a stranger, in want, through the Libyan wilderness wander,
 Beaten from Europe and Asia." No more of his plaintive recital 335

Venus endured ; but she thus, in the midst of his grief, interrupted :

"Thou, whosoever thou art, not unfriended, I trust, by celestials,
 Breathest the vital air, who hast come to a Tyrian city,

Only proceed, and advance to the queen's imperial threshold ;

For I announce thy companions restored, and thy vessels returning, 390

Wafted in safety to port by a fortunate change of the north winds,

Unless, vainly pretending, my parents have augury taught me.

Look at yon twice six swans, in re-mustering column exulting,

Whom late, swooping from regions of æther, was Jupiter's eagle,

Routing in open heaven, now earthward, in order unbroken, 395.

Seem or about to alight, or now scanning the spots for alighting :

Just as regathered they, merrily sporting on stridulous pinions,

Round in a cluster have circled the pole, and their melodies uttered ;

So, and no otherwise also, thy vessels and youthful companions,

Either are anchored in port, or are under full sail in the offing : 400

Only proceed, and direct thou thy steps where the highway conducts thee."

Spake she, and turning, she flashed from her roseate neck an effulgence ;

While from her head her ambrosial tresses a heavenly perfume

Round her exhaled, and her robe draped down to her feet in its foldings :

True, in her mien, was the goddess apparent. As soon as he knew her 405

There as his mother, in strains like this he pursued her escaping :

"Wherefore, O dost thou so often and cruel, in phantom appearings,

Wheedle thy son ? and why is it never allowed me to clasp thy

Hand in my own, and to hear and return undissembled responses ?" 410

Thus does he chide her, and soon he is wending his steps to the ramparts ;

But in a dim haze now, as they journey, hath Venus enclosed them,

Yea, and the goddess shed round them a plentiful cloudy envelope,

Lest there should any discern them, or any be able to harm them,

Or a delay interpose, or should challenge the cause of their coming.

She unto Paphus sublimely departs, and revisits her own courts 415

Pleased, where a temple is hers, and with incense Sabæan a hundred

Altars are glowing, and odors from fresh-wreathed garlands exhaling.

They have the meanwhile taken the road, where the pathway directs them.

And were now climbing a hillock, which full o'er the neighboring city

Beetles, and high from above looks down on the opposite castles. 420

Wonders Æneas at pile so imposing, where lately were hovels ;
 Wonders he, too, at the gates, and the din, and the thoroughfares' pavements.
 Press on the Tyrians hotly, a part in extending the town-walls ;
 Part in constructing the castle, by hand up-rolling the ashlers ;
 Part in selecting a house-lot, and trenching it round with a furrow : 425
 Laws they enact, and magistrates choose and a reverend senate.
 Here some are dredging a harbor, there others a theatre's deep-laid
 Solid foundations are laying, and columns immense from the quarries
 Hewing, the ornamentations superb for the scenes of the future :
 Such toil busies the bees in the earliest summer on flowery 430
 Meads in the sunshine, when they the full-grown brood of their nation
 Marshal abroad, or when they in turn are the liquefied honey
 Storing away, or with sweetest of nectar distending the comb-cells ;
 Or are the loads of incomers receiving, or, forming a squadron,
 Forcefully driving the drones, an indolent herd, from the bee-hives : 435
 Hot is the service, and scented with thyme is the odorous honey.
 "O ye fortunate ones, whose ramparts already are rising !"

Broaches Æneas, as upwards he peers at the domies of the city.
 In he betakes him, enshrouded in vapor—a marvel to utter !
 In through the midst, and immingles with men undiscovered by any. 440

There was a grove, most grateful in shade, in the midst of the city,
 Where at the outset the Punics, when tossed by the wave and the whirlwind,
 Dug up a sign on the spot, which of old had imperial Juno
 Shown them, the head of a spirited charger, for so would in warfare
 Theirs be a nation renowned, and for ages of easy subsistence. 445

There was Sidonian Dido to Juno a gorgeous temple
 Founding, enriched with the gifts and the glory enshrined of the goddess ;
 Bronzed on its steps were arising its thresholds, and firm were its timbers
 Jointed with bronze, and its hinges were grating on portals of bronze-work.
 First in this grove did a singular object, presented before him, 450
 Calm his anxiety ; here did Æneas first venture to cherish
 Hope of his safety, and firmer to trust in his tottering prospects :
 For, as he eagerly scans each thing 'neath the gorgeous temple,
 Waiting the queen ; while he at what fortune betided the city,
 And at the hand of the artists compared with the toil of the structures, 455
 Wonders, he there beholds in their order the Ilian battles [world,
 Sketched, and the wars that already were blazoned by fame through the whole
 Sees the Atridæ and Priam, and cruel to either Achilles.
 Paused he, and weeping, "Already," says he, "what spot, O Achates,
 Nay, what region of earth is not verily full of our struggle? 460

Yonder is Priam ! e'en here are its own rewards for achievement ;
 Trials have tears, and the mind is touched by the sorrows of mortals :
 Banish alarm, this renown will afford thee yet something of safety."
 So he exclaims, and regales his soul with the shadowy picture,
 Frequently sighing, and drenches his face with a bountiful river : 465
 For he was viewing how once round Pergamus warring, the Grecians
 Hither were fleeing, as closely the Trojan warriors pressed them.
 Phrygians thither, as crested Achilles with chariot chased them.
 Not far hence he the tents of Rhesus anon, from their snow-white
 Canvas, distinguishes weeping, betrayed in the earliest slumber : 470
 Atreus' son was despoiling them, gory from many a slaughter,
 Turning his steeds to his camps before they could either
 Taste of the pastures of Troja, or drink of the waters of Xanthus.
 Elsewhere also is Troilus fleeing, bereft of his armor ;
 Ill-starred youth, and unequally matched in engaging Achilles, 475
 Borne by his steeds, yet he clings, though flat on his back, to his empty
 Chariot, clutching the reins, and his neck and his hair on the earth were
 Trailed, and the dust is scrawled by the back-turned barb of the war-spear.

Meanwhile up to the temple of prejudiced Pallas, were wending
 Ilian matrons, with tresses disheveled, and bearing Minerva's 480
 Mantle, as suppliants, sad, and beating their breasts with their flat palms ;
 Fixed on the ground was the goddess holding her eyes in aversion.
 Thrice round Ilium's walls the inhuman Achilles had Hector
 Dragged, and was selling for gold the inanimate body to Priam.
 Verily then does he heave from his innermost bosom a burdened 485
 Sigh, as he gazed on the spoils, and the chariot, aye, and his dear friend's
 Body, and Priam extending his unarmed hands in entreaty !
 Here he distinguished himself, too, mixed with the chiefs of Achaia ;
 Yonder the orient ranks, and the armor of ebony Memnon ;
 There, with their crescent shields, is conducting her Amazon squadrons 490
 Furious Penthesileä, and fumes in the midst of the thousands,
 Binding a golden girdle beneath her protuberant bosom ;
 Warrior-maiden she dares to contend with the masculine foemen.

While these wonders engross the attention of Dardan Æneas ;
 Whilst he is charmed, and lingers absorbed in a motionless posture, 495
 Lo ! at the temple the queen, in her person most beautiful, Dido
 Now has arrived, with a mighty encompassing escort of soldiers :
 Such on the banks of Eurotas, or over the ridges of Cynthus,
 Marshals Diana her dancers ; around her a thousand attendant
 Mountain Oriads cluster, on this side and that : she her quiver 500

Bears on her shoulder, and gracefully stepping outrivals each goddess ;
 Joyous emotions are thrilling the bosom serene of Latona :
 Such, too, was Dido, and such was she joyous and dignified moving
 On through their midst, intent on her duties and future dominions.
 Then at the gates of the goddess, the median arch of the temple, 505
 Guarded by armor, and high on a throne supported she sat down :
 Justice and laws she was dealing to men, and the task of their service
 Meting in equable shares, or assigning them out by allotment :
 When, of a sudden, Æneas descries, with a numerous concourse,
 Antheus approaching, and with him Sergestus, and valiant Cloäthus : 510
 Different Teucrans besides, whom late on the waters a whirlwind
 Dismal had scattered, and wafted afar unto different seaboards.
 He for the moment was startled, and shocked for the moment Achates,
 Both with rejoicing and fear : they impatient were burning to grasp them
 Hand in hand, but their souls was the unknown issue perplexing. 515
 They remain in disguise, and, by sheltering vapor enveloped,
 Watch the behoof of the men, on what shores they abandon their vessels,
 Wherefore they come, for selected from all of the ships they were coming,
 Praying a lenient hearing, and seeking with clamor the temple.

Then, when admitted, and leave has been granted of speaking before her, 520
 Chieftain Ilioneus thus with a tranquillized bosom proceeded :
 “ August Queen, whom Jove hath permitted to found thee a recent
 City, and bring in subjection by equity insolent nations,
 Trojans in misery, wafted by winds over every high sea,
 Humbly entreat thee to ward from our ships the ineffable fire-brands ; 525
 Spare thou a pious race, and more nearly regard our condition.
 No, we have not, with the sabre to ravage the Libyan home-gods,
 Come, nor to hurry our stolen plunder away to the sea-beach :
 No such abuse in our souls—such presumption becomes not the vanquished.
 There is a spot, Hesperia Grecians distinctively term it ; 530
 Ancient the land, and potential in arms and in richness of tillage ;
 Men of Ænotria settled it, now by report have their offspring
 Titled the nation Italia, named from the name of their leader ;
 Thither our course was :—

When from the wave, of a sudden arising, the stormy Orion 535
 Bore us on hidden shoals, and afar by imperious South-winds,
 On through the billows and whelming brine, through impassable ledges,
 Drove us apart; we have drifted a few of us here to your borders.
 What is this race of men? What country so rude does this custom
 Tolerate? We are debarred the civility even of strandage ! 540

War they declare, and forbid us to land on the outermost mainland !
 If ye the human race condemn, and the armor of mortals,
 Yet, O expect it, the gods are regardful of fair-play and foul-play !
 We had a monarch, Æneas, than whom no other has juster
 Been nor in piety greater, nor greater in battle and armor. 515
 Ah ! if the fates still keep him a man ; if he feeds on the air of
 Heaven, and lies not lowly as yet in the merciless shadows,
 Fear there is none that thou mayest in having been first in extending
 Kindness repent thee. We have in alliance, in Sicily's regions,
 Cities and meadows, and, sprung from the blood of a Trojan, Acestes. 550
 Suffer us merely to haul on shore our unfortunate, wind-racked
 Fleet, and to fit us out spars, and hew us out oars from the forests :
 So, if allowed to embark for Italia, our king and companions
 Rescued, we may to Italia and Latium journey rejoicing.
 But if of safety bereft, and, if, excellent father of Teucrans, 555
 Libya's ocean possess thee, and hope no longer remains of Illus,
 Yet we at least to Sicania's straits, and our distant possessions,
 Whence we were hitherward borne, may betake us to monarch Acestes."
 In such tenor Ilioneus : loudly at once were applauding
 All the Dardanians : — 560

Briefly at length, with a downcast countenance, Dido bespeaks them :
 " Teucrans, dispel the alarm from your bosoms, and banish misgivings ;
 Exigence stern, and my kingdom's incipience force me to manage
 Thus, and compel me to station my sentinels out on the frontiers.
 Who cannot know of the race of Æneas and city of Troja, 565
 Or of the valor, and heroes, and blaze of that terrible warfare ?
 Bosoms so utterly blunted to pity we Punics possess not :
 Yokes not the sun his steeds so remote from the Tyrian city.
 If ye Hesperia mighty indeed, and Saturnian meadows,
 Rather desire, or the confines of Eryx and monarch Acestes, 570
 I will dismiss you with escort safe, and with money assist you :
 Would you conjointly with me prefer to reside in these kingdoms ?
 Then is the city I build your own. Go haul up your vessels ;
 Trojan and Tyrian each shall be treated impartially by me :'
 But I would that Æneas, your monarch himself, by the self-same 575
 South-wind driven, were present ! Through all of my coasts I will trusty
 Couriers send, and will bid them investigate Libya's utmost
 Bounds, if perchance he in forest or cities may wander."

Thrilled in soul by these words of the queen both the valiant Achates
 Now, and the father Æneas, were all this time from the cloud-screen 580

Anxious to burst : but prior Achates addresses Æneas.

“ Goddess-born, in thy mind what sentiment now is arising ?

All things safe thou beholdest, our fleet and companions recovered ;

Bare one missing, whom we in the midst of the billow ourselves saw

Drowned, but the rest all answers exact to the words of thy mother ! ” 585

Scarce had he uttered these words, when the compassing cloud of a sudden
Parts asunder, and vanishes sheer in invisible æther.

There stood stately Æneas, and shone, in the radiant sun-light,

God-like in features and shoulders throughout ; for his mother herself had

Timely the exquisite locks, and the crimson brilliance of manhood 590

Breathed on her son, and invested his eyes with enrapturing graces :

Elegance such as hands to the ivory add, or when either

Silver, or Parian marble is circled with yellowest gold-work.

Then thus he speaks to the queen, and in hearing of all, of a sudden,

Says unexpectedly : “ I, whom ye seek, am in person before you, 595

Trojan Æneas, recovered unharmed from the Libyan billows !

Thou who alone, out of pity for Troja’s unspeakable hardships,

Welcomest us, mere waifs of the Danai, by every disaster

Now of the land and the ocean exhausted, and needy of all things,

Thus to thy city and home ; the appropriate gratitude due thee 600

We have, O Dido, no means to repay, nor has any wherever

Found of Dardania’s nation, now scattered abroad through the wide world.

O may the gods, if any divinities care for the pious ;

Justice, if anywhere found, and a mind self-conscious of virtue,

Bring thee deserving awards. What ages so happy have borne thee ? 605

What so illustrious parents have gotten so favored an offspring ?

O while the rivers shall run to the friths, while the shadows from mountains

Trailing shall traverse the slopes ; while the zenith shall nurture the planets,

E’er shall thine honor, and name, and thy praises remain in remembrance, .

Whatever regions invite me.” Having thus spoken with right hand 610

Greets he Ilioneus friendly, and friendly Sergestus with left hand,

Afterwards others, and Gyas the valiant, and valiant Cloäthus.

Startled at first at the sight was the queenly Sidonian Dido,

Then at the hero’s so grievous disaster, and thus with her mouth spake :

“ Goddess-born, what fatality on through such perilous hazards 615

Hounds thee ? What agency strands thee on shores that are counted inhuman ?

Art thou indeed that very Æneas, whom fostering Venus

Bore to the Dardan Anchises by Phrygian Samoïs’ waters ?

Yes, and in sooth I remember that Tæncer once visited Sidon,

When he, expelled from his confines, was seeking for kingdoms 620

New through the prestige of Belus : then Belus, my father, was laying
 Waste, and as victor was holding in servience opulent Cyprus.
 On from that time to the present have Troja's city's disasters
 Been to me known, and thy name and Pelasgian monarchs familiar.
 He, though a foe, was the Teucrans extolling in signal laudation, 625
 Wishing to trace his descent from the primitive stock of the Teucrans.
 Wherefore, O warriors, come ye, and enter in welcome my mansions :
 Me, too, hath similar fortune, by many a similar hardship
 Buffeted, destined at length to reside in this land of my exile.
 Not unacquainted with trial I learn how to succor the wretched." 630
 So she recounts, and at once she Æneas conducts to her royal
 Courts, and at once an oblation proclaims for the deities' temples.
 Nevertheless she the meanwhile sends to his mates on the sea-shores
 Twenty bullocks, and shaggy with bristles the chins of a hundred
 Sizable swine, and a hundred fattened lambs with their mothers— 635
 Presents and cheer for a feast-day :—

Now is the inner apartment, resplendent with regal profusion,
 Decked, and they sumptuous banquets prepare in the midst of the mansions :
 Tapestry, wrought with elaborate skill, and imperial purple ;
 Ponderous plate on the tables, portraying in golden embossing 640
 Valorous deeds of the fathers, the lengthiest line of achievements,
 Traced through many a chief from the earliest rise of the nation.

Straightway Æneas, for fatherly yearning no rest to his mind then
 Brooked, in advance to the vessels dispatches the rapid Achates,
 Tidings to bear to Ascanius, him, too, to bring to the ramparts : 645
 All in Ascanius fondly the father's solicitude centres.
 Further he bids him bring with him the presents from Ilium's ruins
 Rescued with peril, the shawl with gold and embroidery stiffened ;
 Bring him the vesture enwoven around with the yellow acanthus,
 Ornaments once of the Argive Helen, which she from Mycenæ, 650
 When unto Pergamus bound in pursuit of unwarranted nuptials,
 With her had brought, the magnificent dower of Leda, her mother ;
 Also the sceptre which Princess Ilione formerly wielded,
 Eldest of Priam's daughters, and with it a necklace of beaded
 Pearls, and a diadem double in gold, and bestudded with brilliants. 655
 Hastening these was Achates now wending his way to the vessels.

But Cythereä is plotting new arts and new plans in her bosom,
 That, in appearance and countenance changed, surreptitiously Cupid
 Come for the lovely Ascanius, that he may set the enamored
 Queen in a blaze by his presents, and fill all her bones with the wild-fire. 660

Dreads she, forsooth, the ambiguous house, and the Tyrian gossips.
 Juno atrociously scathes her, and troubles return with the night-fall ;
 Therefore in terms like these she addresses the piniony love-god:

“ Darling, my vigor, my mighty executive power, who only
 Darling, defiest thy sovereign father’s Typhoëan thunder, 665

I, as a suppliant, sue thee, and beg thy divinity’s service.
 How on the ocean thy brother, Æneas, on every sea-shore
 Round is tossed by the spite of iniquitous Juno, is fully
 Known unto thee, and thou often hast sorrowed with us in our sorrow.
 Him the Phœnician Dido detains, and delays by her winsome 670

Tones : I suspect to what issue may tend these Junonian friendships ;
 She will not cease her intriguing in so momentous a crisis :
 So I propose to forestall by a plot, and to girdle the coying
 Queen with a flame, lest she, through any divinity, waver :
 But let her cling, with me, in a passionate love to Æneas. 675

How thou art able to do it now listen attent to my purpose.
 At the request of his cherishing sire is preparing the royal
 Boy, my præminent charge, to approach the Sidonian city,
 Carrying gifts, that from ocean, and flames of Troja, were rescued.
 Him, lulled gently to slumber, I either on lofty Cythéra, 680

Or on Idalia’s heights, will deposit in hallowed seclusion,
 Lest he know aught of the trick, and come in the midst to prevent it.
 Deftly do thou his appearance, for one night only—no longer—
 Personate, donning, a boy, the boy’s familiar features ;
 So that, when Dido elated shall clasp thee with joy to her bosom, 685

Mid the imperial banquets, and merry Lyæän libations ;
 Then, as she gives thee embraces, and prints her affectionate kisses,
 Breathe in the secret fire, and stealthily bury the poison.”
 Love the behests of his cherishing mother obeys, and his pinions
 Doffs, and cheerily paces along with the gait of Iulus. 690

Meanwhile Venus a placid repose through Ascanius’ members
 Sheds, and, reclined on her lap, the goddess away to the lofty
 Groves of Idalia wafts him, where softest amaracus, breathing
 Perfume sweet from its blossoms, in odorous slumbers embowers him.

Cupid, obedient to orders, was now on his way, and the royal 695

Gifts to the Tyrians bringing, elate with his leader Achates.
 When he arrives, the queen has already on tapestry regal
 Seated herself on a gilded sofa, and stationed it central.
 Now does the father Æneas, and now do the stalwarts of Troja
 Gather within, and in order recline on the cushions of purple. 700

Servants the waters provide for their hands, and the bounties of Ceres
 Serve out in baskets, and pass round napkins of glossiest velvet.
 Fifty within are the maidens, on whom is devolving in long row
 Care of preparing the courses, and lighting the fires to the home-gods.
 Equal in age are a hundred more, and as many attendant 705
 Waiters to furnish the tables with food, and distribute the goblets.
 Tyrians, too, have, through the jocund thresholds assembling,
 Gathered, and ready, as bidden, recline on the tapestried couches.
 Charmed are they all with the gifts of Æneas, and charmed with Iulus ;
 Charmed with the glowing looks of the god, and his mimicked expressions ; 710
 Charmed with the shawl, and the vesture embroidered with yellow acanthus.
 Chiefly the hapless Phœnician, now doomed to the future infection,
 Cannot her mind suffice, and is all aglow in observing :
 Equally moved is she, too, with the boy and his exquisite presents.
 When he has hung on the neck, and within the embrace of Æneas ; 715
 When he has sated the measureless love of his putative father,
 Then he repairs to the queen, and she now with her eyes and her whole heart
 Clasps him, and oft on her lap does Dido caress him, unconscious
 In it how mighty the god that besets her. In memory meanwhile,
 Keeping his fond Acidalian mother, he little by little 720
 Ventures to blot out Sychæus, and charge, with a living affection,
 Her long stagnant emotions, and heart unused to their throbbings.
 Soon as the first pause came, and removed were the tables,
 Huge crocks station they round, and the wines encircle with garlands.
 Echoes the din from the roofs, and they roll out the shouts through the ample 725
 Courtyards : pendulous chandeliers hang from the glittering ceilings
 Blazing, and waxed rope-tapers with flames extinguish the midnight.
 Here did the queen for a chalice, heavy with gems and with gold-work,
 Call, and she filled it with wine—the chalice which Belus, and all from
 Belus, had handed ; and then, when silence was made in the mansions : 730
 “ Jove,” she exclaims, “ for they tell us thou givest the statues for strangers,
 Grant that this day be to Tyrians, and comers from Troja, auspicious ;
 Grant that our future descendants may hold it in lasting remembrance !
 Bacchus be present the giver of cheer, and Juno propitious :
 You, ye Tyrians also right heartily honor the meeting.” 735
 Spake she, and poured on the table libative a liquor-oblation.
 First in presenting, she touched with the tips of her lips the libation,
 Then she to Bitias handed it bantering : greedy the foaming
 Chalice he drained, and flooded himself from the bountiful gold-cup :
 Afterwards other patricians. The long-haired minstrel Iopas 740

Chants on his gilded cithern what Atlas the mighty had taught him ;
Sings of the wandering moon, and anon of the solar eclipses ;
Whence is the race of men and of beasts, whence the storm and the lightnings ;
Sings of Arcturus and pluvial Hyads, the small and the great Bears ;
Wherefore the suns of the winter so hasten to dip in the ocean ; 745
What the impediment blocking retarded the nights of the summer :
Tyrians double their plaudits, and Trojans responsive abet them.

Likewise in various converse Dido the while was the night-hours
Hapless protracting, and drinking in copious draughts of affection,
Many a query propounding of Priam, and many of Hector ; 750
Now in what armor the son of Aurora had come to the conflict ;
Now what the mettle of Diomedes's chargers, and now what Achilles'
Prowess. "Nay, come," she exclaims, "my guest, from the earliest outset
Tell us the Danaans' wiles, and thy people's afflictive disasters :
Tell us of thine own roving, for now doth the seventh recurring 755
Summer convey thee a rover o'er every region and billow."

BOOK II.

During the banquet at Carthage, Æneas, entreated by Dido,
Tells of the wiles of the Greeks and the consequent capture of Troja.

ALL have become now hushed, and intently were holding their features,
Thence from his lofty divan thus proceeded the father Æneas :
“ Thou, O queen dost bid me reopen unspeakable anguish,
How that the Danaï the Trojan estate and deplorable kingdom
Utterly ruined ; what miseries I in my person have witnessed, 5
Yea, and was of them a principal part. Such scenes in narrating
Who of the Myrmidons, Dolops, or a soldier of hardened Ulysses
Well could refrain from tears ? And already from heaven the midnight
Damply descends, and the setting stars are persuading to slumbers :
But, if there be so excessive a longing to know our disasters 10
Felt, and to listen in brief to the ultimate struggle of Troja,
Though its remembrance my soul abhors, and has shrunk from the sorrow,
I will begin. Worn out by the war and by fates counteracted,
Danaän chieftains, so many a season already elapsing,
Huge as a mountain a HORSE, by divine machination of Pallas, 15
Build, and its ribs interlace with a rough-hewn sheathing of white pine,
Vowed they pretend for their homeward retreat : so the rumor is bruited.
Hither selected by lot, they the bodies of warriors slyly
Shut in its darkened sides, and internally cram its capacious
Caverns and womb to the full with a soldiery armed for the service. 20
Tenedos looms into sight in the offing, in legend a well-known
Island, abounding in wealth, while the kingdom of Priam was lasting :
Now there is merely a bay, and for shipping a treacherous roadstead :
Thitherward wafted, they hide them away on a desolate sea-beach.
We supposed they had gone, and had sailed with the wind to Mycenæ : 25

Hence all Teucria loosened itself from its wearisome mourning;
Gates are thrown open: 'tis joy to go forth and on Dorican camp-grounds
Gaze, and to visit the places deserted and beach as abandoned.

Here the Dolopian troop, their ruthless Achilles was tenting;
Here was the place for the fleets, and there they were wont to embattle. 30

Part are amazed at the ruinous gift to unwedded Minerva,
And are admiring the bulk of the horse; and foremost Thymœtes
Urges it trundled inside the walls and installed in the castle,
Either in treason, or so were the fates of Troja now tending !
Capys, however, and those of superior mental discretion, 35
Order us either to pitch in the ocean the tricks and suspected
Gifts of the Danai, or burn them by thrusting the faggots beneath them,
Or else to bore in and test the interior's hollow recesses:
Rent into opposite cliques is the indiscriminate rabble.

First there, in front of them all, with a mighty escorting assemblage, 40
Ardent Laocoön rushes adown: from the heights of the castle,
Shouting afar: " O infatuate townsmen, what marvellous madness !
Do you believe that our foes have departed ? or think you that any
Gifts of the Danai are free from deceit ? Is Ulysses thus noted ?
Either enclosed in this wood are Achaïans in ambush secreted, 45
Or else this is an engine constructed against our defences,
Destined to spy out our homes, and descend from above on our city,
Or there is lurking some mischief; believe not the horse, O ye Teucrans:
Be what it may, I'm afraid of the Danai though tendering presents."
Thus having said, he with powerful vigor his ponderous war-spear 50
Into the flank, and into the joint-bulged paunch of the huge beast,
Hurled: as it stood there quivering, deep in its womb in rebounding
Echoed the cavernous caves, and distinctly emitted a moaning:
And, if the fates of the gods, if our mind had not hopelessly froward
Been, he had led us to sully with steel its Argolic recesses, 55
Troja and now thou hadst stood, and remained thou high castle of Priam.

Lo ! in the meantime a youth, with his hands tied tightly behind him,
Dardan shepherds, with loud shout up their monarch were haling,
Who, as they happened upon him unknown, had in willing surrender
This same scheme to effect, to the Danai to open up Troja, 60
Offered himself; of a desperate spirit and ready for either,
Or to achieve his design, or to meet his infallible death-doom.
Trojan youth, with an eager desire of beholding, from all sides
Rally profusely around him, and vie in insulting the captive.
Mark now the wiles of the Danai, and so from a single example, 65

Learn of them all :—

For, as he there in the focalized gaze, confused and defenceless
 Stood, and stared with his eye-balls round on the Phrygian columns :
 “ Ah,” he exclaims, “ what land and what man can afford me a welcome
 Now ? Or what waits me hereafter already a pitiful outcast,
 Whose is nowhere a place with the Danaï, and even the hostile
 Dardans, moreover, themselves are demanding the forfeit of life-blood.”
 Thus by his sighs our feelings were changed, and every impulse
 Checked : we exhort him to tell from what national blood he descended,
 What are the tidings he brings, and what credence is due him a captive.
 He, with his terror abated, at length tells this as his story.

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“ I will, O monarch, whatever may happen, acknowledge the whole truth
 To thee,” he said, “ nor will I deny that I sprang from Argolic extraction ;
 This at the outset, though impudent fortune hath Sinon an outcast
 Rendered, she never shall render him also a knave and a liar.
 If there has passed through thine ears peradventure in conference any
 Mention of Belian Palamedes, and noted his far-famed
 Glory, whom innocent, under the flimsy indictment of treason,
 Base though the proof, the Pelasgi, because he disavored the warfare,
 Sentenced to death : yet now, when deprived of the light, they lament him.
 Nearly related to him, as his escort my indigent father
 Hither hath sent me in arms from the earliest years of the conflict.
 While he was standing unharmed in his realm, and in councils of monarchs
 Wielding an influence potent, we also some name and distinction
 Bore : but afterwards, when through the envy of crafty Ulysses—
 Facts not unknown I relate—he had quitted the shores of the living,
 I in bereavement was dragging out life in depression and mourning,
 Grieving in loneliness over the fate of my innocent comrade :
 Not as a fool was I silent, but I, if occasion should offer,
 If I should ever as victor return to my country in Argos,
 Swore a revenge, and by words I provoked him to virulent hatred.
 Hence my original taint of dishonor, and hence did Ulysses
 Constantly threaten new charges, and hence did he scatter his rumors
 Vague in the rabble, and, conscious of wrong, sought means to attack me.
 Nor did he rest indeed, till at length, through his minister Calchas—
 But why still do I vainly unroll these unwelcome recitals ?
 Why do I linger ? If all the Achaians you hold in the same rank,
 And it suffice you to hear this, then take now summary vengeance :
 This would the Ithacan like, and with much the Atride would purchase.”

Ignorant all of such villanous crimes and Pelasgian intrigue.
 Quaking with fear he continues, and speaks with dissimulate bosom :
 " Often the Danaï have wanted, abandoning Troja, their homeward
 Flight to effect, and disperse, worn out by the wearisome warfare—
 Would they had done it !—but often some violent storm on the ocean 110
 Prisoned them in, and the south-wind often deterred them in going.
 Specially now, when yon horse, compacted with stanchions of maple,
 Stood on its base did the rain-clouds howl through the regions of æther.
 Forth, in suspense, we Eurypylus send to interrogate Phœbus'
 Oracles : back from the shrines does he bring the appalling responses, 115
 ' Ye have placated the winds with blood, and by slaying a virgin,
 When at the outset, O Danaï, ye came to the Ilian sea-coasts ;
 So your return must be sought with blood, and it must by Argolic
 Life be atoned.' " As this utterance came to the ears of the rabble,
 Stunned were their souls, and a shivering shudder ran through their inmost 120
 Bones, in doubt as to whom the fates may intend, whom Apollo may order.
 Hereat the Ithacan drags, with a boisterous tumult, the prophet
 Calchas in public, and what these decrees of the deities purport
 Gruffly demands : and now many for me were presaging the cruel
 Plot of the schemer, and tacitly viewing the ominous issue. 125
 Twice five days he is mute, and refuses, though safe, to deliver
 Any one up, or consign him to death by his personal verdict.
 Hardly at length, he, constrained by the Ithacan's vehement clamors,
 Gives in collusion a vent to his voice, and me dooms to the altar !
 All acquiesced, and what each for himself was instinctively dreading 130
 They were content should be turned to a single unfortunate's ruin.
 Now had arrived the ineffable day, and for me were preparing
 Orgies, and salted oblations, and fillets to garland my temples—
 Ah ! I confess I escaped from the doom, and asunder my fetters
 Tore : all night by a slimy lake I, concealed in the sedge-grass, 135
 Skulked, till they should, if they would peradventure, fling open their carvas.
 Hope I no longer have any of seeing my primitive native
 Land, and my darling babes, and my earnestly coveted parents,
 Whom they perchance will anon for our rescue, remand to their vengeance,
 Aye and atone for this crime by the death of those pitiful objects ! 140
 O, by the mighty supernals, and deities conscious of candor ;
 Yea, and by all that remains, if any whatever to mortals
 Left, of inviolate faith, I implore thee to pity my grievous
 Hardships—pity a soul enduring unmerited evils ! "

Thus, for his weeping, we grant him his life, and we pity him freely. 145

Priam himself first orders his manacles off, and his tight-girt
 Fetters relieved, and addresses the man thus in friendly expression :
 " Henceforth, whoever thou art, forget now the loss of the Grecians ;
 Thou shalt be ours, and declare to me truthfully these as I ask thee.
 Why have they stationed this hulk of a huge horse ? Who is its planner ? 150
 What do they mean ? What religious design, or what engine of warfare ?"
 So had he spoken. He, versed in deceits and Pelasgian cunning,
 Lifted aloft to the planets his palms now divested of hand-cuffs :

" You ye eternal fires, and your ever inviolate godhead,
 Witness," he said, " and ye altars, and you ye detestable sabres, 155
 Which I escaped, and ye fillets of gods I as victim was wearing,
 That I am free to abjure all the sacred oaths of the Grecians ;
 Free to abhor them as men, and to bring all their plots to the daylight—
 Aught if they cover. No more am I bound by the laws of my country
 Only abide by thy promises true, and maintain, O protected 160
 Troja, thy faith if I tell thee the truth, if I amply repay thee !

All of the hope of the Danaï, and trust in the hazarded warfare,
 Rested throughout on the succor of Pallas ; but on from the day when
 Tydeüs' impious son, and the mischief-inventor Ulysses,
 Having the fateful Palladium plotted to wrench from the hallowed 165
 Temple, and killing the sentinels guarding the heights of the castle,
 Plundered the sacred bust, and with hands still reeking with carnage,
 Ventured profanely to fumble the virginal wreaths of the goddess—
 Ebbed from that moment the hope of the Danaï, and glidingly backward
 Drifted ; their vigor was wrecked, and the mind of the goddess against them. 170
 Nor did Tritonia give them her signals in dubious portents :
 Scarce was her image set up in the camp, when glittering sparkles
 Flashed from her glaring eyes, and a briny sweat o'er her members
 Trickled, and thrice from the ground did she even—a marvel to utter !
 Leap up, waving defiant her buckler and quivering war-spear. 175
 Straightway Calchas discants that the sea must be risked on a homeward
 Flight, and that Pergamus cannot be breached by Argolic equipments,
 Till they at Argos the omens repeat, and restore the protection,
 Which, in their rounded keels, they had wafted away on the ocean :
 And that they now have set sail with the wind for their country Mycenæ 180
 They are providing them armor and guardian gods, and with ocean remeasured,
 They will be here unexpected. So Calchas dispenses the omens.
 Being thus warned, in Palladium's stead, for divinity outraged,
 They have this effigy built to atone for their sorrowful trespass.
 Calchas, however, has bidden them rear this immensurate structure, 185

Studded with timbers of oak, and to carry it even to heaven,
 So that it cannot be passed through the gates, nor be drawn in the ramparts,
 Lest it might shelter the populace under their ancient religion :
 For, if your hand should in recreance sully the gifts to Minerva,
 Then shall a general ruin—which omen the gods on the seer's self 190
 Sooner retort—to the empire of Priam and Phrygians happen ;
 But if it mount by your own hands welcomely into the city,
 Asia will then in a general war to Pelopian ramparts
 Come, and these identical fates will await our descendants.”
 Thus was the story, by ruses and perjuring Sinon's adroitness, 195
 Credited by us, and we were ensnared by his wiles and fictitious
 Tears, whom neither Tydides, nor Larissæän Achilles
 Even, nor ten long years, nor a thousand vessels have vanquished.

Here there another and graver event, and to pitiful us, too,
 Far more awful, befalls us, and throws our improvident bosoms 200
 Into a panic. Laocoön, chosen by lot to be Neptune's
 Priest, was slaying a sizable bull at the ritual altars,
 When lo ! over the tranquillized deeps from Tenedos two snakes !
 (I in recounting it shudder), with coils of prodigious proportions,
 Sprawl on the ocean, and side by side, stretch out for the sea-beach ; 205
 High are their bosoms erect in the billows, and bloody their wattles
 Stand out over the waves, while the rest of them over the deep sea
 Straggles behind, and recoil their enormous backs in a volume :
 Echoes a roar on the foaming brine. They were nearing the meadows
 Now, and, with eyes all ablaze with fire, and suffusingly blood-shot, 210
 Lick they their sibilant mouths with their tongues in a vibrative quiver.
 Scatter we pale at the sight, while they, in unwavering column,
 Straight for Laocoön sally : at once each one of the serpents,
 Clasping his two sons' delicate bodies in deadly embraces,
 Lashes them fast, and preys with its fangs on their pitiful members ; 215
 Next on himself, as he comes to their rescue and wielding his weapons,
 Seize they, and tie him in spirals immense, and already his mid-waist
 Twice have they clasped, and twice have his throat, with their squamulose bodies,
 Compassed, and stand out head and necks high vaulted above him.
 Tugs he at once with his hands to sever asunder their knottings, 220
 Spattered his fillets all over with gore and their venomous poison,
 Hideous shrieks he at once upraises aloft to the planets ;
 Bellowings his like a bullock's, that stricken has fled from the altars
 Wounded, as off from his neck he has shaken the blundering axe-blow.
 But in their gliding, the dragon pair to the heights of the temple 225

Scud, and repair to the shrine of the merciless daughter of Triton,
 And, 'neath the feet of the goddess and orb of her buckler are sheltered.
 Then of a truth through the awe-struck bosoms of all does a fresh-
 Shuddering creep, and they hold that Laocoon justly has suffered
 Punishment due for his crime, because he had injured the sacred 230
 Oak with his barb, and had hurled his iniquitous spear in its haunches.
 Hence that the image be drawn to her seat, and the awe of the goddess
 Worshipped, together they clamor :—

Breach we the walls and lay open the city's impregnable ramparts :
 All to the service begird them, and under its feet an adjusted 235
 Gliding of wheel-work thrust, and attach to its collar the hempen
 Cables. The fatal machine to the walls mounts stealthily forward,
 Pregnant with arms : around it the boys and the maidens unmarried
 Chant their refrains, and rejoice with their hands to handle the hawser.
 Stealthy it enters, and menacing glides in the midst of the city. 240
 O my country! O Ilium home of the gods, and ye ramparts
 Famous in war of the Dardans ! It four times just at the gate-sill
 Stumbled, and four times out of the womb did the armor a clanking
 Yield ; and yet onward we hasten, unmindful and blinded by frenzy.
 Till we the ill-starred monster install in the consecrate castle ! 245
 Then does Cassandra, too, open her mouth with the fates of the future,
 Doomed by the ban of her god to be never believed by the Teucrans.
 Wretched we, unto whom that day would become as our doom's day.
 Garnish the deities' fanes through the city with festival garlands !

Meanwhile the heavens revolve, and uprushes the night from the ocean, 250
 Shrouding the earth and the sky in its boundless shade, and beneath it
 Screening the Myrmidon's wiles. The Teucrans, dispersed through the ramparts,
 Wholly have hushed, and sleep is embracing their members exhausted.
 Now was from Tenedos starting, in nautical order, the Argive
 Phalanx, and, on through the friendly calm of the hazy moon-light, 255
 Seeking the well-known shores. When the flag-ship royal had stern-lights
 Hoisted, protected by unfair fates of the deities, Sinon
 Slyly unfastens their piney enclosures, and lets the imprisoned
 Danaïns out of the womb : thus opened, the horse to the free air
 Ushers them forth ; and elated emerge from their cavernous oaken 260
 Covert Thessander and Sthenelus, leaders, and hardened Ulysses,
 Sliding adown on a rope that was lowered, and Acamas, Thoas,
 Peleus' descendent Neoplotemus, and foremost Machaon,
 Chief Menelaus, and even the strategy builder Epeus.
 Sally they out in the city, now buried in slumber and wassail ; 265

Slain are the sentries, and throwing the gates wide open, they welcome
All their companions, and join, as concerted, their squads for the onset.

It was the time, when on languishing mortals the earliest quiet
Seizes, and creeps, by a boon of the deities, gratefully o'er them :
Lo ! in my slumbers, before mine eyes most sorrowful Hector 270
Seemed to me to appear, and to pour forth copious tear-drops ;
Just as when formerly trailed by the span, and black with the gory
Dust, and pierced through his swollen feet with the fastening rawhide—
Ah me ! how ghastly he was ! how exceedingly changed from that noble
Hector, who comes back proudly arrayed in the spoils of Achilles, 275
Or as he darted the Phrygian fires on the Danaän's galleys—
Wearing a squalid beard, and his hair all matted with blood-clots !
Many a wound, too, which he had around the walls of his native
City received : and abruptly methought that I also in person
Weeping accosted the hero, and uttered these sorrowful phrases : 280
“ O Dardania's light, most reliable hope of the Teucrans,
What so unwonted delays have detained thee ? and where are the confines
Whence thou, expected Hector, dost come ? Since the many untimely
Deaths of thine own kin, since the various toils of the men and the city,
How are we wearily watching for thee ! What cause has unworthy 285
Marred thy benignant visage, or wherefore discern I these gashes ? ”
Naught he replies, nor allows me to linger in empty inquiries,
But said, heavily heaving a sigh from his innermost bosom :
“ Ah ! flee, goddess-born, and betake thee away from these burnings ;
Foemen are holding the walls ; from her eminence Troja is rushing. 290
Paid is to country and Priam enough : if ever by right hand
Pergamus could have been warded, it would have been warded by this one.
Troja commits to thy keeping her relics and tutelar home-gods ;
Take these attendants benign of thy fates, and seek them the ramparts
Mighty which thou shalt establish at length when the deep has been traversed.” 295
So he exclaims, and forth in his hands he the fillets, and potent
Vesta, and fire perpetual brings from the holy of holies.

Meanwhile the ramparts all are embroiled in diversified wailing :
Clearer and clearer, although the abode of my father Anchises
Stood at a distance secluded, and sheltered by shadowing tree-tops, 300
Ring out the sounds, and the horror of armor in action encroaches.
Out of my sleep I am startled, and up to the peaks of the topmost
Roof I ascendingly clamber, and stand with excited attention :
Just as when flame in the harvest, while fierce are the furious south-winds,
Falls ; or as swift, in a mountain freshet, a torrent careering 305

Levels the fields and the ripe crops, levels the labors of oxen,
 Headlong dragging the forests : aghast and bewildered the shepherd
 Stands, as he catches the sound from the lofty tops of a rock-ledge.
 Verily manifest then was their faith, and the Danaan's ruse.
 Patent. Already Deïphobus' spacious mansion has ruin 310
 Yielded to conquering Vulcan ; already Ucalegan near it
 Blazes, and wide with the fire are uplifted the straits of Sigeum.
 Loudly are rising the clamor of men and the clangor of trumpets.
 Armor I frenziedly grasp, though not enough reason in arming,
 Only to muster a squad for a battle, and on with my comrades 315
 Rush to the castle ; ablaze are our passions, and fury and vengeance
 Frenzy my mind, and beseems it an honor to die in our armor.

Lo ! in the meantime Panthus, eluding the shafts of Achians—
 Panthus, the offspring of Orthys and priest of the Castle of Phœbus,
 Relics in hand, his discomfited gods, and his delicate grandson 320
 Drags himself; and, bewildered in running, approaches the thresholds.
 "Where is the paramount point, O Panthus? What citadel seize we?"
 Scarce had I uttered these words, when he, heavily sighing, responds thus :
 "Come is the paramount day, and Dardania's critical epoch ;
 Trojans we were, and Ilium was, but is vanished the peerless 325
 Glory of Teucrans. Jupiter wrathful to Argos hath all things
 Handed : abroad in the city on fire are the Danaans masters.
 Warriors armed is the tall horse, lodged in the midst of the ramparts,
 Pouring out freely, and Sinon, triumphant, is scattering firebrands
 Insolent. Others are standing amassed at the double-doored gateways, 330
 Thousands, as many as ever came over from mighty Mycenæ ;
 Others have blocked with their weapons the streets in the narrowest passes,
 Barring a passage : the sword's keen edge, with its glittering blade, stands
 Drawn already for slaughter ; the outermost guards at the portals,
 Scarcely attempt a repulse, and withstand in a random encounter." 335

Spurred by such sayings of Orthys' son, and by deity's impulse,
 I on the flames and arms rush whither the woful Erinys,
 Whither the din and the clamor, upraised to the firmament, summon.
 Join me as comrades, Ripheus, and mighty in armor the chieftain
 Epytus, meeting by moonlight ; Hypanis also, and Dymas 340
 Cluster alike at my side, and the gallant descendant of Mygdon,
 Youthful Coræbus. He merely by chance had to Troja in those days
 Come, as a suitor inflamed by infatuate love for Cassandra,
 And as a son-in-law aid was to Priam and Phrygians bringing.
 Ill-fated, in that he did not the warning advice of his frenzied 345

Lady-love heed :—

When I beheld these banded together to venture in combats,
 I still further begin thus : “ Warriors, vainly intrepid
 Breasts, if it be your unwavering purpose to follow me, braving
 Hazards extreme, ye behold what a fortune there is in the issues. 350
 All of the gods, by whose favor this empire had stood, have departed
 Leaving their hallowed recesses and altars : ye come to a burning
 City’s relief ; let us die and career in the midst of the conflict,
 Since to expect no resort is the only resort of the vanquished.”
 Thus to the warriors’ souls there is added a fury : we then, like 355
 Ravening wolves in a dismal fog, whom imperious hunger
 Blindedly urges abroad, while the cubs they have left are expectant
 Waiting with famishing jaws, right on through the weapons and foemen,
 Tramp to no dubious death, and our way through the midst of the city
 Hold, while black night broods with enveloping shadows around us. 360
 Who can the carnage of that night, who can its deaths in narrating
 Sketch, or is able to equal with tears the accounts of its hardships ?
 Crumbles our primitive city, for ages the seat of dominion.
 Many a motionless corpse is in every direction at random
 Strewn through the streets, and homes, and the deities’ hallowed 365
 Fanes. Not alone do the Teucrans penalties pay with their life-blood ;
 Once in a while does a valor return to the hearts of their vanquished
 Foes, and victorious Danaäns fall. There is everywhere doleful
 Wailing, and everywhere consternation, and many a death’s shape.

First, Androgeös offers himself with a mighty attendant 370
 Throng of the Danaäns to us, and counting us, wholly unconscious,
 Federate columns, he promptly accosts us in friendly expressions : .
 “ Hurry up, men, for what so excessively tardy inaction
 Keeps you ? While others are sacking and plundering burning
 Pergamus, you are but just now come from the towering vessels.” 375
 Spake he, and instantly—since we no over-reliable answers
 Deign to return him—finds he has slipped in the midst of the foemen.
 Stood he astounded, and back with his voice he retracted his footsteps ;
 Like unto one who in rambles has trod unawares, in the prickly
 Brakes, on a serpent, and tremblingly, all of a sudden, retreated, 380
 Just as it bristles its ire, and distends its cerulean wattles ;
 So was Androgeös, shocked at the sight, with a shudder withdrawing.
 Onward we rush and around them pour with our clustering weapons,
 Strange in the place, and bewildered by panic, and strew them around us
 Pell-mell. Fortune auspiciously breathes on our earliest effort. 385

But here, flushed with success and exulting in spirits, Coræbus
 Shouts out : " Comrades, where earliest fortune a passage of safety
 Shows us, and where she reveals her propitiously let us pursue her ;
 Let us exchange our shields, and upon us the Danaans' badges
 Buckle ; for be it a ruse or heroic, who asks in a foeman ? 390
 They shall supply us with armor." So saying Androgeos' crested
 Casque, and the gaily embellished device of his shield, he exultant
 Dons, and fast to his side he an Argive scimitar buckles :
 So does Ripheus, and Dymas himself, too, and all of the young men
 Jubilant : each from their recent plunder equips him with armor. 395
 Onward we tramp ; and with Danaäns, under our alien protection,
 Mingle, and many a combat join in the wildering midnight
 Fighting, and send we many a Danaän downward to Orcus.
 Some skulk off to the ships, and away to the sheltering seabeach
 Seud on a run : part back in their craven timidity clamber 400
 Into the monstrous horse, and are hid in its notable belly.

Ah ! but on nothing should any rely, when the gods are against him.
 Lo ! Cassandra, the virgin daughter of Priam, was being
 Dragged by her tangled hair from the temple and shrine of Minerva,
 Upward to heaven, though vainly, uplifting her fiery eye-balls— 405
 Eye-balls only it was, for the chains were restraining her tender
 Palms. This sight could Coræbus, with mind wrought up to a frenzy,
 Brook not, and ready to perish, he dashed in the midst of the columns :
 Follow we all in a body, and rush on their clustering armor.
 Here we at first are o'erwhelmed by the weapons of friends from the lofty 410
 Pinnacle hurled of the fane, and ensues a most pitiful slaughter,
 Caused by a glimpse of our arms, and mistake of the crests of the Grecians.
 Then do the Danai, with groan and in wrath at the raid for the virgin,
 Massing together on all sides, charge us, the desperate Ajax,
 Atreus' twin-born sons, and the whole Dolopian army ; 415
 Just as when opposite winds sometimes in a blustering whirlwind
 Struggle together, the West and the South, and, elate with its Orient
 Charges, the East wind : rumbles the forest and Nereids foamy
 Raves with his trident, and rouses the main to its nethermost bottom.
 Those too, whomever we have in the gloom of the tenebrous midnight 420
 Routed by means of our ruses, and chased through the whole of the city,
 Rally, as soon as they recognize on us the shields and the tell-tale
 Weapons, and notice moreover our language discrepant in accent.
 Instantly we are o'erwhelmed by their number, and foremost Coræbus,
 Prostrate by Peneleus' hand at the shrine of the warrior-goddess, 425

Tumbles, and Ripheus falls, who alone was deemed the most upright
 Man of the Teucrans, and known as the strictest observer of justice :
 Seemed it to deities otherwise. Hypanis welters, and Dymas,
 Stabbed by their comrades ; nor did thy eminent piety Panthus,
 Shield thee from falling, nor even thy wool-tuft badge of Apollo. 430
 Ashes of Ilium ! you, and ye smouldering flames of my kindred,
 Witness, that I in your fall have neither the weapons nor onsets
 Shunned of the Danaï ; and had it been fated that I should have fallen,
 I had deserved it as won by mine own hand. Thence are we scattered,
 Iphitus with me and Pelias stay, of whom Iphitus now was 435
 Clumsy with age, and Pelias lame by a wound of Ulysses.

Presently we by a clamor are called to the mansion of Priam :
 Here we in sooth a tremendous fight, as if battles were nowhere
 Waging beside, and were none else dying in all of the city,
 Mars so untamably rampant, and Danaäns storming the palace, 440
 See, and the threshold beset by a compact shelter of bucklers.
 Ladders adhere to the walls, and they up on the rounds by the very
 Doorposts clamber, and, parrying darts by shields in the left hands
 Holden, they grapple protected the coping above with their right hands.
 Dardans in turn are the turrets, and topmost roofs of their houses, 445
 Wrenching, and now, since they see the emergency, even with these rude
 Weapons prepare to defend themselves in their death to the utmost.
 Gilded rafters, the lofty adornments of primitive parents,
 Roll they adown, while others with unsheathed sabres the lower
 Gateways block, and defend them by massing themselves in a column : 450
 Nerved anew are our souls to protect the abodes of the monarch,
 Cheer by our aid the heroes, and energy add to the vanquished.

There was a threshold and blind-wrought doors, and a passable alley
 Leading between the abodes of Priam, neglected its doorposts
 Back in the rear, where often, while Ilium's realms were remaining, 455
 Hapless Andromache suiteless was wont to repair to her royal
 Parents-in-law, and the boy Astyanax take to his grandsire.
 Wend I up thence to the battlements' topmost peak, whence the wretched
 Teucrans were hurling by hand on the foeman their weapons at random.
 There at a watch-tower, perched on the verge, and upbuilt on the topmost 460
 Roofs to the stars—whence the whole panorama of Troja was widely
 Seen, and the Danaäns' customed ships and Achaian encampments—
 Prying with crow-bars round, where the uppermost layer of timbers
 Yielded detachable joinings, together we wrench from its lofty
 Trusses, and tumble it down : in an instant it falling a ruin 465

Sweeps with a thundering sound, and afar on the Danaan columns
Crashes. But others come up, nor are ponderous boulders, nor any
Species of weapons the meanwhile ceasing :—

Right in front of the porch itself, in the outermost threshold,
Pyrrhus is leaping, aglitter with weapons and brazen effulgence ; 470
Just like an adder in lustre, when fattened on poisonous herbage,
Which, while swollen, the frosty winter in earth was concealing,
Now, fresh rid of its slough, and shining in rejuvenescence,
Coils in a circle its slippery back, and erecting its bosom
Tall to the sun, its tri-cleft tongue darts out in defiance. 475
Periphas mighty abetting, and driver of steeds for Achilles,
Armor-bearer Antomedon, all of the stalwarts of Scyros
Scramble at once to the roof, and the flames uptoss to the ridge-plate.
He mid the foremost a well-tempered, two-edged battle-axe seizing, [bound
Smashes the thresholds, and wrenches right out of their sockets the brass- 480
Posts ; and already, the brace cut away, he has hollowed the firm oak
Timbers, and furnished a monstrous, wide-mouthed breach like a window.
Clear is the house within, and the court-yards lengthy lie open ;
Clear are the hallowed recesses of Priam and earlier monarchs ;
Sentinels standing armed, too, they see in the outermost threshold. 485

But the interior home is with moaning and piteous tumult
Mingled ; throughout are the hollow rotundas with feminine wailings
Yelling ; away to the golden planets is booming the clamor.
Then do the timorous matrons aghast through the spacious apartments
Roam, and embracing the door-posts, cling to, and print on them kisses. 490
On comes Pyrrhus with sire-like vigor ; no bars and no sentries
Serve to withstand him ; the gate-frame totters beneath the incessant
Battering-ram, and, up-pried from their sockets, fall prostrate the door-posts.
Forced is a passage : admitted, the Danaïus burst in an entrance,
Butcher the foremost, and widely with soldiery fill up the spaces. 495
Not so even a river, when bursting its dikes, it has foaming
Issued, and swept with an eddying torrent opposing embankments,
On it is furious borne in the fields in a mass, and o'er all plains
Bears away cattle with stalls. I myself saw frenzied with carnage
Neoptolemus, Atreus' twin-born son, on the threshold ; 500
Hecuba saw, and her daughters-in-law, a hundred, and Priam
Soiling with blood at the altars the fires which he had himself blest.
Down did those fifty chambers, his hope so high of descendants ;
Down did those door-posts, blazoned with gold barbaric and war-spoils,
Tumble ; the Danaïus occupy all that the fire is exempting. 505

Possibly thou mayest ask of me what was the sequel of Priam.
 As he beheld the fall of the captured city, his mansion's
 Thresholds breached, and the foe in the midst of his hallowed recesses,
 Fruitlessly over his shoulders, now trembling with age, does the old man
 Buckle his armor long unused, and is girded with useless 510
 Steel, and is hurried, intent on death, on the clustering foemen.
 Right in the midst of the courts, 'neath the open awning of æther,
 Stood an enormous altar, and near it a veteran laurel,
 Draping the altar, and under its shadow embracing the home-gods.
 Vainly were Hecuba here, and her daughters around by the altar, 515
 Even as timid precipitous doves in a darkening tempest,
 Huddled together, and seated clasping the deities' statues.
 But as she Priam himself saw grasping his juvenile armor,
 "Ah! what purpose so utterly direful, my pitiful husband,
 Drives thee," says she, "to be girt by these weapons? or whither art rushing? 520
 No such assistance, and no such defenders as these the occasion
 Needs, nor would it indeed, if now were my Hector himself here.
 Hither, I pray thee, betake thee: this altar will all of us shelter,
 Or thou shalt die with us." So with her mouth having spoke she drew him
 Back to herself, and the patriarch placed in the sacred asylum. 525

Lo! in the meantime, escaped from the havoc of Pyrrhus, Polites,
 One of the sons of Priam, through weapons and on through the foemen
 Home to the long-rowed porticoes, flees, and ranges the long courts
 Wounded; and hot for a deadly thrust does his enemy Pyrrhus
 Chase him, and now, now holds in his clutches and stabs him with war-spear, 530
 Just as at length he emerged to the view, and the presence, of parents:
 Over he tumbled, and poured out his life in a copious blood-shed.
 Hereupon Priam, though now in the midst of death he is holden,
 Did not, however, abstain, nor forbore he his voice and resentment:

"But may the gods for the crime," he exclaims, "for so daring an outrage, 535
 If there be piety any in heaven that cares for such actions,
 Pay thee retributive thanks, and render thee fitting requitals,
 Who hast thus made me in person my own son's butchery witness;
 Yea, and hast grossly insulted a father's face by the murder.
 But not such that Achilles from whom thou pretendest descentance, 540
 Was to his enemy Priam, but he for the rights and forbearance
 Due to a suppliant blushed, and the lifeless remains of my Hector
 Rendered me up for sepulture, and sent me again to my Kingdom."

So did the old man speak, and a forceless weapon ungainly
 Tilted, which instantly back was repelled by the hoarsely resounding 545

Brass, and abortively hung on the outermost boss of his buckler.
 Pyrrhus to him : "Thou shalt carry these messages back, and as herald
 Go to Pelides my sire ; and remember to tell him my direful
 Deeds, and as well of his reprobate Neoptolemus tell him
 Now die !" So saying, along to the very altars he trembling 550
 Drew him, and slipping each step in the copious blood of his own son !
 Then with his left hand clutching his hair, with his right he his flashing
 Falchion lifted, and buried it up to the hilt in his bosom.
 Such was the end of the fortunes of Priam, and this the allotted
 Exit that took him, beholding the burning of Troja and falling 555
 Pergamus, once the imperial lord of so many of Asia's
 Peoples and lands : he lies an unsightly trunk on the sea-shore
 Tombless, his head from his shoulders dissevered, and nameless the carcass !

But there then for the first stood round me a merciless horror !
 I was bewildered ; the form of my own dear father upstart'd, 560
 As I the monarch beheld of the same age breathing his life out
 There from the cruel wound : upstart'd deserted Cretisa
 Too, and my plundered home, and the fate of the little Ilius.
 Backward I look, and survey what available force is around me :
 All have deserted me weary, and flung their emaciate bodies 565
 Down at a bound to the ground, or else to the flames have consigned them.

So I was left now alone, when I close by the threshold of Vesta
 Keeping for safety, and silently hid in the secret asylum,
 Tyndarus' daughter espy ; for the flames outshining afford me
 Light as I wander, my eyes o'er all things glancing at random. 570
 She, for the ruin of Pergamus, dreading alike the repugnant
 Teucrans, the Danaän's vengeance, and wrath of her basely deserted
 Husband, of Troja as well and her country the common Erinys.
 Close had she skulked, and was crouching unseen by the side of the altars.
 Fires burst out in my soul ; there arises a rage for avenging 575
 On her my falling country, and taking a criminal vengeance.
 Shall she, forsooth, on Sparta unharmed, and her native Mycenæ
 Gaze again, and return as a queen in imperial triumph ?
 Shall she behold her espoused, and her home and her fathers and children,
 Graced by a train of attendant Ilian and Phrygian vassals ? 580
 Priam have fallen by sword and Troja have smouldered to ashes ?
 Must the Dardanian shore so often have sweltered in carnage ?
 No, not so ! for although there be no distinguishing honor
 Gained by a woman's death, nor has victory in it a glory,
 Yet in my having extinguished a nuisance, and punished the guilty, 585

I shall be lauded, and then shall my soul rejoice to have gluttoned
 Once the avenging flame, and appeased the remains of my kindred.
 Thus was I ranting, and carried away by infuriate purpose,
 When there, as never before so observably clear to my vision,
 Met me, and, bright through the darkness, in radiance glittered my loving 590
 Parent, assuming the mien of a goddess, and grand and majestic
 As by celestials wont to be seen ; and, seizing my right hand,
 Checked me, and thus from her roseate mouth, moreover, addressed me :
 “ Son, what anguish so poignant excites thine untamable passions ?
 Why art thou raving ? and whither has vanished for me thine affection ? 595
 Wilt thou not rather see where thou hast quitted thy father Anchises,
 Cumbered with age, and whether is living thy consort Creüsa ?
 Yes, and thy boy Ascanius round whom are roaming on all sides
 Squads of the Grecians ? And did not my vigilance o’er them prevent it,
 Flames had already consumed, and the enemy’s sword had devoured them. 600
 Not the detestable charm of Laconian Tyndarus’ daughter :
 Not the condemnable Paris, the wrath of the gods, of the gods ! it
 Now is destroying these treasures, and felling from eminence Troja.
 Look up ! for every cloud which now, as thou gazest, impending
 Darkens thy mortal vision, and hazily hovers around thee, 605
 I will uplifting dispel : but in every emergence thy parent’s
 Mandates fear thou not ; nor refuse to obey her injunctions.
 Here, where scattered fragments, and granite from granite asunder
 Torn, and immingled with dust and billowy smoke, thou beholdest,
 Neptune these walls and foundations, upturned by his powerful trident, 610
 Shakes, and to ruins the city entire from its bases embedded
 Crumbles. Here utterly merciless Juno in front of the Scæan
 Gates holds sway, and in fury her federate host from the vessels
 Sword-girt summons :—

Now on the uppermost castles, look up, is Tritonian Pallas 615
 Seated, in halo effulgent, and gleaming with merciless Gorgon.
 Father himself to the Danaäns courage and vigor auspicious
 Grants, and arouses the gods against the Dardanian armor.
 Hasten, my son, thine escape, and a period put to the struggle :
 Ne’er will I leave thee, but settle thee safe in thy kingdom paternal !” 620
 Thus had she spoken, and hid her in thickening shadows of midnight ;
 Round are spectres appalling appearing, and hostile to Troja
 Potencies mighty of gods !—

Then in truth all Ilium seemed to me crumbling to ashes !
 And to its base appeared Neptunian Troja demolished ; 625

Just as when farmers a primitive ash on the top of the mountains,
 Chopping with steel, are intent by continued strokes of their two-edged
 Axes in rivalrous effort to level ; it threatens a long time
 Trembling, and nods its locks on its oft-jarred summit, and totters,
 Till it, by little and little o'ercome by its wounds, has its last groan
 Uttered, and torn from the ridges has swept a precipitous ruin. 630

Downward I wend, and by deity guided, 'mid flames and the foemen
 Hasten along, for the weapons give place and the flames are recedent.

But, when now I had through to the thresholds come of my father's
 Home and the primitive mansions, my sire, whom first to the lofty
 Mountains away I was anxious to carry and first was approaching, 635
 Stoutly refuses, with Troja in ruins, to weary out longer
 Late, and to suffer in exile : " O ye, in whom taintless of old age,
 Young blood courses, and firm in whose strength is the vigor of manhood,
 You," says he, " make your escape :— 640

If the celestials had purposed that I should prolong an existence,
 They would have shielded these homes : it suffices, and more than suffices,
 That I have witnessed one wreck, and survived from the sack of the city :
 Say o'er this body laid so, just so, your adieus and depart ye :

I with my hand will invent me a death, or a foeman will pity, 645
 While he is searching for plunder, and slight is the loss of sepulture.

Long I already, detested by deities, linger through weary
 Years, from the time that the father of gods and the sovereign of mortals
 Blasted me sore with the blasts of his thunder, and smote me with lightning :
 Thus he recounting was staying, and firm in his purpose remaining. 650

We on the contrary melted in tears, my consort Creïssa,
 Little Ascanius, all of the family, beg of my father
 Not to o'erwhelm with him all, and to sink them in imminent ruin.
 Still he refuses, and clings to his purpose and posture unyielding.
 Once more rush I to arms, and crave death utterly wretched ; 655
 For what other expedient now, or what chance was afforded ?

" Father, that I could advance one step and yet leave thee behind me,
 Didst thou have hope ? From a father's lips did there fall such a treason ?
 If from so mighty a city it please the supernals that naught be
 Left, and this sets in thy soul, and it suit thee in perishing Troja 660
 Thee and thine own to involve, the door for that exit is open ;
 Soon will be here from the copious blood-shed of Priam, the Pyrrhus,
 Who to the sire's face butchers the son, and the sire at the altars
 Was it, dear parent, for this that thou dost through weapons and burnings
 Snatch me, to see in the midst of these hallowed recesses the toemen ? 665

See my Ascanius also, and father and near him Crēusa,
 Helplessly each in the blood of the other in wantonness slaughtered?
 Arm, my heroes, to arms! for the last light summons the vanquished.
 Carry me back to the Danaāns; let me behold the reopened
 Battles again: we shall never to-day all perish revengeless!" 670
 Hence I with steel am begirded again, and was thrusting my left hand,
 Fitting it close, in my shield, and betaking me out of the mansions:
 But lo! there on the threshold, clasping my feet was my consort
 Clinging, and up to his father extending the little Iūlus:
 "If thou departest to perish, O carry us with thee in all risks; 675
 But if thou putttest reliance on armor assumed as an expert,
 First, O protect thy home! To whom is the little Iūlus,
 Whom is thy father, and I once titled thy consort abandoned?"

Such are her cries, as with sobs she was filling the whole of the mansion;
 When of a sudden a prodigy rises—a marvel to utter! 680
 For, while still in the hands and caress of his sorrowing parents,
 Lo! the flaxen tuft on the crown of the head of Iūlus
 Seemed as if shedding a light, and the flame, in its delicate contact,
 Harmlessly licking his ringlets, and reveling over his temples.
 We in alarm are tremblingly bustling and brushing the blazing 685
 Tresses, and strive to extinguish the holy fires at the fountains.
 But, all elated, my father Anchises his eyes to the planets
 Lifted devout, and his palms with his voice toward heaven extended:
 "Jove, the omnipotent, if thou art swayed by any entreaties,
 Look on us this much, and if in piety we are deserving, 690
 Grant us at last thine assistance, O father, and sanction the omens!"

Scarce had the old man said this, when all of a sudden with crash it
 Thundered propitious, and gliding from heaven adown through the shadows,
 Darted a meteor, trailing with plentiful lustre a torch-light:
 Brightly aloft o'er the tops of the roofs of our dwelling we see it 695
 Gliding along, till it buries itself in the forests of Ida,
 Signaling to us our journeys: then does its furrow in long-track
 Give out a brilliance, and widely the spaces are smoking with sulphur.
 Here of a truth submissive, my father himself to the free air
 Lifts, and addresses the gods, and the star of our destiny blesses! 700
 "Now is no halting, I follow, and whither thou leadest, there am I.
 Gods of my fathers, take care of my household, take care of my grandson:
 Yours is the augury; Troja is under your guardian regnance.
 Yield I undoubting, my son, nor refuse I to go thine attendant."

Thus had he spoken, and clearer anon is the fire through the ramparts 705

Heard, and nearer the conflagrations are rolling their eddies.

"Therefore, dear father, now come and assume on our neck a position;

I on my shoulders will bear thee, nor yet shall the labor oppress me;

Happen what may in the future, there one and a common exposure,

One salvation shall be to us both. Let the little Iulus

712

Be my attendant, and, wife, at a distance keep watch of my footsteps.

You, ye domestics, now give your attention to what I shall tell you.

As you emerge from the city a mound, and a primitive temple

Stands of deserted Ceres, and near it a veteran cypress,

Guarded for many a year with religious awe by the fathers:

715

There we, at that one station, will gather from different quarters.

Take in thy hand, my father, the relics and national home-gods:

It were for me, just come from so bloody and recent a carnage,

Sacrilege even to touch them, until in a rivulet living

I shall have bathed:"

720

Thus having spoken, I over my broad-sized shoulders and bended

Neck am draped with a robe, and the skin of the tawniest lion.

Then to the burden I stoop; to my right hand little Iulus

Knitted his own, and follows his father with paces unequal:

After me straggles my wife. We are on through the gloomiest passes

725

Hurried, and me, whom late were no weapons projected upon me

Moving, nor Grecians amassed in a charge from an opposite column,

Now each rustle of air is affrighting, each sound is exciting,

Kept in suspense and fearing alike for my burden and comrade.

I was already approaching the gates, and methought I had safely

730

Traversed the journey, when suddenly, thickly the patter of footsteps,

Seemed to be right at our ears, and my father, ahead through the shadows

Peering, exclaims, "My son, O escape, my son, they are on us!

I can discern the flash of their shields and the gleam of their helmets."

Here some malignant divinity—which one I know not—bereft me,

735

Trembling and wildered, of reason; for I, in my running, the by-paths

Follow, and wholly avoid the familiar region of highways,

Ah me! my consort Creusa, or caught by some pitiful mishaps

Tarried behind, or strayed from the way, or sat down in exhaustion,

Still is uncertain; thereafter she ne'er was restored to our vision:

740

I did not notice her loss, nor recalled I my soul to reflection,

Till we arrived at the mound and the hallowed retreat of the ancient

Ceres: but here, when they all were collected at length she alone was

Missing, and baffled the search of companions and son and her husband.

Whom did I not all frantic accuse both of men and immortals,

745

Or what crueler lot did I see in the wreck of the city ?
 I my Ascanius, father Anchises and Teucran Penates,
 Trust to my comrades, and down in a winding valley secrete them;
 I to the city repair, and am girt with my glittering armor.
 Set is my mind to reopen all risks, and return through the whole of 750
 Troja, and once more boldly expose my head to the perils.

First I repair to the walls and the thresholds dim of the gateway,
 Whence I had lifted my steps in departure, and follow my footprints
 Back as observed in the night, and trace them along by the glimmer.
 Everywhere horror, while even the silences frighten my spirits. 755
 Back thence home, perchance, if perchance, she there wended her footsteps,
 Take I me. In have the Danaäns rushed, and were holding the whole house.
 Fierce the devouring fire by the wind is uprolled to the topmost
 Battlements: flames are above them, their surge to the welkin is rampant.
 On I proceed, and the homestead of Priam and castle revisit. 760
 Now in the desolate porticoes, late the asylum of Juno,
 Phœnix and direful Ulysses as sentinels chosen were standing,
 Guarding the pillage. From all sides hither the treasures of Troja,
 Plundered from burning holies of holies, and deities' tables,
 Tankards of solid gold, and the tapestry taken as booty, 765
 Piled up together: boys and timorous matrons in long row
 Stand there round it:—

Nay, but I even ventured to fling out my cries through the darkness:
 Filled I with clamor, in calling, the streets, and mournful Creüsa—
 Vainly repeating it over and over—Creüsa I shouted. 770
 While I was searching and raving unchecked the abodes of the city,
 Cheerless the figure, and shadowy spectre itself of Creüsa
 Started before mine eyes, and the image was larger than common:
 Stood I astounded, my hair rose and choked was my voice in expression.
 Then thus seemed she to speak, and in these words soothe my distresses: 775
 “How does it aid thee so much to indulge in delirious sorrow,
 O my dear husband? without the behest of the gods these allotments
 Come not; it is not allowed thee to take as attendant Creüsa
 Hence, nor does he, the ruler of upper Olympus, permit it.
 Long is the exile, and vast is the ocean expanse to be traversed: 780
 Thou shalt the land of Hesperia reach, where the Lydian Thybris
 Flows in its slow march mid the luxuriant fields of its heroes.
 There are allotted thee joyous events, and a realm and a royal
 Consort; O chase then away the tears for thy cherished Creüsa:
 I on the Myrmidons', or the Dolopians' lordly dominions 785

Never shall gaze, nor go to be slave to the matrons of Greece,
 Dardanus' daughter, and daughter-in-law of Venus the goddess :
 But in these nether realms does the gods' great mother detain me.
 Now farewell, and retain thy love for our mutual offspring."
 When she had spoken these words she deserted me, weeping and longing
 Much to bespeak her, and back she in airy vacuity vanished.
 Thrice I attempted my arms there round her neck to encircle :
 Thrice unavailingly grasped did the phantom escape from my clutches,
 Like the intangible winds, or the guise of a fugitive slumber.

790

Thus, at length with the night far spent, I revisit my comrades :
 But an inordinate number of newly recruited attendants
 Here I astonished discover have joined them, both matrons and heroes,
 Young men banded for exile, a motley and pitiful rabble.
 They have assembled from all sides, ready with souls and resources,
 Bound o'er the ocean to whatever lands I may choose to conduct them.
 Now on the heights of the summit of Ida was brightly the day star
 Rising and ushering day, and blocked, were the Danaïns holding
 Gateways' thresholds ; no longer was hope of assistance afforded :
 Hence I submitted, and lifting my sire I repaired to the mountain.

795

800

BOOK III.

Still at the Banquet, Æneas narrates his adventurous journeys,
Roaming from country to country till driven by tempest to Carthage.

AFTER it suited supernals the fortunes of Asia and Priam's
Ruin-unmeriting nation to wreck, and has fallen the once proud
Ilium, and low on the ground smokes all Neptunian Troja,
We are, by deities' auguries, driven to seek for sequestered
Places of exile, and desolate lands ; and we build us a squadron 5
Down by Antandros itself, by the mountains of Phrygian Ida,
Knowing not whither the fates may conduct us, or where they will let us
Settle, and muster our men. But scarce had the earliest summer
Opened, and Father Anchises was bidding set sail on the venture ;
When I in weeping forever the shores and the ports of my country 10
Leave, and the plains where Troja was : I am launched as an exile
Out on the deep with my comrades, and son, and home-gods, and great gods.

Far in its limitless plains, there is peopled a province of Mavors,
Thracians now till it, though formerly ruled by the daring Lycurgus,
Guest-land ancient of Troja, and having reciprocal home-gods 15
While there was fortune. I thither am wafted, and there, on a winding
Shore, I my earliest ramparts place, though intruding with adverse
Fates, and assume from my own name for us the name of ÆNEANS.

I was solemnities rendering to my Dioneän mother,
And to the patronal gods of our inchoate schemes, and a sleek bull 20
Slaughtering out on the beach to the sovereign supreme of celestials.
Close by the spot, as it chanced, was a mound, on whose summit were cornel
Sprouts, and a myrtle bristling with clusters of tapering spear-shafts ;
This I approached, and essayed from the ground to pull up the verdant
Thicket, in order with foliaged branches to shelter the altars, 25

When I beheld an anomaly horrid and wondrous to utter :
 For from the tree which is first from the soil, with its rootlets discovered,
 Plucked, lo ! streaming out oozingly livid and ebony blood-drops
 Trickle, and spatter the earth with the gore. A shivering horror
 Thrills through my quivering limbs, and my chilled blood curdles with terror ! 30
 Once and again I proceed to pull up a pliable offshoot
 Still of another, and search to the core the mysterious causes :
 Black in the same style drips from the bark of that other the blood-clots !
 Pondering much in my mind, I implore of the nymphs of the wildwoods,
 Yea, and of father Gradivus, who patrons the Getian moorlands, 35
 Duly to second the vision and lighten the marvelous omen.
 But, when at length I with still more desperate effort, the third stock
 Grapple, and struggle amain, with my knees on the opposite sand-bank—
 Shall I speak out, or be silent?—a piteous moan from the deep mound
 Issues, and back to my ears is the answering utterance rendered : 40
 “ Why thus torture a wretch, O Æneas ? O spare now the buried :
 Spare, too, thy pious hands the incurment ! No stranger hath Troja
 Borne me to thee, nor yet does this gore-clot ooze from a dead trunk :
 Ah ! escape from these murderous lands, escape from this covetous seacoast.
 I'm Polydorus ! hereon hath an iron harvest of weapons 45
 Covered me up transfixed, and hath grown to acuminate javelins.”

Verily then I, oppressed in my mind with bewildering terror,
 Stood aghast, and my hair rose, and choked was my voice in expression.
 This Polydorus, with marvelous weight of gold, had aforesaid
 Luckless Priam entrusted a-sly for tuitional nurture 50
 Unto the Thracian king, while as yet he Dardania's armor
 Doubted, and saw the city beleaguered with martial investment.
 Soon as the Teucran forces were shattered, and fortune forsook them,
 He Agamemnon's cause and his conquering armor espousing,
 Tramples on every right, and slays Polydorus, and basely 55
 Seizes his gold. To what dost thou not goad bosoms of mortals,
 Cursable thirst for gold ! When the shudder my bones has forsaken,
 I to the chosen chiefs of the people, and first to my parent,
 Bring the report of the deities' wonders, and ask their opinion ;
 All are of similar mind, to depart from the criminal province, 60
 Quit the perfidious guest-land, and give to our vessels the south-winds.
 Hence we award Polydorus sepulture, and soon an enormous
 Mound of earth is upheaped, and altars are reared to his spirit,
 Mournfully draped with cerulean wreaths and funereal cypress ;
 Round them are Ilian matrons, with tresses as wonted disheveled ; 65

Bring we, and empty libatively chalices frothing with new milk,
Platters of sanctified blood, and his soul in a sepulchre worthy
Lay we to rest, and with loud voice, utter our ultimate farewells.

Then, when the main first warrants, and the breezes afford us unruffled
Seas, and a south-wind gently rustling invites to the broad deep, 70
Launch my companions the ships, and together are crowding the sea-beach.
Forth from the port we are wafted, and vanish the cities and headlands.
Out in the midst of the sea there is tilled a delectable island,
Sacred to Doris the nereïds' mother, and Neptune Ægæän,
Which, as it wandered adrift around by the coasts and the sea-shores, 75
Pious Bow-bearer to lofty Myconé, and Gyaros bound it
Fast, and immovably gave it for culture, and scorn of the tempests :
Here I am wafted, this quiet retreat to its sheltering harbor
Welcomes us weary; on landing revere we the town of Apollo.
Sovereign Anius—sovereign of men and the pontiff of Phœbus— 80
Wreathing his temples anew with the fillets and sanctified laurel,
Meets us, and brings to remembrance his former acquaintance, Anchises.
Join we our hands in reciprocal friendship, and enter his mansions.

I, at the deity's temples, constructed of primitive granite, [grant 85
Worshipped : " O grant us, Thymbræän, a home of our own, to the worn
Ramparts, a race, and a permanent city ; to Troja another
Pergamus save, and the waifs of the Danai and ruthless Achilles.
Who shall we follow ? Where biddest us go ? Where establish a homestead ?
Grant us, O father, an omen, and glide thou into our spirits."

Scarce had I spoken, when all things seemed of a sudden to tremble, 90
Even the thresholds, the deity's laurel, and round us the whole mount
Quaking, and deep from the opened recesses to rumble the tripod !
Bowling, we fall to the ground, and a voice is conveyed to our hearing :
" Dardanus' hardy descendants, the land which first from your parents'
Stock hath produced you, the same shall at length to her bountiful bosom 95
Greet you returning : then carefully search for your primitive mother.
Here shall the house of Æneas be master of every seaboard,
Yea, and his children's children, and those to be born of their issue."
Such words Phœbus ; and great was the gladness commingled with tumult
Wakened, and eagerly all ask which are the designate ramparts : 100
Whither does Phœbus the wanderers beckon, and bid them return to ?
Then does my father, unrolling the records of veteran heroes :
" Listen, O chieftains," he says, " and learn now the hopes that await you :
Out in the midst of the deep lies Crete, the island of mighty
Jove, where is Ida's mount, and our nation's nursery-cradle. 105

They in a hundred magnificent cities, and richest of kingdoms,
 Dwell ; whence our patriarch sire—if I rightly remember the story—
 Teucer was wafted at first to the Rhetean borders, and landing
 Chose him a site for his kingdom: not yet had been builded
 Ilium and Pergamus' castles; they dwelt in the lowermost valleys. 110
 Hence dame-warden of Cybelé; hence Corybantian cymbals ;
 Hence, too, the grove of Ida, and secrecy true of its orgies;
 Hence were the lions that, harnessed, the chariot drew of their mistresses.
 Come, then, and let us pursue where the deity's orderings lead us;
 Let us appease the winds, and embark for the Gnosian kingdoms. 115
 They are not distant a long voyage; only be Jupiter present,
 Then will the third dawn land our fleet in the Cretan dominions."
 Thus having spoken he slew, at the altars, befitting oblations,
 Neptune a bullock, a bullock to thee, O comely Apollo,
 Black-ileeced sheep to the tempest, a white to the favoring zephyrs. 120

Rumor is flitting that chieftain Idomeneus banished has lately
 Quitted the realms of his sire, and the coasts of Crete are deserted;
 Homes are by foemen vacated, and homesteads abandoned await us.
 Leave we Ortygia's port, and away we fly o'er the ocean;
 Skirt we along by Naxos, where bacchanals sport on the hillsides, 125
 Verdant Donysa, Oleäros, snow-capped Paros and Cyclads,
 Sown o'er the main, and the straits bestudded with clusters of islands.
 Rises the mariners' shout, in an emulous rivalry varied;
 Comrades each other exhort: "We are steering for Crete and our grandsire."
 Freshening breezes astern are pursuing us on as we journey; 130
 Onward at length do we glide to the primitive shores of Curetes.
 Therefore I eagerly plot out the walls of the coveted city,
 Call it the Pergaman city, and pleased with the title the nation
 Counsel to cherish their firesides, and rear for their dwellings a castle:
 Yea, and already the ship's sterns most were uphauled on the dry beach 135
 Stalwarts were busy in marriage and tilling their newly acquired fields;
 I was assigning them statutes and homes, when suddenly blighting,
 Pitiless pestilence, came from the tainted expanse of the heavens,
 Wasting our limbs and vineyards and crops, and the season was deadly.
 They were forsaking their precious lives, or were dragging their sickly 140
 Bodies about: then Sirius scorched the infructuous grain fields;
 Herbage was parching, and sickly the harvest refusing subsistence.
 Back to Ortygia's oracle now, and to Phœbus my father
 Counsels, recrossing the sea, that we go and petition indulgence,
 Asking what end he will bring to our weary affairs, and whence bid us 145

Try for relief of our trials, and whither to vary our voyage.

Night was abroad, and on lands was slumber the animals holding:
 When the deities' sacred busts, and the Phrygian home-gods,
 Which I had out of the midst of the fires of the city from Troja
 Brought with me, seemed to be standing before mine eyes, as in slumbers 150
 Lying, revealed to my view by a plentiful glare, where the full moon
 Brightly was pouring upon them its beams through the wainscoted windows.
 Then thus they seemed to address me and soothe my distresses in these words:
 "All that Apollo would tell thee, if now to Ortygia wafted,
 Here he descants, and behold he remits it unasked to thy threshold. 155
 We, since Dardania's burning, have thee and thine armor attended;
 Under thy lead in thy fleet we have measured the turbulent waters,
 Yea, and the same will thy future descendants exalt to the planets,
 And will confer on thy city an empire! For the mighty the ramparts
 Mighty prepare, nor relinquish the long hard toil of thy journey. 160
 Sites must be changed: these shores are not those which the Delian pledges,
 Nor did Apollo enjoin thee to settle in Crete as a home-stead.
 There is a spot—Hesperia Grecians distinctively term it,
 Ancient the land, and potential in arms and in richness of tillage;
 Men of CEnotria settled it, now by report have their offspring 165
 Titled the nation Italia, so named from the name of their leader;
 There are our indefeasable seats: hence Dardanus issued;
 Father Iäsius also, from whom was our race at its outset.
 Come now, arise, and with joy to thy long-lived father these tidings,
 Not to be doubted, report, and for Corythus let him inquire and 170
 Lands of Ausonia, Jupiter Dicteän meadows denies thee."

Stunned by such singular sights and the voice by the deities uttered—
 That was not sleep, but methought that I recognized clearly before me
 Even their features and filleted tresses and actual faces;
 Then there was trickling a clammy sweat o'er the whole of my body— 175
 Fling I my body in haste from bed, and extending my outspread
 Hands with my voice toward heaven, I pour an unmingled libation
 Out on the hearths. This service accomplished, I make with rejoicing
 Known to Anchises the fact, and unfold the occurrence in order.
 He the ambiguous issue and twain-traced parents acknowledged, 180
 And so deceived in his recent mistake of the primitive places.
 Then he rehearses: "My son, still harassed by Ilian fortunes,
 Only Cassandra was wont to descant such calamities to us:
 Now I remember she did portend for our race these allotments
 Often Hesperia, often Italian kingdoms she mentioned. 185

But that the Tæncrans were destined to come to Hesperia's seacoasts,
Who could believe? Or whom then could Cassandra the prophetess startle?
Let us to Phœbus submit as admonished, and follow his counsels."

So does he say, and we jubilant all comply with his mandate.

Quit we this settlement also, and leaving a party behind set
Sail, and away o'er the vast main bound in our cavernous timber. 190

After our vessels have holden the deep, and no longer are any
Headlands in sight; but everywhere heaven and everywhere ocean.

Then there impended above my head a cerulean rain-cloud,
Bringing down night and a storm, and the wave grew rough in the darkness 195

Forthwith the winds are uprolling the sea, and the ponderous billows

Rise, and, dispersed, we are tossed on the fathomless whirlpool.

Mists have enshrouded the day, and the humid night has the heaven

Wrapt; from the rifted clouds redouble the flashes of lightning.

Out of our course we are driven, and wander on wildering billows: 200

E'en Palinurus confesses he cannot distinguish the daylight

Now from the night by the sky; nor remembered his way on the mid-wave;

So that for three indeterminate suns we in wildering darkness

Roam on the deep, and as many a night are we reft of the star-light.

Land on the fourth day seemed for the first at length in the distance 205

Looming, and mountains appear from afar and uprolling a smoke-cloud.

Tumble the sails; to the oars we spring, and unhalting the sailors

Tuggingly spurt up the spray, and we sweep the cerulean waters.

First, when escaped from the billows, the shores of the Strophades bid me

Welcome; the Strophades, albeit islands yeapt by a Greek name, 210

Stand in the mighty Ionian Sea, where the direful Celeno

Dwells with the other harpies, after that Phineüs' mansion

On them was closed, and in fear they abandoned their previous tables.

No more hideous monster than they, nor merciless god-sent

Pest, and deities' wrath hath emerged from the Stygian surges: 215

Maidenly features of fowls are theirs, and exceedingly loathsome

Flux of the bowels, and talony clutches, and faces forever

Haggard with hunger:—

Lo! when hither inwafted, as soon as we entered the harbor,

Noticed we herds of cattle frisking at large on the open 220

Plains, and a flock of goats at pasture without a protector:

On them with sabre we rush, and the gods, and Jupiter even,

Summon to share in the plunder; we then on a circular sea-beach

Build us extemporized couches, and feast on the sumptuous viands.

But of a sudden, adown with a horrible swoop from the mountains, 225

Harpies are on us, and, flapping their wings with inordinate clangors,
 Pilfer the viands, and everything taint with their feculent contact:
 Then their detestable screech in the midst of the sickening odor.
 Once more under a cavernous cliff, and away in seclusion,
 Closed in around by the trees, and the screen of their horrible shadows, 230
 Spread we our tables anew, and rekindle the fires on the altars.
 Once more out of their hidden retreats, from a different quarter,
 Pounce the uproarious horde with their talony feet on the plunder,
 Soiling the food with their mouth. I then issue the order that comrades
 Take to their arms, and that war be waged on the villanous nation. 235
 They not less than as bidden do, and, secure in the herbage
 Deftly dispose of their swords, and conceal their bucklers in ambush.
 Therefore, when swooping adown, they have uttered a shriek through the winding
 Shores, Misenus a signal blast from his elevate look-out
 Gives on his trumpet of brass. My associates charge, and the strange fight 240
 Hazard with steel to disfigure the obscene fowls of the ocean.
 But not a stroke on their feathers, nor ever a wound on their bodies
 Do they receive; and they soaring, in rapidest flight to the planets,
 Leave half-eaten their plunder and loathsomely feculent footprints.
 Only Celæno perches aloft on a pendulous rock-crag, 245
 Ill-omened seeress, and rips this utterance out of her bosom:
 " War ye moreover, for slaughter of oxen and slaying of bullocks,
 Imps of Laomedon, war ye are on us preparing to wager,
 And to expel from their father's dominions the innocent harpies:
 Take then into your souls, and fix these averments within them. 250
 What the omnipotent father to Phœbus, and Phœbus Apollo
 Erst hath predicted to me, will I, the eldest of furies, unfold you.
 Ye on your voyage Italia seek, and, the breezes invoked, ye
 Shall to Italia go, and be suffered to enter its harbors;
 But ye shall never have compassed your destined city with ramparts, 255
 Ere that a direful hunger, the visited wrong of our plotted
 Slaughter, shall force you your half-gnawed tables to craunch with your molars !"
 Spake she, and soaring she fled on her pinions away to the forest.
 But by the sudden o'erpowering fright my associates' chilled blood
 Curdled; their spirits have fallen, and now no longer by armor, 260
 But by vows and entreaties, they bid me solicit a respite,
 Whether they goddesses be, or ill-omened, detestable vultures;
 Yea, and, my father Anchises, with outstretched palms, on the seashore
 Calls on divinities mighty, and orders befitting oblations:
 " Gods, O prohibit these threats, O ye gods avert such disaster 265

From us, and rescue benignly the pious!" He then from the ~~seabeach~~
 Bids them heave off the hawser, and shake out the ~~reefs~~ of the ~~mainsails~~.
 South-winds belly the sails, and we flee o'er the feathery billows
 Onward, wherever the wind and the pilot our course were inviting.

Now in the midst of the wave is appearing the wooded Zacynthos, 270
 There, too, Dulichium, Samé, and Neritos beetling with ledges.
 Shun we the Ithacan cliffs, and the hostile Laertian kingdoms:
 Curse we in passing the nursery-land of the ruthless Ulysses.
 Presently also the cloud-capped peaks of the mountain Leucaté
 Loom into sight, and, by mariners dreaded, the fane of Apollo: 275
 Wearied for this do we steer, and approach its diminutive city;
 Cast from the prow is the anchor, the sterns stand moored to the seabeach.

Therefore at length we, possessing a land we had never expected,
 Offer lustrations to Jove, and with votives we kindle the altars,
 Yea, and we celebrate Ilian games on the Actian seashores: 280
 Naked, with lubricant oil, my associates practice the wrestling
 Sports of their country; we joy to have passed so many Argolic
 Cities, and held on our flight unobserved through the midst of the toemen.

Meanwhile the sun is around in its annual cycle a great year
 Rolled, and the glacial winter roughens the billows with north-winds: 285
 So I a round brass shield, the equipment of Abas the mighty,
 Fix to the opposite door-posts, and note the event by a stanza:
 THESE ARE THE TROPHIES ÆNEAS HATH WON FROM THE DANAAN VICTORS!
 Then I bid them abandon the harbor and sit on the thwart-seats.
 Comrades in rivalry lash up the sea, and they sweep o'er the waters. 290
 Straightway we bury Phæäcia's airy castles, and onward
 Coast by the shores of Epirus, and soon the Chaonian harbor
 Enter, and straight draw nigh to the lofty city Buthrotum.

Here an incredible rumor of issues absorbs our attention:
 Helenus, Priam's descendant, is reigning o'er Grecian cities, 295
 Owing the spouse and the sceptre of Pyrrhus, the son of Æacus!
 Thus to a lord of her country again has Andromache fallen!
 I was astounded, and kindled my bosom with wonderful longing
 Now to converse with the hero, and know of his marvelous fortunes.
 Forth from the harbor I stride, forsaking the fleets and the seasides; 300
 When, as it happened, her annual feasts and funereal presents,
 Out in a grove in front of the town, was Andromache making,
 Hard by a typical Samois' wave, and invoking her Hector's
 Ghost at a green-turfed mound, which she had as a cenotaph hallowed
 There to his dust, and for purpose of weeping a couple of altars. 305

As she beheld me approaching, and noticed around me the Trojan
 Armor, bewildered and shocked by the grand apparition she stood stark
 Stiff in the midst of her gaze, and the warmth her bones has abandoned;
 Swoons she, and after a long time barely at length she bespeaks me:
 "Dost thou an actual person, an actual messenger greet me, 310
 Goddess-born? and alive? or, if fostering light hath departed—
 Where is my Hector?" she said, and she poured forth tears and the whole place
 Filled with her crying. I barely in brief the delirious weeper
 Answer, and bashed, and embarrassed, in faltering utterance stammer:
 "Yes, I'm alive, and am life through every extremity leading; 315
 Doubt not, for what thou beholdest is real:—
 Ah! what disaster anon, cast down from so noble a husband,
 Singles thee out, or what fortune sufficiently worthy revisits
 Hector's Andromache? Art thou the marriage of Pyrrhus preserving?"
 Down she her countenance cast, and in humbled expression responded: 320
 "Blest thou alone above others, O virgin daughter of Priam,
 Who at the tomb of a foeman, 'neath Troja's imperial ramparts
 Summoned to die, didst never endure the allotting of choices;
 No, nor hast touched as a captive the couch of a conquering master!
 After our country was burned, we, wafted o'er various waters, 325
 Bore the disdain of the stock of Achilles, the insolent stripling,
 Childbirth in thralldom enduring of him, who afterwards princess
 Leda's Hermiöné courting, and Lacedæmonian nuptials,
 Handed me over to Helenus, slave by a slave to be holden;
 Yet him Orestes, inflamed with a passionate love for his stolen 330
 Spouse, and goaded by furies, of crimes the vindictive avengers,
 Takes unawares and assassinates right at the national altars.
 So, at the death of Neoptolemus, part of the realm fell
 Duly to Helenus, who by the name of Chaönic moorlands
 Called it, the whole Chaönia titled from Chaön the Trojan: 335
 Pergamus added he, and on the hills yon Ilian castle.
 But what breezes, I pray, and what fortunes have rendered thy voyage
 Safe, or what god hath impelled thee unwittingly on to our confines?
 What of the boy Ascanius? Does he survive, and the free air
 Breathe, whom to thee while as yet at Troja:— 340
 O has the boy, though, any regret for the loss of his parent?
 Tell me to aught of their pristine valor and vigor of manhood
 Do such a sire as Æneas and uncle as Hector incite him?"
 Such were the strains she was weepingly pouring, and wakening long sobs
 Vainly, when lo! there emerges the hero himself from the ramparts, 345

Priam's son Helenus, and, with many escorting attendants,
 Welcomes his townsmen and leads them rejoicingly up to his thresholds,
 Many a tear-drop shedding with every word that he utters.
 Onward I wend, and diminutive Troja and, type of the mighty,
 Pergamus, yea and a dried-up stream by the name of the Xanthus 350
 Own, and a Scæan gateway's thresholds greet with embraces.
 'Teucerans enjoy at the same time, too, their associates' city.
 'Them was the King in his ample porticoes welcoming freely ;
 'There in the midst of the court they were quaffing their beakers to Bacchus ;
 'Viands were served them in gold, and they even were holding the goblets. 355

Now has a day and another day glided away, and the breezes
 Beckon the sails, and the canvas is fanned by the freshening south-wind :
 In these terms I appeal to the prophet, and thus I entreat him :
 " Native of Troja, a seer of the gods, who the pleasure of Phœbus
 Knowest, who tripods, the Clarian's laurels, who stars, and the varied 360
 Language of birds, and the signs of the fluttering feather divinest,
 Say now, for thus far to me all of my course has auspicious
 Augury spoken, and all of the gods have persuaded me on to
 Seek for Italia, and search for the regions that lie in the distance :
 Only the harpy Celæno, a strange and unfit to be uttered 365
 Prodigy chants, and denounces upon us deplorable vengeance :
 Namely a loathsome hunger. What perils must I at the outset
 Shun, or pursuing what course can I brave such onerous hardships ?"
 Hereupon Helenus, first having sacrificed duly the bullocks,
 Prays of the deities peace, and unloosing the fillets from off his 370
 Sanctified head, he himself, O Phœbus, on up to thy thresholds
 Leads me by hand, as I shrank overawed by thy manifold presence.
 Then from his mouth divine thus discants the oracular pontiff :
 " Goddess-born—for that thou o'er the deep under auspices grander
 Goest, assurance is clear, so the sovereign of gods is allotting 375
 Fates, and unrolling their issues, and this is the order assigned them—
 Few of the many behests, as to how thou mayest more safely
 Traverse the alien waters, and land in Ausonia's haven,
 I will disclose ; for the destinies interdict Helenus knowing
 More that ensues, and Saturnian Juno forbids him to tell it. 380
 First from Italia which thou regardest now nigh and the harbors
 Which, as in vicinage, thou art unwittingly ready to enter,
 Know that by long lands distant a long drear journey divides thee,
 Then, too, thine oar must needs be yet on Trinacria's billow
 Bent, and the main of Ausonia's brine by thy vessels be traversed : 385

Aye, and the lakes infernal, and island of Circé Ææan,
 Ere thou canst in a land unmolested establish a city.
 I will declare thee the signs, and in memory hidden retain them:
 When thou solicitous shalt by the wave or a mystical river,
 Under its marginal hollies, discover reposing a huge sow, 390
 Having but recently brought forth thirty head at a litter,
 While on the ground reclining, and round her udder her white pigs,
 That shall the site of thy city be, that the sure rest of thy labors;
 Shudder thou not in alarm at the future gnawing of tables;
 Fates will devise thee a way, and Apollo invoked will befriend thee. 395
 But beware of those lands, and those coasts of Italia's confines,
 Which, in its ebbing and flowing, is washed by the tide of our waters:
 Shun them; their towns are inhabited all by the villanous Grecians.
 Here have Narycian Loricans planted impregnable ramparts;
 Here, too, the Salentinian plains with his soldiers beleaguers 400
 Lyctian Idomeneus. Here that little Petelia, buttressed
 By Philoctete's wall, the renowned Melibœan commander.
 But when over the once crossed main thy fleets shall have safely
 Moored, and thou now pay vows at the altars upbuilt on the seabeach;
 Veiling remember to muffle thy locks with a mantle of purple, 405
 Lest, in the midst of the sanctified fires in the deities' honor,
 Any inimical visage obtrude, and unsettle the omens:
 Let thy companions this custom of rites keep, keep it thyself, too;
 Let all thy guileless descendants adhere to this solemn observance.
 But, when departed, the wind shall have nigh to Sicilian confines 410
 Borne thee, and narrow the straits of Pelorus shall open its vistas,
 Then let the land on the left, and the main on the left by a lengthy
 Circuit be sought: on the right beware of the shore and the breakers.
 Once these places, convulsed by a shock and a mighty upheaval—
 Such are the changes the long lapse of ages avails to accomplish— 415
 Parted asunder they tell us, when both had throughout but a single
 Mainland been: through the midst came the sea, and, by shock of its surges,
 Split the Hesperian side from Sicilian, and parting, by shore-lined
 Meadows and cities, it flowed in a compressed channel between them.
 Guarding the right side Scylla, the left the remorseless Charybdis 420
 Crouches, and thrice in a day, by a whirlpool deep of the chasm,
 Sucks the abrupt waves in, and back she again to the free air
 Flings them alternate, and lashes the stars with the breakers.
 But in its hidden recesses a cavern incarcerates Scylla,
 Thrusting her jaws out through, and drawing the ships on the ledges. 425

Human her features above, and a maiden with beautiful bosom
 Down to the waist, and below it a fish with a hideous body,
 Having the flippers of dolphins joined to a belly of wild wolves.
 Better to compass Trinacria's bounds and the cape of Pachynus,
 Though it delay thee, and coast on a long and tedious voyage, 430
 Than to have once the anomalous Scylla beheld in her dismal
 Den, and the rocks that resound with the hideous howl of her green-dogs.
 Further, if Helenus any discretion, if any reliance
 Has as a seer, if Apollo with truth is inspiring his spirit,
 This one thing, O goddess-born, this one above all things, 435
 I will foretell thee, and over and over repeating it warn thee,
 First by prayer great Juno's divinity solemnly worship;
 Cheerfully chant unto Juno thy vows, and the powerful mistress
 Conquer by suppliant offerings; so shalt thou only as victor,
 Leaving Trinacria, finally launch for Italia's confines. 440
 Here, when wafted away, thou approachest the city of Cumæ,
 Lakes, too, divine, and the streams of Avernus that roar in the forests,
 Thou shalt behold the oracular seeress, who under the high rock
 Sings of the fates, and commits to the leaflets her notes and divinings:
 But what verses soever the maiden may once have on leaflets 445
 Written, she ranges in number, and leaves them enclosed in her cavern:
 These, when unjostled, remain in their places, nor fall out of order,
 Yet on the turn of the hinge, when a light wind gently hath on them
 Blown, and the door has disturbed, by its opening, the delicate leaflets,
 Never thenceforth is she careful to catch, as they flit through the caverned 450
 Rock, or restore, or again to adjust in position the verses:
 Many uncounselled depart, and abhor the abode of the Sibyl.
 Here let no loss by delay be deemed of such vital importance,
 Though thy companions upbraid, and thy voyage imperious seaward
 Beckon thy sails, and thou mightest fill out thy prosperous canvas, 455
 Still to the seeress repair, and with prayers her oracle beg her
 Chant thee herself, and her voice and her lips unseal at her pleasure.
 She will disclose thee Italia's tribes, and the wars of the future,
 How to avoid, and how to endure each several hardships
 Show thee; and, kindly entreated, will grant thee a prosperous journey 460
 Such are the warnings which we by our voice are allowed to impart thee.
 Go now, and bear to the firmament Troja the great by achievements."

So, when the prophet in friendly expression has uttered these charges,
 Then does he ponderous presents of gold, and of ivory sculptured,
 Order conveyed to the shipping, and stores in the holds of the vessels 465

Massive service of silver, and brazen Dodonian caldrons;
 Also a corslet of ring-work, netted together with three-ply
 Gold, and the cone, and the horse-hair plumes of an elegant helmet,
 Neoptolemus' armor. His gifts to my father are special;
 Horses he adds, and he adds conductors:— 470
 Oarage supplies, and at once he equips my companions with armor.

Meanwhile Anchises was bidding refurnish the vessels with canvas,
 Lest there might be a delay to the carrying wind at its coming.
 Him with profusion of honor the prophet of Phœbus addresses:
 "Noble Anchises, deemed worthy of Venus' distinguishing wedlock, 475
 Charge of the deities, twice from the ruins of Pergamus rescued,
 Lo ! thy land of Ausonia ! hasten with sails and possess it:
 Yet thou must needs pass by on the ocean yon visible coast-line:
 Far is that part of Ausonia hence which Apollo discloses;
 Go," says he, "blest in thy offspring's piety—Why am I onward 480
 Drifted too far, and by talking detaining the freshening south-winds ?"
 No less kindly Andromache, sad at our final departure,
 Brings forth vestments embroidered with figures in stitching of gold-thread,
 Tenders Ascanius a Phrygian cloak : nor is lacking in honor
 Rendered, and loads him with loom-wrought presents, and thus speaks: 485
 "Take these and let them become as mementoes, my boy, of my own hand's
 Working, and testify to thee Andromache's lasting affection,
 Widow of Hector ! Accept them as farewell gifts of thy kindred.
 O thou embodiment sole of my own Astyanax left me !
 Just such eyes he possessed, such hands, such features exactly; 490
 Yes, and he now would have bloomed into equal maturity with thee."
 Them I, too, in departing, with upwelling tears, was addressing:
 "Live on in blissfulness, O ye whose fortune already is meted !
 We are from fates unto fates in successive recurrency summoned;
 Quiet for you is secured ; no ocean expanse to be furrowed 495
 More, no fields of Ausonia still to be sought and forever
 Shrinking away. You the representation of Xanthus and Troja
 See, which your own hands here have made, and I would it were under
 Happier auspices, less, too, exposed to our foemen the Grecians.
 But if I ever the Thybris, and meadows adjacent the Thybris 500
 Enter, if ever I gaze on the ramparts assigned to my nation,
 We will hereafter our cognate cities and neighboring people—
 Yours at Epirus and mine in Hesperia, Dardanus common
 Founder of each, and our trials identical—constitute both one
 Troja in spirit ; this charge shall remain to our future descendants." 505

Close to Ceraunia's shore we are wafted along on the ocean,
 Whence to Italia our journey and course on the billow is shortest
 Meanwhile the sun goes down, and the mountains are shrouded obscurely,
 Stretch we ourselves on the lap of the coveted land by the billow,
 Lotting the watch at the oars, and at random along on the dry beach 510
 Care for our bodies, and slumber our toil-worn members refresh.
 Night, led on by the hours, was as yet not mounting her mid orb,
 Ere Palmyrus, no laggard, upstarts from his couch and examines
 Every wind, and catches the breeze in his ears as it whispers.
 All of the stars he notes, as they glide in the silence of heaven; 515
 Notes he Arcturus, the pluvial Hyads, the small and the great Bear:
 Narrowly scans he Orion accoutred in golden equipment.
 When he discovers all nature in heaven abiding serenely,
 Shrilly a signal he peals from the poop-deck. Break we encampment,
 Venture the voyage, and spread out the wings of our sails to the breezes. 520
 Now, with the flight of the stars, was beginning the blush of Aurora,
 When from afar we descry indistinctly the hills and the lowlands
 Dim of Italia. ITALIA shouted the joyous Achates!
 Comrades with jubilant shout are Italia hearty saluting.
 Then does my father Anchises a huge wine-crock with a garland 525
 Wreathe, and he filled it with unmixed wine and the deities worshipped,
 Perched on a lofty stern:—
 "Gods, whose legitimate sway is the sea and the land and the tempests,
 Bring with the wind an agreeable voyage, and breathe ye propitious!"
 Freshen the coveted breezes, and opens already the harbor 530
 Nearer, and there, on a height, is appearing the fane of Minerva.
 Furl my companions the sails, and the prows twirl round to the seashores,
 Curved in a bow-shape, safe from the surf on the east is a harbor;
 Opposite cliffs out-jutting foam with the dash of the salt spray;
 Hidden itself, for the turreted peaks in a duplicate breastwork 535
 Reach down their arms at its mouth, and the temple recedes in the distance.

Here, as initial omen, I saw four horses in pasture,
 Grazing at large on the commons, and spotlessly snowy in whiteness.
 Father Anchises: "War thou portendest, O land of the stranger!
 Horses are harnessed for war, and war these animals bode us: 540
 But yet these self-same quadrupeds have to the chariot long been
 Wont to submit, and to bear in the collar the peaceable bridle:
 Hope, too, of peace," he exclaims. We then to divinities holy
 Pray of the armor-resounding Pallas, who welcomed us joyful
 First, and we muffle our heads with the Phrygian veil at the altars. 545

And, as admonished by Helenus, who had expressly enjoined it,
Duly we pay to the Argive Juno the requisite honors.

Loitering not, forthwith, when our vows were in order completed,
Seaward we turn the booms of our sail-adjustable yard-arms;
Quit we the homes and suspected fields of the race of the Grecians. 550
Hence now the bay of Tarentum, if rumor be true, by the mighty
Hercules founded, is sighted : the goddess Lacinia looms up
Fronting, and castles of Caulon, and noted for wrecks Scylaceüm.
Then from the wave in the distance is sighted Trinacrian Ætna,
And we the loud moan hear of the ocean, and the rocks by the breakers 555
Pounded hear, and afar on the shores the reverberant echoes
Hear, and the waters upleap and the sands in the surf are immingled.
Father Anchises : “ Undoubtedly this is that awful Charybdis !
Those are the cliffs, and these are the rocks of which Helenus warned us.
Rescue us, comrades, and spring to your rowing together for dear life.” 560
Promptly as bidden they do, and ahead Palinurus his growling
Prow rounds sharply away to the billows that lie on the larboard :
Larboard the whole fleet steered by the aid of their oars and the mainsails.
Up on the high-curved surge we are lifted to heaven, and swiftly
Down to the nethermost shades we descend on the reflux billows. 565
Thrice did the cliffs mid the cavernous ledges re-echo the clamors ;
Thrice did we see the bespattering spray and the stars, as if dew-drenched.

Meanwhile the wind with the sun forsook us benighted and weary,
When, not knowing the way, we drift to the shores of the Cyclops.
Safe from the sweep of the winds is the harbor itself, and capacious; 570
But in its vicinage thunders Ætna with frightful eruptions,
E'er and anon in its throes it discharges to heaven a black cloud
Smoking in pitchy whirls, and, with sparkles of glittering cinders,
Flings out balls of flame, and licks with its flashes the planets ;
E'er and anon it the crags, and the mountain's evicerate bowels 575
Heaves up belching, and up with a groan it amasses the molten
Rocks to the air as it surges and seethes to its nethermost bottom.
Legend asserts that Enceladus' body, half roasted by lightning,
Under the mass is oppressed , and above it is ponderous Ætna
Superimposed, from its riven furnaces breathing out flame-jets; 580
And as oft as he changes his weary side, with a rumble
All Trinacria quakes, and the heavens are wrapped in a smoke-cloud.
Sheltered that night by the forests throughout we endure the appalling
Spectres, nor can we discover the cause that occasions the noises ;
For there were visible neither the twinkle of stars, nor the zenith, 585

Bright with sidereal æther, but clouds in the overcast heavens,
And the unseasonably night was enshrouding the moon in a storm-cloud.

Now was arising the following day with its earliest Eastern
Light, and Aurora had brushed from the zenith the dampening shadows ;
When, from the woods of a sudden, the singular form of an unknown 590
Man, to the utmost meagreness wasted, in wretched condition,
Issues, and stretches his hands as a suppliant out on the sea-shore.
Backward we look ! His squalor was shocking ; his beard was all matted ;
Pinned was his raiment with thorns, but in other respects he was Grecian,
Yea, and to Troja was formerly sent with the arms of his country. 595
He, when he saw our Dardanian garbs, and the armor of Troja
Flash in the distance upon him, o'erwhelmed at the sight for the moment
Halted, and slackened his footsteps : presently he to the sea-side
Headlong hurried with tears and prayers : " By the stars I adjure you,
O by the powers above, and this breathable light of the heavens, 600
Carry me, Teucrans, hence, and to whatever lands ye convey me,
It shall suffice. I know I am one from the fleet of the Danaï,
Yea, and confess that in war I assaulted the Ilian home-gods :
For which, if such be the injury done by our criminal outrage,
Strew me in shreds on the billow, and drown me at once in the vast deep ; 605
So, if I perish, I'll joy to have perished by hands that are human."

Thus had he spoken, and clasping our knees, to our knees he was groveling
Clinging : we beg him to tell us at once who he is, and from what blood
Sprung, and then that he frankly acknowledge what fortune pursues him.
Father Anchises himself, not wasting a moment, his right hand 610
Gives to the youth, and emboldens his soul by a personal token.
He then thus, when his terror at length was abated, bespeaks us :
" I'm from the Ithacan's country, a comrade of luckless Ulysses,
Name Achemenides, sent by my indigent sire Adamastus
Forward to Troja—and would that my fortune as his had continued. 615
Here my companions unmindful, when they, in their trepidant panic,
Quitted these merciless thresholds, left me behind in the Cyclops'
Fathomless cavern, a mansion of gore and of bloody carousals,
Dismal within and immense. He gigantic impinges the lofty
Stars ; O ye deities, ward from the earth such a pestilent monster ! 620
None can endure to behold him, and none feel free to bespeak him :
Greedy he gloats on the entrails and blackened blood of his victims ;
Yea, I myself saw when he the bodies of two of our number
Clutched in his brawny hand, and supine in the midst of his cavern,
Smashed them against the rock ; and, bespattered with matter, the thresholds 625

Swam : and I saw when he crouched their limbs all dripping with blackened
Clots, and their joints still blood-warm quivered with life in his tushes :
Not with impunity though, for Ulysses such truculence brooked not ;
Nor were the Ithacan's wits at a loss in such an emergence.

For as soon as he, gorged with his viands, and buried in wassail, 630
Settled his bent-back neck, and lay out-sprawled in his cavern
Monstrous, and spewing in sleep out gory putrescence, and gobbets
Mingled with blood-tinged wine, we, uplifting our prayers to the great gods,
Choosing by lot our assignments, together around him on all sides
Cluster, and bore out sheer, with a tapering weapon, his eye-ball 635
Huge that was under his scowling brow in its loneliness lurking,
Like an Argolic shield, or the luminous candle of Phœbus.

So we at length with rejoicing avenge the shades of our comrades :
But escape, O ye wretches, escape and your rope from the seabeach
Sever :—

For, as uncouth and gigantic as there in his cavernous rock-den
Pens Polyphemus his fleece-clad flocks, and presses their udders,
Dwell there abroad on these winding shores, as in common, a hundred
Other horrible Cyclops, and wander yon towering mountains.
Now are the moon's horns filling themselves with light for the third time, 645
Since I in forests and desolate lairs and haunts of the wild beasts
Drag out life, and where'er from a peak I descry the colossal
Cyclops, trembling I quake at the sound of their tread and their voices.
Branches afford me a wretched subsistence, and berries and stony
Fruit of the cornel, and herbs plucked up by the roots are my diet. 650
Anxiously all things scanning, I early this fleet to the seashore
Sighted approaching, and to it myself, whatever it might be,
I have resigned : 'tis enough to escape this detestable nation,
Take ye the rather this life, by whatever infliction it please you."

Scarce had he spoken this, when we, afar on the top of the mountain, 655
See Polyphemus, the shepherd, himself, in the midst of his sheep-flock,
Moving, in stature unwieldy, and seeking the notable sea-beach ;
Horrid the monster, misshapen, immense, and bereft of his eyesight ;
Trunk of a pine-tree pilots his hand and steadies his footsteps ;
Fleece-clad sheep are attending him. These are his only attraction, 660
These the relief of his woe, [from his neck there is hanging a whistle.]
After that he has the deep waves touched, and has come to the broad main,
Then does he rinse out the trickling gore from the hole of his eye-ball,
Gnashing his teeth with a groan ; and he now, right on through the mid-sea
Strides, nor as yet has the billow e'en moistened his towering haunches. 665

Thence at a distance we tremblingly hasten our flight, and the so well
 Meriting suppliant taking, we, silently cutting our cables,
 Sweep o'er the waters, and bend right forward in rivalrous rowing.
 Hears he, and quick to the sound of the voice, he directed his footsteps:
 But when no power was allowed to lay hold of a ship with his right hand, 670
 He, unable to cope with Ionian billows in chasing,
 Lifts an unearthly yell, and the ocean and all of its surges
 Trembled together thereat, and throughout was Italia's mainland
 Startled, and Ætna rebellowed anon in its caverned abysses.
 Forthwith the race of the Cyclops, aroused from the forests and hill-tops, 675
 Hurry a-down to the harbor, and crowd to repletion the sea-beach.
 See we them standing in waiting, with eye unavailingly scowling;
 Ætnean brothers, extending their tall heads upward to heaven;
 Horrid assembly, precisely as oak-trees, often with tall tops
 Towering aloft in the air, or coniferous cypresses thickly 680
 Stand, or the lofty forests of Jove, or the groves of Diana.
 Keen is the terror that headlong drives us to shake out the reef-bands
 Somehow, and stretch to the utmost our sails to the favoring breezes:
 But the injunctions of Helenus warn of Charybdis and Scylla—
 Either with little distinction between them a way of destruction— 685
 Not to hold onward our course: 'tis decided to tack to the windward;
 But lo! the north-wind, sent from the narrow abode of Pelorus,
 Comes to our aid. I am borne by Pantagia's mouths with their native
 Granite, by Megara's bay, and along by the low-lying Thapsus.
 Such were the shores, which backward along by the scenes of his roaming 690
 Coasting, showed Achemenides, comrade of luckless Ulysses.

Stretched out over against the Sicanian gulf lies an island
 Fronting the surfy Plemyrion, ancients Ortygia called it.
 Hither, as rumor reports it, Alpheüs, a river of Elis,
 Forced 'neath the sea its mysterious channels, but now it is mingled, 695
 O Arethusa, from thine own mouth with Sicilian surges.
 We, as enjoined, the locality's mighty divinities worship;
 Then pass on by the too rich soil of the stagnant Helorus:
 Thence we the beetling cliffs and projecting rocks of Pachynus
 Graze, and the never by fates allowed to be drained Camarina 700
 Looms into view, and far in the distance the Geloian moorlands—
 Gela itself the atrocious, so called from the name of its river.
 Toweringly Acragas, thence far away, displays its majestic
 Battlements, famous of old as the breeder of spirited horses.
 Thee, too, as winds are allowed us, I leave, O palmy Salinus, 705

Skirting the shoals Lilybeän, bestréwn with invisible ledges;
Hence, then, welcome me, Drepanum's harbor and saddening seaboard:
Here I, alas ! who have been by so many a tempest of ocean
Driven, my sire, my reliance in every care and disaster,
Lose, Anchises ! Thou here didst, noblest father, desert me
Wearied, alas ! unavailingly snatched from such imminent dangers !
Nor did the prophet Helenus, though he forewarned me of many
Horrors, predict me these sorrows, nor yet did the direful Celæno.
This was my last task; this was the bound of my tedious journeys:
Parting from thence hath a deity guided me here to your confines.

710

715

Thus did the father Æneas alone, while they all were attentive,
Pass in rehearsal the fates of the gods, and relate his adventures:
Ceased he at length, and, hereupon, ending his narrative, rested.

BOOK IV.

Love is a snare to the queen, and, by plotting of Juno and Venus,
Issues at length in the tragical death of the beautiful Dido.

MEANWHILE the queen, for a long time smitten with harrowing heartache,
Nurses the wound in her veins, and is racked with invisible wild-fire.
Much to her soul does the hero's valor recur, and as much his
Nation's honor : infixed in her bosom his words and his features
Cling, and her heart-ache yields her no placid repose to her members. 5

Now was Aurora the following day, with the candle of Phœbus,
Lighting the lands, and had chased from the zenith the dampening shadows,
When she addresses, though ill at ease, her affectionate sister :
“ Anna, my sister, what sleeplessness holds in suspense and affrights me !
Who is this wonderful guest that has newly arrived at our homesteads ? 10
Mark how superb in appearance ! how dauntless in spirit and armor !
Surely I guess—nor is guessing unfounded—his race is of heaven :
Cowardice argues degenerate souls ! But, alas ! by what strange fates
Has he been tossed ; of what wars, as if drained to the dregs, he was singing !
If in my soul it had not been fixed, and immovably settled, 15
That I to no one again would ally me in conjugal fetters,
After my first love, cheating by death, disappointingly foiled me ;
Were I not utterly sick of the marital chamber and torch-lights,
I might perhaps succumb to this single infirmity only.
Anna, for I will confess since the fate of Sychæus, my hapless 20
Spouse, and our home-gods stained by the murderous act of a brother,
This one alone hath my feelings swayed, and my soul to inconstance
Urged : in this thrill I acknowledge the trace of my early emotion :
But I could wish that either the deep earth open before me,
Or that the father omnipotent hurl me with bolt to the shadows— 25

Shadows of Erebus dismal—and doom me to gloomiest midnight,
 Ere I, O chastity, violate thee, or annul thy enactments !
 He who the first to himself hath wed me, hath borne my affections ;
 Hence, may he hold them with him, and still in the sepulchre keep them !”
 Thus did she speak, and with tears upwelling, she flooded her bosom. 30

Anna responds : “ O dearer by far than the light to thy sister,
 Wilt thou thus fritter thy youth in perpetual, lonely repining,
 Knowing no longer the sweetness of children and pleasures of Venus ?
 Thinkest thou ashes and sepulchred ghosts in the slightest regard this ?
 Be it, that no other suitors have hitherto moved thee a mourner, 35
 Either of Libya, or prior at Tyrus, Iärbus discarded,
 Yea, and the various chieftains whom Africa, rich in her triumphs,
 Nurtures ; and wilt thou then fight the attachment that hath thine approval ?
 Does it not come to thy mind on whose meadows it is thou hast settled ?
 Here the Gætulian cities, a nation resistless in warfare ; 40
 Here the unbridled Numidians gird thee and barbarous Syrtes ;
 There a domain made desert by drought, and the people of Barcé
 Ranging at large : Why need I refer to the wars that from Tyrus
 Loom, and the threats of our kinsman ?—
 Sure, I believe that, through omens divine, and with Juno propitious, 45
 Hither have held on their course by the winds these Ilian vessels.
 What shalt thou, sister, this city, and what these dominions arising,
 See by such marriage ! With Teucran arms in alliance of friendship,
 How shall the Punic glory be lifted by mighty achievements ?
 Do thou but favor entreat of the gods, and, acceptable service 50
 Rendered, indulge in thy welcome, and weave him excuses for staying
 Long as the winter, or stormy Orion hath sway on the ocean ;
 Long as are shattered his ships, and the weather too squally to venture.”
 Thus by her words she inflamed her enkindled soul with a yearning,
 Hope, too, infused in her hesitant mind and stifled her scruples. 55

First to the shrines they repair, and devoutly a truce at the altars
 Sue ; they the yearling ewes, selected according to custom,
 Offer to lawgiver Ceres, to Phœbus, and father Lyæüs ;
 Chiefly of all, though, to Juno, whose charge is the fetters of wedlock.
 Holding a bowl in her right hand, beautiful Dido her own self 60
 Pours it between the horns of a snow-white heifer, or slowly
 Paces before the eyes of the gods by the side of the well-filled
 Altars, and crowns with oblations the day, and inspecting the unveiled
 Breasts of the victims, consults for herself the yet quivering entrails.
 Ah ! how unthinking the minds of interpreters ! What can her votives, 65

What can the shrines avail her? A subtle flame 's the meanwhile
 Eating her marrow, and secretly festers the wound in her bosom.
 Scorching forlornly is Dido, and roaming all over the city
 Frantically; just as a doe that is fatally struck by an arrow,
 Whom unawares, in the Cresian groves at a distance, a shepherd 70
 Chasing with weapons hath wounded, and left the insidious iron
 Ruthlessly; she in her flight through Dictæan forests and jungles
 Courses, while fast in her flank is adhering the deadly projectile.
 Oft by her side she Æneas conducts through the midst of the ramparts,
 Shows him her hoarded Sidonian wealth and the city in waiting; 75
 Starts she to speak, and anon stops short in the sentence.
 Now as the day glides by she demands a return of the self-same
 Banquets, and coaxes to listen again to the Ilian hardships,
 Whilst she again as absorbingly hangs on the lips of the speaker.
 'Then, when the guests have retired, and in turn at its waning the dim moon 80
 Buries its light, and the setting stars are persuading to slumbers,
 Lonely she pines in her vacant home, and reclines on the couches
 'There as he left them: absent she hears, or beholds him though absent;
 Or on her lap she caresses Ascanius, charmed with his father's
 Image, if haply she thus may beguile her ineffable yearning. 85
 Rise no longer her outlined towers, no longer her stalwarts
 Practice in arms; nor make they the ports and impregnable breastworks
 Ready for war; the works interrupted, the frowning stupendous
 Walls, and the enginery reaching to heaven, alike are suspended.
 Quickly as Jove's dear consort perceives her by spell so enchanting 90
 Bound, that her fame can no longer withstand her impetuous frenzy,
 Pertly to Venus Saturnia broaches in language of this sort:
 "Splendid indeed the renown, and ample the spoils thou acquir'st,
 Thou and thy boy—a grand and remarkable potency truly.
 If but a single woman is won by the cunning of two gods! 95
 So then it does not escape me that thou hast, in dread of our ramparts,
 Jealously held as suspected the homes of imperial Carthage.
 Prithee, and what shall the end be? And what now the gain of such contest?
 Why not rather a permanent truce and connubial compacts
 Sanction? Thou hast the result that with all thy mind thou wast seeking: 100
 Dido is hotly in love, and hath caught in her bones the excitement:
 Hence let us rule this people in common and under united
 Auspices; let her surrender herself to a Phrygian husband:
 And to thy right hand pass the Tyrians over as dower."
 To her then—for she perceived that she spake with dissimulate purpose, 105

Plotting Italia's empire to shift to Libya's confines—

Thus broached Venus in turn: "Who such a proposal would rashly
Spurn, or with thee would rather prefer to contend in a warfare?

Splendid! if fortune would only favor the project thou statest.

But I am kept in suspense by the fates, whether Jupiter wants one

110

City to serve for the Tyrians, and the wayfarers from Troja;

Whether he favors the mixing of nations and forming of compacts:

Thou art his spouse, it is thine to discover his mind by entreaty;

Lead and I follow." Then thus the imperial Juno proceeded:

"Mine be that task. And now by what method the object before us

115

Yet may be nicely accomplished, attend, I will briefly instruct thee.

Out in the forests, Æneas and love-lorn Dido together

Purpose a-hunting to go on the morrow, as soon as hath Titan

Hoisted his earliest streamers, and ushered the world to the sunbeams.

I will upon them a lurid storm-cloud mingled with hail-stones,

120

Just as the beaters are bustling and girding the coverts with spring-nets,

Down from above out-pour, and will rouse all heaven with thunder.

Escorts shall scatter away, and be shrouded in shadowy midnight;

Dido the while, and the Trojan chief, shall resort to the self-same

Cavern; I will be there, and, if sure of thy hearty concurrence,

125

I will in durable wed-lock join them and call her his own spouse;

There shall the nuptials be!" So, Cythereä, in no wise objecting,

Yielded assent to the suitor and smiled at her palpable intrigues.

Meanwhile Aurora arising has left the expanse of the ocean:

Forth from the portals at day-break issue the liveried huntsmen,

130

Bearing the wide-meshed nets, and the snares, and the skirmishing chase-spears.

Rush the Massylian knights, and a keen-scented kennel of grey-hounds;

Whilst on the queen, in her chamber delaying, the nobles of Carthage

Wait at the thresholds: her prancer, bedizen with purple and gold-work

Stands there mettled and chafingly champing his lathery curb-bit.

135

Then she at length steps forth, by a retinue mighty attended.

Round her is thrown her Sidonian cloak, with its border embroidered;

Wrought is her quiver of gold, and in gold are her tresses enknotted,

Golden the buckle that binds at the waist her apparel of purple.

Likewise Phrygian escorts, and with them the merry Iulus,

140

March in the train; while Æneas himself, the superbest among them,

Enters the list as her special companion, and couples the columns,

Just as Apollo, when Lycia, his winter resort, and the Xanthus'

Streamlets forsaking, and visiting Delos the isle of his mother,

Marshals the dancers; and round the altars commingling together

145

Revel the Cretans, and Dryopes, and gaudily daubed Agatharri;
 Steps he himself on the ridges of Cynthus, and mantles his flowing
 Locks with a delicate wreath, and in gold he adorning entwines it;
 Clanks on his shoulders his armor; no slower than he was Æneas
 Hieing, and such is the grace that beams from his exquisite features. 150
 After their reaching the lofty mountains and intricate game-haunts,
 Lo! dislodged from the crest of the rock have adown from the ridges
 Scampered the wild-goats; deer, too, aloof in another direction,
 Bound in the chase away o'er the open plains, and their dusted
 Regiments huddle together in flight, and abandon the mountains. 155

But the youthful Ascanius frisks on his mettlesome charger
 Round in the vales, and outstrips now these and now those in his racing;
 Ardent he longs to behold, mid the timorous cattle, a wild-boar
 Spuming emerge, or a tawny lion descend from the mountains.

Meanwhile the heavens begin to be charged with an ominous rumble; 160
 On comes, swiftly careering, a storm-cloud mingled with hailstones;
 Everywhere Tyrian escorts, the Trojan youth and the Dardan
 Grandson of Venus, away through the fields have in trepidant panic
 Various refuges sought: from the mountains are rushing the torrents
 Dido and chieftain of Troja betake themselves to the self-same 165
 Cavern, and earth primeval, and Juno the guardian bridesmaid
 Issue the signal; the lightnings have flashed, and the firmament witness
 Stood of the nuptials, and loud on the hill-tops lofty the nymphs shrieked
 That was the pivotal day of her doom; it stood as the primal
 Cause of her woes: for no longer is she by appearance, or rumor, 170
 Moved; nor does Dido clandestinely longer indulge in the amour;
 Marriage she terms it, and under that name she excuses the frailty.

Forthwith rumor is hieing through Libya's populous cities—
 Rumor than whom no other pestiferous evil is fleetier;
 She by mobility thrives, and increases her vigor by gadding; 175
 Small through fear at the first, but anon she upreaches to heaven,
 Stalks on the ground, and away in the clouds she buries her forehead.
 Earth, as they tell us, her mother, enraged at the deities' vengeance,
 Bore her, the youngest of Cœils' and giant Enceladus' sisters;
 Nimble elastic on foot, and as swift on her sedulous pinions: 180
 Horrible monster, immense, and beneath each plume of her body
 Lurk just so many vigilant eyes—astounding to utter!
 Tattle just so many tongues, and mouths, and so many ears hear.
 Flits she by night in the midst 'twixt heaven and earth through the darkness
 Buzzing, nor closes she ever her eyes in delectable slumber: 185

Sits she a spy in the daylight, either aloft on the house-tops,
 Or on the uppermost turrets, and fills with dismay the inhabited cities;
 Messenger she as intent on the false and the vile as the truthful.
 Such was the hag then glutting the nations with manifold gossip
 Gladly, and chanting with prurience equal the facts and falsehoods ! 190
 How that Æneas has come, from the blood of a Trojan descended;
 How that the beautiful Dido has deigned to receive him as husband;
 How they were spending the live-long winter in mutual dalliance,
 Heedless the while of their realms, and enslaved by a groveling passion.
 Such are the stories the foul fiend everywhere scatters in men's mouths. 195

Straightway she bends her course to the Libyan monarch Iärbus,
 Kindles his soul with reports, and intensifies grudges within him.
 He, by a raped Garamantian nymph, an offspring of Ammon,
 Planted for Jove in his ample dominions a hundred imposing
 Fanes and a hundred altars, and watch-fire on them had hallowed, 200
 Deities' wardens eternal, and rich was their soil with the victims'
 Gore, and their threshold blooming with ever diversified garlands.
 Maddened in soul, and inflamed by the bitter report he is said there
 Humbly, in front of the altars, and mid the deities' presence,
 Many a prayer to have offered with hands unto Jupiter outspread: 205
 " O thou omnipotent Jove, unto whom the Maurusian nation,
 Feasting on couches embroidered, outpours a Lenæän libation,
 Dost thou behold this ? O father do we, when thou thunderbolts hurlest,
 Bootlessly stand in awe, and at random in clouds do the lightnings
 Terrify souls, and immingle unmeaning their muttering thunders ? 210
 Lo ! now a woman, who, roving about in our bounds, hath a meagre
 City established by purchase, to whom we for tillage a seacoast
 Gave, and upon her conferred jurisdiction of state, hath our nuptials
 Spurned, and hath taken Æneas as paramour lord in her kingdom;
 Yes, and that Paris e'en now, with effeminate retinue round him, 215
 Swathing his chin and his well-oiled locks with Mœonian bonnet,
 Gloats o'er his plunder: while we, forsooth, to thy temples devoutly
 Bring our oblations, and cherish a meaningless fame for devotion ! "

Praying in strains like these, and as suppliant holding the altars,
 Jove the omnipotent heard him, and turned his eyes to the ramparts 220
 Royal, and towards the lovers of nobler distinction forgetful.
 Then thus to Mercury speaks he, and thus he expresses his mandate:
 " Come now, my son, go summon the zephyrs and glide on thy pinions
 Down to Dardania's chieftain, who now in the Tyrian Carthage
 Loiters, and looks no longer for cities by destiny given, 225

Speak him, and down through the volatile breezes convey him my message
 Not such a person as he unto us did his beautiful mother
 Promise, and rescues accordingly twice from the armor of Grecians;
 But one who should Italia, teeming with states and with warfare
 Echoing, rule, and a race from the blood exalted of Teucer 230
 Usher to power, and the whole world bring to submit to his statutes.
 But if the glory of prospects so brilliant enkindle no ardor;
 If he, moreover, attempt not the labor himself for his own praise,
 Does he as sire to Ascanius envy the castles of Roma?
 What does he mean? or with what hope stay in an enemy's nation? 235
 Does he regard not Ausonia's line nor Lavinia's meadows?
 Let him set sail; the substance is this; let this be our message."
 Spake he; and he too made haste to obey his invincible father's
 Mandate; and first to his feet he laces his piniony, golden
 Sandals, which waft him sublime by their wings, or over the outspread 240
 Waters, or over the land, as swift as a rapid tornado;
 Then he assumes his wand, wherewith he upsummons the pallid
 Spirits from Orcus, and sends down to dismal Tartarus others;
 Slumber bestows and withhold, and unseals eyes closed in a death-sleep
 Trusting to this he careers on the winds, or he crosses the turbid 245
 Cloud; and now he in flying discovers the crest and the broad-ribbed
 Sides of endurable Atlas, who steadies the sky on his summit—
 Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, unremittingly compassed by murky
 Mists, is incessantly lashed by the gales and the battering rain-storms:
 Drifted snow is enshrouding his shoulders, and streams from the old man's 250
 Chin plunge down, and his horrible beard with an icicle stiffens.
 Here first Cyllenius, poising himself on his balancing pinions,
 Lighted; thence straight to the waves with the whole of his body he headlong
 Swooped like a bird, which around o'er the shores and around o'er the sea-cliffs,
 Haunted by fish, flies lowly along o'er the face of the waters; 255
 Just so also along 'twixt earth and heaven was flying
 Over the sand-paved shore, and cleaving the Libyan breezes,
 Coming adown from his grandsire maternal, the child of Cylléné.
 Soon as on piniony soles he has reached the removable hovels,
 Lo! he Æneas there founding new castles, and rearing new mansions 260
 Sighted at once: but the sword that he wore was by yellowest jasper
 Starred, and with Tyrian purple was blazing the cassock that loosely
 Hung from his shoulders, a present which opulent Dido had deftly
 Wrought, and the warp, in the woof, had inwoven with delicate gold thread.
 Straight he assails him: "Art thou now laying foundations of stately 265

Carthage, and dotingly fond of a woman, a beautiful city
 Building? Alas! how forgetful thou art of thy kingdom and fortunes!
 Down from the shining Olympus the ruler of deities sends me—
 He who whirls by his sovereign behest both the earth and the heaven—
 He commands me to bear these mandates down through the volatile æther : 270
 What dost thou mean? or with what hope leasure on Libya's lowlands
 Spendest? If glory of prospects so brilliant enkindles no ardor,
 If thou, moreover, attempt not the labor thyself for thine own praise,
 Yet for Ascanius rising, and hopes of Iûlus thine own heir
 Cherish regard; for to him the domain of Italia and Roman 275
 Glebe are entailed." Cyllenius thus much having addressed him,
 Left, in the midst of his speech, the immediate vision of mortals,
 And he away out of sight into thin air suddenly vanished.

But, of a truth astounded and dazed at the sight was Æneas;
 Stiffened with horror his hair, and his voice in its utterance stifled. 280
 Burns he to start on his flight, and to quit the delectable guest-lands,
 Awed by the deities' marvelous warning and positive mandate:
 Ah! but, what can he do? or with what tact venture to compass
 Now the infuriate queen? or how shall he open a parlance!
 Yet, he dispatches his hurrying soul now hither, now thither, 285
 Spurs it in divers directions and testingly turns it on all things.
 This as he wavers alternately seemed as the wiser decision:
 Summons he Mnesteus, Sergestus, and valiant Cloäthus, and bids them
 Secretly fit out the fleet, and on shore to assemble their comrades,
 Furnish them armor, and carefully mask the cause of the new-formed 290
 Plans, and himself will the meanwhile, since the most excellent Dido
 Knows not, and will not suspect that attachments so strong can be broken,
 Try the approaches, and what the most suitable moments for speaking,
 What the appropriate means for the purpose consider. At once all
 Gladly obey the command, and proceed to accomplish their orders. 295
 But the queen has the ruses—for who can bamboozle a lover?—
 Early surmised, and the moves of the future divined at the outset,
 Fearing the all-things-safe. To her lorn has the impious self-same
 Rumor detailed that the fleet was equipped, and prepared for a voyage.
 Reft of her reason, she rages and fuming all over the city, 300
 Raves as a Thyad, aroused by the stir of the mysteries started;
 When, as the shouting to Bacchus is heard, the triennial orgies
 Thrill, and Cithæron nocturnally calls her to join in the revel.
 So, in these words at length, she addresses Æneas abruptly:

“Didst thou imagine it possible, traitor, to mask such a flagrant 305

Wrong by dissembling, and so to depart from my province in secret?
 Cannot our love, nor our right hand plighted so lately, nor Dido,
 Ready to lay down her life by the cruelest exit, detain thee?
 Nay, thou art e'en in the solstice of winter equipping thy squadron,
 Hasting to launch it abroad on the deep, in the midst of the north-winds, 315
 Cruelly. Why? If thou wert not to alien meadows and homesteads,
 Unknown bound; if the primitive city of Troja were standing,
 Tell me would Troja be sought by thy fleets on a billowy ocean?
 Me dost thou flee? By these tears, and thine own right hand I implore thee—
 Since there is naught else now but tears in my wretchedness left me— 315
 By our connubial troth, by our pledges initial of marriage,
 If I have merited aught of thee well, or to thee there has aught been
 Pleasant of mine, O pity this tottering home, if there yet be
 Room for entreaty at all, I beseech thee give up the intention.
 For thy sake have the Libyan tribes and Numidians' tyrants 320
 Hated me: Tyrians, too, were offended; because of thy coming
 Conscience was quenched, and, by what I alone to the stars was attaining,
 Previous fame. For what dost thou leave me to perish, my late guest?
 Since of what was a husband this name now alone is remaining.
 Why do I wait? Till my brother Pygmalion level my ramparts? 325
 Or the Gætulian Chieftain Iärbus shall lead me a captive?
 If there had only been granted me, ere thy departure, an offspring
 Fathered by thee! If some little Æneas were here in my courtyard
 Playing, who might still bring thee endearingly back by his features,
 Then I should not, it is true, seem wholly betrayed or deserted." 330

So had she spoken: his eyes he, by Jupiter's warnings, was holding
 Moveless, and deep in his bosom with effort repressing his troubles.
 Briefly at length he responds: "That thou, O Queen, art deserving
 More than thou canst by expression compute, I never will gainsay,
 Nor shall I ever indeed be ashamed to remember Elissa, 335
 While I remember myself, or my spirit is ruling my members.
 Briefly I speak to the point: I have never expected to slyly
 Hide this escape—imagine it not—I have never a husband's
 Marital torch-lights waved, nor have ever come into these compacts.
 Had the fates but allowed me to spend my life 'neath my chosen 340
 Auspices, and of my own free will to dispose of my troubles,
 First I would fain have cherished the city of Troja and reliques
 Dear of my kin, and had still stood Priam's imperial mansions:
 I, by my hand would restored have a Pergamus reared for the vanquished.
 But to the mighty Italia now has Grynæän Apollo, 345

On to Italia Lycian lots have enjoined me to hasten ;
 'This is my longing; that is my country; if castles of Carthage,
 Thee a Phœnician detain, and the sight of the Libyan city,
 Why is there, prithee, that Teucrans settle Ausonia's mainland
 Envy? It surely is right that we seek for exterior kingdoms. 350
 Father Anchises, as oft as the night with its dampening shadows
 Mantles the earth, and as oft as the igneous stars are arising,
 Warns me in dreams, and his anxiously troubled spectre affrights me;
 Warns me my boy Ascanius, too, and the wrong to his dear head,
 Whom I defraud of Hesperia's realm and his fated possessions. 355
 Now, too, the deities' herald, commissioned by Jupiter's own self—
 Swear I by both of our heads—hath, down on the volatile breezes,
 Brought me his mandates: the deity saw I myself in the clear light
 Enter the walls, and I drank with these ears in the voice of his message.
 Cease then both me and thyself to inflame by thy querulous charges: 360
 Not self-willed do I follow Italia:—

Thus as he speaks for awhile she scornfully gazes upon him,
 Rolling her eyes round hither and thither, and over his whole form
 Roaming with taciturn glances, and thus she impassioned berates him:
 "Traitor, thy parent was never a goddess, nor Dardanus ever 365
 Sire of thy race; but Caucasus, bristling with ruggedest rock-cliffs,
 Gat, and Hyrcanian tigresses, crouching their udders, have nursed thee.
 Why do I need to disguise, or reserve me for crueller insults?
 Heaved he a sigh at our weeping, or turned he his eyes to regard me?
 Has he relentingly yielded to tears, or pitied me loving? 370
 What, and to whom, shall I offer? No more does imperial Juno,
 Nor her Saturnian father, these doings impartially notice:
 Faith is reposable nowhere. Stranded in need on my seaboard,
 I, in my folly, received him, and gave him a share in my kingdom:
 I have his wrecked fleet saved, and from death I have rescued his comrades: 375
 O I am carried ablaze by the furies! Now augur Apollo
 Warns, now Lycian lots, now, commissioned by Jupiter's own self,
 Herald of gods bears horrible mandates down on the breezes!
 Doubtless this labor becomes the supernals! These troubles their quiet
 Ruffles! I neither detain thee, nor deign a reply to thy speeches. 380
 Go, and Italia wind-wafted follow: thy kingdom o'er billows
 Seek; but I hope, if vindictive divinities aught can accomplish,
 Thou shalt thy punishment drain on the crags, and often on Dido's
 Name thou shalt call, and I absent with luridest flames will pursue thee,
 Even when ice-cold death shall have parted my soul from my members, 385

Yet as a ghost I will everywhere haunt thee, and, wretch, thou shalt suffer
 Doom ! I shall hear it ; the story shall reach me in regions internal !"
 Short with these words she her speech breaks off in the midst, and the free air
 Faintly flees ; and, withdrawing herself from his eyes and departing,
 Leaves him impeded by many a fear, and with many an answer 392
 Waiting. Her female attendants support, and her paralyzed members
 Bear to her chamber of marble, and lay her to rest on the couches.

But the pious Æneas, though longing to lighten, by kindly
 Soothing, her grief, and by words to dispel her oppressive forebodings,
 Frequently sighing, and staggered in soul by a mighty affection, 395
 Follows no less the commands of the gods, and revisits his squadron.
 Then of a truth do the Teucrans lay to, and down from the whole beach
 Haul out the towering vessels : afloat are the unctuous bottoms ;
 Leafy they bring from the forest their oars, and unshapen the oaken
 Spars in their eager haste for departure :— 400

Thou canst discern them migrating and rushing from all of the city,
 Just like industrious ants, as they, making provision for winter,
 Pillage a sizeable grain-heap, and store it away in their dwelling :
 Sally the swarthy squads on the plains, and the spoils through the herbage
 Cart in a narrow trail ; while a portion the cumbersome kernels 405
 Push with their shoulders against them, a portion are urging the columns,
 Part are chastising the laggards, the whole track glows with the service.
 What were thy feelings then, Dido, in gazing on such a commotion ?
 What were the sighs thou wast heaving, as thou, from the heights of the castle,
 Widely observedst the sea-beach glowing, and sawest the whole main 410
 Mingled before thine eyes with such unaccountable clamors ?
 Infamous love ! to what dost thou urge not the bosoms of mortals ?
 Oft is she forced to resort to tears, and again by entreaty
 Try to regain him, and humbly surrender her pride to affection,
 Lest she should anything leave unattempted and needlessly perish. 415

"Anna, thou seest the stir all over the beach : they from all sides
 Round have convened, and already their canvas is wooing the breezes ;
 Yea, and the sailors elated have garlands arranged on the stern-posts.
 If I have able been to expect so excessive a sorrow,
 I shall be able, my sister, to bear it ; yet do me unhappy, 420
 Only this favor, Anna ; for thee alone does that traitor
 Cherish, and thee he entrusts with even his secret emotions,
 Only thou knowest the man's most tender approaches and moments.
 Go thou, my sister, and humbly bespeak the imperious foeman ;
 Tell him I did not conspire with the Danai at Aulis the Trojan 425

Nation to crush, nor did I to Pergamus send out a squadron,
 Nor have I troubled the ashes and ghost of his father, Anchises ;
 Why does he grudge to allow my appeals to enter his deaf ears ?
 Where does he rush ? Let him grant to a lover this final concession ;
 Let him await but an easy escape and the carrying breezes. 430
 Plead I no longer our early espousals in which he betrayed me ;
 Nor that he beautiful Latium lose and relinquish his kingdoms :
 Crave I but trivial time, and a respite, and space for my frenzy,
 Till my calamity teach me as vanquished to smother my sorrow.
 Only this final indulgence I ask—O pity thy sister ;— 435
 Grant me but this, and at death I amply in turn will repay thee.”

Such were her prayers, and such the laments that her sorrowful sister
 Carries and carries again : But he is by no lamentations
 Moved, nor deigns he to listen complacent to any addresses.
 Fates are opposed, and a god shuts sympathy's ear in the hero ; 440
 Just as when Alpine gales are contending the one with the other,
 Blowing now hither, now thither, alternate to root up an oak-tree,
 Strong in its veteran vigor : there issues a roar, and its lofty
 Leaves, by the violent jar of its trunk, bestrewing the woodland ;
 Firm it adheres to the rocks, and with summit as high as it skyward 445
 Mounts, so deep by its roots it downward to Tartarus reaches :
 So is the hero, on this side and that by her ceaseless entreaties,
 Buffeted, while in his great heart keenly he feels her distresses ;
 Moveless his purpose remains ; her tears roll down unavailing.

Then, of a truth, distracted by fates, does disconsolate Dido 450
 Pray for death ; it disgusts her to gaze on the concave of heaven,
 That she may better accomplish her scheme and abandon the daylight,
 Sees she, when there she was placing her gifts on the altars of incense,
 Horrid to utter ! the hallowed libations assuming a blackness ;
 Sees, too, the outpoured wines converted to hideous blood-clots ; 455
 But she mentions to no one the vision, not e'en to her sister
 Furthermore there stood built in her mansions a temple of marble,
 Shrined to her primitive spouse, which she cherished with wonderful honor,
 Tufted with snow-white fillets of wool and a festival garland.
 Out of this voices seemed to be heard, and the tones of her husband, 460
 Calling, when shadowy night was the earth in its regency holding.
 Lone on the house-tops also the owl in funereal cadence
 Often would hoot, and its long-drawn tones would prolong as in wailing.
 Further the many predictions alike of the earlier prophets
 Fright her with terrible warning : in dreams does Æneas himself, too, 465

Savagely drive her to frenzy. She seems as if always abandoned,
 Lone by herself, and always unretained going a dreary
 Journey, and seeking her Tyrians far in some desolate region:
 Just as Pantheus sees in his madness the hosts of the furies
 Round, and a two-fold sun, and Thebes as if double, arising: 470
 Or Agamemnon's offspring Orestes, when driven in stage-scenes,
 Flies from his mother pursuing him, armed with her torches, and frightful
 Serpents, while vengeful demons as sentinels sit on the threshold.

Therefore when she, overcome by her grief, has admitted the furies,
 And has determined to die, she works out the time and the method 475
 All by herself; and accosting in parlance her sorrowful sister,
 Masks her design in her visage, and lights up a hope on her forehead:
 "I have discovered, my sister, the way—rejoice with thy sister—
 Which may restore him to me, or release me from him as a lover.
 Just on the bound of the ocean, and just on the verge of the sunset, 480
 Lies Ethiopia's farthest limit, where mightiest Atlas
 Poises the poles on his shoulders bestudded with radiant planets:
 There has been shown me a priestess from thence, of Massylian nation,
 Guard of Hesperides' temple, and who was its feasts to the dragon
 Wont to provide, and who guarded the sacred boughs of the gold-tree, 485
 Sprinkling the viands with liquid honey and soporous poppy.
 She, by her incantations professes to free from enthrallment
 Minds as she wills, and inflicts unendurable troubles on others;
 Stagnate the waters in rivers, and turn back stars in their courses,
 Conjure the ghosts of the dead in the night-time. Thou wilt the earth see 490
 Rumble beneath thy feet, and descend from the mountain the ash-trees.
 Call I, dear sister, to witness the gods and thee, and thine own sweet
 Head, that I gird me reluctantly thus with appliance of magic.
 Do thou in secret erect me a pyre 'neath the sky in the inner
 Court of our mansion, and on it the arms of the man, which the villain 495
 Left in his chamber suspended, and all that he wore, and the nuptial
 Couch, whereon I was ruined, heap; for I want to abolish
 All the detestable fellow's mementoes: the priestess directs it."
 Having said these she is still: at once pallidness mantles her features.
 Anna, however, suspects not, that under these singular rites her 500
 Sister a funeral screens, nor does she conceive of such frenzies
 Dire in her mind, nor fear aught worse than the death of Sychæus;
 Hence she obeys the injunctions:— [yard,

Meanwhile the queen, when the pyre has been reared in the innermost court-
 Open to sky-light, and bulky with pine-knots and faggots of holly, 505

Festoons with garlands the spot, and with sombre funereal leafage
Crowns it. Above, on the couch, she arranges the relics, his broadsword
Left, and his effigy, not unaware of the tragical future.

Altars around it stand, and the priestess, with tresses dishevelled,
Loudly her three hundred deities thunders, and Erebus, Orcus, 510
Twin-born Hecaté calls, and the three faced virgin Diana.

Liquors she duly had sprinkled as if from the fount of Avernus ;
Sought are the herbs, that were mown with brazen sickles by moonlight,
Covered with down, and filled with the milk of a virulent poison ;
Sought no less is a love-charm, torn from the brow of a new-foaled 515
Colt ere its mother had seized it:—

Dido herself, with the meal in her pious hands by the altars,
Having divested one foot of its ties, and in raiment ungirded,
Summons, determined on death, as her witnesses, gods and the planets,
Conscious of fate; then prays the divinity righteous and mindful, 520
If such there be that hath charge of those lovers unequally mated.

Night was abroad, and toil worn bodies were taking a peaceful
Sleep through the lands, and have quieted down the forests and raging
Waters; when planets are round in the midst of their orbit revolving;
When every field is still, and the flocks and the gorgeous wild-fowls— 525
Those that at large on the watery lakes, and those that on uplands
Shaggy with brambles reside—were at roost in the silence of midnight,
Soothing with slumber their cares, while their hearts are forgetting their troubles.
But not so the Phœnician unhappy in soul, she is never

Sunken in slumbers, and ne'er to her eyes or her bosom the night-time 530
Welcomes: her cares but redouble, and love in recurrency rising
Rages, and restless she heaves with a mighty tide of resentments.
So then she sets in, and thus with her heart in soliloquy muses:

‘ What am I doing ? Again shall I try, though derided, my former
Suitors, and humbly as suppliant seek of Numidians marriage, 535
Though I so often already have deemed them unworthy as husbands ?

Shall I, then, Ilian fleets, and the absolute bidding of Teucrans,
Follow, because they are glad of relief by my succor aforetime,
And that gratitude stays with them well remembering the old boon ?
Grant I am willing, but who will permit or receive me detested 540
Into their arrogant barks ? Ah ! lost one knowest thou not, nor
Yet perceivest the perjury base of Laömedon’s nation ?

What then ! shall I alone betake me in flight to the shouting
Tars, or with Tyrians, yea by the whole band thronged of my subjects
Charge them ? And those whom I all but tore from the city of Sidon 545

Lead again seaward, and bid them unfurl their sails to the breezes;
 Die, as thou meritest rather, and end thy distress with the poniard.
 Thou, overcome by my tears, my sister, yes, thou from the outset
 Loadest me dazed with these woes, and thrustest me on to the foeman.
 Luck was not mine to frit away life unconsorted in wedlock 550
 Guileless, in style of a brute, and not touch such unmerciful troubles!
 Faith was not kept which I solemnly pledged to the dust of Sychæus!"
 Such were the plaints she was venting convulsively out of her bosom.

Certain of going, Æneas was now aloft on the poop-deck
 Taking a nap, his arrangements being now duly completed; 555
 When lo! the deity's form, returning the same in his visage,
 Met him in dreams, and again, as before, he appeared to forewarn him,
 Mercury-like in every respect, in his voice and complexion,
 Like him in auburn locks and the graceful members of manhood:
 "Goddess-born, in this exigence canst thou continue thy slumbers? 560
 Seest thou not what perils will presently circle around thee?
 Lunatic, hearest thou not that the zephyrs are breathing propitious?
 She is devising a plot, and a terrible crime in her bosom,
 Purposing death, and she heaves with a various tide of resentments.
 Dost thou not flee hence headlong, whilst there is power to hasten? 565
 Soon thou wilt see the entire sea surge with her crafts, and her ruthless
 Firebrands flash, and the shores soon all in a blaze with the burnings,
 If but Aurora o'ertake thee loitering still in these regions!
 Stir thee and break this delay, for a fickle and changeable creature
 Ever is woman!" When thus he had spoken, he vanished in midnight. 570

Then does Æneas in sooth, by the sudden spectres affrighted,
 Startle his body from slumber, and hastily rally his comrades:
 "Instantly wake up, men, and take to your seats on the benches:
 Speedily shake out the sails! for a deity sent from the lotty
 Æther again to hasten departure and sever the twisted 575
 Hawsers, incites we. We follow thee, O thou of deities holy,
 Whosoever thou art: we once more gladly obey thine injunctions;
 Only be present and graciously aid, and the planets in heavens
 Render auspicious!" He spake, and forth from its scabbard his flashing
 Falchion draws, and with keen steel severs the cables asunder: 580
 Like zeal seizes them all, and they also are drawing and rushing:
 They have deserted the shores: down under the squadrons the main lurks.
 Tugging they spurt up the spray, and sweep the cerulean waters.

And now early Aurora with radiance fresh was the headlands
 Strewing profusely in quitting the saffron couch of Tithonus. 585

Then, as the queen, from her look-out, dawning the earliest daylight
 Sees, and the fleet with its sails on an equipoise even proceeding ;
 Sees, too, the shores and the harbors deserted and void of a rower,
 Thrice with her hand, yea four times, smiting her beauteous bosom,
 Tearing her auburn tresses the while : “ O Jupiter, quoth she, 590
 Shall this adventurer go, and impunely have mocked our dominions ?
 Will they not armor adjust, and from all the city pursue him ?
 Will not some from the dockyards launch me the shipping ? Avaunt ye ;
 Quick bring fire-brands, furnish the weapons, and urge on the rowers.
 What am I saying ? Or where am I ? What madness disorders my reason ? 595
 Luckless Dido ! O now do thine impious practices touch thee !
 Then were it fitting when yielding thy sceptre ! His hand and his honor
 See, who they tell me is carrying with him his national home-gods,
 His, who upbore on his shoulders his parent decrepit with old age !
 Had I not power to seize and dismember his body and strew it 600
 Over the billows ? No power to remove with the sabre his comrades ?
 None to serve up Ascanius’ self as a feast on his father’s
 Table ? But doubtful had been the event of the battle—it would so—
 Whom have I dying to fear ? In his camps I could torches have scattered,
 Aye, could have filled all his hatches with flames and the son and the father 605
 Quenched with the race, and, moreover, have given myself as a victim.
 Sun, who with flames all works of the lands in thy circuit illumest ;
 Thou, too, O Juno, who art the diviner and witness of all these
 Troubles, and Hecaté howled through the city by night in the cross-ways :
 You, ye avenging furies, ye gods of the dying Elissa, 610
 Take ye these presents, and visit your merited wrath on the evils ;
 Here ye our prayer ! O, if it must be that this infamous fellow
 Land in a harbor and float on safe to the land of his longing,
 And, if Jupiter’s fates so demand, and this end is inherent,
 Yet, may he, wasted by war and the arms of a resolute people, 615
 Banished afar from his confines, and torn from embrace of Iulus,
 Sue for assistance, and honorless burial see of his kindred ;
 May he, too, when to the terms of an unjust peace he shall yield him,
 Never enjoy his domains, nor the coveted light of a long life,
 But may he fall ere his day, and unburied lie out on the mid strand. 620
 This is my prayer : I pour out this final appeal with my life-blood.
 Then, O ye Tyrians, follow his line and the whole of his future
 Race with aversion, and this as an offering down to my ashes
 Send ; with the nations let amity never exist, nor alliance !
 Rise thou out of my moldering bones some future avenger, 625

Who shall pursue with the torch and the steel the Dardanian settlers,
 Now and hereafter, whenever the might shall accrue for the issue;
 Shores unto shores, and surges to surges, and armor to armor,
 Counter I pray : may they fight with each other, themselves and descendants !”

Thus she exclaims, and was plying her mind in every direction, 630
 Seeking how she may earliest dash out the odious daylight.

Then she briefly addressed her to Barcé, the nurse of Sychæus—

For the dark dust treasured her own in her primitive home-land:

“ Nurse, my darling, go quickly and bring me here Anna, my sister ;

Tell her to hurry, and sprinkle her body with fluvial water ; 635

Let her fetch with her the sheep and the offerings shown by the priestess,

So let her come, and with pious fillets envelope her temples.

Rites to the Stygian Jove, which I duly beginning have started,

I have a mind to complete, and a period put to my troubles,

And the Dardanian miscreant's pyre to consign to a bonfire.” 640

So she exclaims, and the nurse with old-womanish zeal was her footstep

Speeding, but Dido, all trembling, and wild by her frightful achievements,

Rolling her blood-shot eyes, and her quivering cheeks with discolored

Blotches suffused, and deathly pale from the ominous death-scene,

In through the inner doors of her mansion bursts, and in maddened 645

Frenzy ascends the imposing pyre, and unscabbards the Dardan's

Sword, a bestowment entreated for no such tragical service.

Here, though, after she round on the Ilian vestures and well-known

Sofa has gazed, she, pausing a moment in tears and reflection,

Threw herself down on the couch, and these farewell sentences uttered : 650

“ Precious mementoes, while fates and deity so were allowing,

Welcome this soul, and release me from these unendurable troubles:

I have lived, and have finished the course which fortune assigned me ;

So now under the earth shall my phantom go down in its grandeur ;

I have erected a glorious city, and gazed on its ramparts ; 655

Husband avenging, have pay from his foeman, my brother, exacted :

Happy, alas ! but too happy in life I had been, if but only

Never Dardanian keels had unluckily touched on our sea-boards !”

Spake she, and pressing her face on the couch, “ shall we die unrequited ?

But we must die !” She exclaims, “ so, so bids he me go 'neath the shadow !” 660

Yes, let the Dardan, with pitiless eyes, this fire on the deep-sea

Drink, and away with him, carry the omens of doom in our dying !”

So had she spoken ; but right in the midst of her words her attendants

Look up, and see her collapsed on the steel, and the sword with her gore-drops

Dripping, her hand with it all bespattered ! A shriek through the lofty 665

Colonnades rings ; the report spread wild through the horrified city.
 Loudly with wailings, and moanings, and feminine howlings the mansions
 Echo ; the welkin resounds with the uncontrollable mournings ;
 Even as if all Carthage, or primitive Tyrus, with rampant
 Foemen intrushing, had fallen, and flames unchecked in their fury, 670
 Rolling at random o'er roofs of men and the deities' temples.
 Breathless her sister has heard it, and frightened in flustered
 Running, and marring her face with her nails and her bosom with fist-blows,
 Rushes right on through their midst, by name on the dying she calls out :
 "Dearest sister, was this it? Wast seeking by guile to entrap me? 675
 This what yon pyre, and this what the fires and the altars were boding?
 What shall I desolate chide thee for first? And didst thou, in dying,
 Spurn then thy sister's attendance? Thou shouldst have me to the same fate
 Called, and by steel had the same pang and same hour have carried us both off.
 Did I with these hands build it, and call with my voice on my country's 680
 Gods, that when thou thus laid I should be cruelly absent?
 Thou hast, my sister, extinguished both thee and me and thy people,
 Fathers of Sidon, and thine own city : O let me with water
 Bathe the wounds, and if aught still hovers of lingering life-breath,
 Let me it catch on my lips." She had spoken and mounted the lofty 685
 Steps, and was clasping her half-dead sister in loving embraces,
 Heaving a moan, and striving to stanch with her vesture the black gore.
 Dido attempted to lift up her drooping eyes, but again sags
 Back ; the inflicted wound but gurgles deep down in her bosom.
 Thrice she uplifting, and, leaning, supported herself on her elbow : 690
 Thrice rolled back on the couch, and sought with her wandering eye-balls
 Light from the lofty heaven, and loudly groaned as she found it.
 Then the omnipotent Juno her long-borne sorrow and painful
 Exit in sympathy pitying, Iris adown from Olympus
 Sends to release her struggling soul from the joints that entwine it, 695
 Since it was neither by fate nor a merited death she was dying,
 But in despair ere her day, and inflamed by a sudden distraction,
 Proserpine had not yet taken away from her forehead the flaxen
 Lock, and relentlessly doomed her spirit to Stygian Orcus :
 Hence on her saffron pinions the dew-clad Iris from heaven, 700
 Trailing a thousand diversified hues from the opposite sunbeams,
 Flitted, and stood overhead : "By commandment this sacred
 Token I carry to Pluto, and out of that body release thee."
 So she exclaims, and with right hand severs the lock ; in an instant
 Glided the glow, and its life on the winds hath forever departed. 705

BOOK V.

Sailing from Carthage, Æneas, on arriving at Drepanum's harbor,
Holds anniversary games at the tomb of his father, Anchises.

MEANWHILE now with his squadron Æneas was holding his mid-way,
Firm in his purpose, and, cleaving the billows made black by the north-wind,
Back on the battlements gazing, which now with unhappy Elissa's
Flames are refulgently gleaming ; yet what was the cause that had kindled
Fires so immense was unknown : but the agonized throes when a mighty 5
Love is debased, and the knowledge of what an infuriate woman
Can do, induce a foreboding of gloom in the breasts of the Teucrans.

Soon as his barks have the broad deep reached, and the land is no longer
Anywhere looming, but everywhere seas and everywhere heaven,
Over his head there impended a darkly cerulean rain-cloud, 10
Bringing on night and a storm, and the wave has grown rough in the darkness
Shouts Palinurus the pilot himself, from aloft on the poop-deck ;
Lackaday ! Wherefore have clouds so portentous enshrouded the welkin ?
What, father Neptune, hast thou in tow." Then having thus spoken,
Bids he them shorten the sails, and to lay right down to the stout oars : 15
Sets he the mainsail oblique to the wind, and thus he discourses:
" Noble Æneas, not even if Jove should himself, as the sponsor,
Promise it, could I Italia hope to attain in this weather.
Shifted athwart us are raging, and out of an ebony sunset
Rising in mass are the winds, and the air is condensed into vapor. 20
We are not even sufficient to buffet, much less to make headway
Merely ; since Fortune o'erpowers us, let us submissively follow :
Let us our course veer whither she beckons. Not far are the seacoasts
Trusty, fraternal of Eryx, I ween, and Sicanian harbors,
If I in mind but correctly remeasure the stars as remembered." 25

Then said the pious Æneas : “ And I, too, have noticed for sometime
 Winds so require, and observe thee abortively striving against them :
 Vary the course with the sails ; can there be to me any more grateful
 Land, or any to which I had rather repair with our storm-beat
 Ships than the land that possesses our ally, the Dardan Acestes, 30
 And in its bosom encloses the bones of my father, Anchises ? ”

When these words have been spoken they steer for the harbor, and welcome
 Zephyrs are stretching the sails, and the fleet is apace o’er the surges
 Borne, and at length they elated are moored to the notable sand beach.

But from afar on a lofty peak of the mountain, Acestes 35
 Wondered at seeing approaching the barks of his allies, and meets them
 Bristling with javelins, and clad in the hide of a Libyan she-bear.
 Him did his Trojan mother, conceived by the river Crimissus,
 Bear, and he, not unmindful indeed of his primitive parents,
 Greets us returning, and joyfully, out of his rural resources, 40
 Welcomes us back, and consoles us aweary with friendly assistance.

When on the morrow a bright clear day had with earliest sunrise
 Routed the stars, from the whole sea-beach does Æneas his comrades
 Summon in council, and thus from the bank of a mound he harangues them :
 “ Dardanus’ mighty descendants, a race from the deities’ high blood, 45
 Months in their order accomplished the round of the year is completed,
 Since the day we consigned the remains and the bones of my sainted
 Parent to earth, and enshrined to his memory altars of mourning.
 Now, if I err not, the day is at hand, which I ever as grievous,
 Ever as honored will keep—Ah ! so have ye deities willed it ! 50
 If I an exile were spending this day in Gætulian quicksands,
 Or if surprised in Argolic sea, or the city Mycenæ,
 Still I my annual vows, and a solemn procession in order,
 There would observe, and his altars endow with appropriate presents :
 Now unawares we are here near the ashes and bones of my parents, 55
 Not without purpose, I ween, not devoid of the deities’ sanction,
 Present, and hitherward wafted we enter the harbor of allies.
 Come then, and let us all celebrate duly the joyous occasion ;
 Let us appease the winds, and so may he suffer me yearly,
 Founding a city, to tender these rites in his consecrate temples. 60
 Two head of cattle apiece to the vessels by number Acestes,
 Troja-begotten, presents you. Your home-gods bid, and your country’s
 Gods, and the gods whom your host Acestes adores, to the banquets.
 Further, if haply the ninth Aurora shall usher a pleasant
 Day unto mortals, and fair shall uncover the world to the sunbeams, 65

I will propose to the Teucrans contests, first of the swift-ships ;
 Whoso is nimble of foot in the race, who is sturdy in vigor,
 Or with the javelin manœuvres the best, or with feathery arrows ;
 Aye, or who ventures to enter a fight with the gauntlet of rawhide—
 All be on hand, and expect the awards of the merited palm-wreath,
 All keep solemnly silent, and circle your temples with chaplets." 70

So having spoken he veils with his mother's myrtle his temples,
 Helymus likewise, and likewise Aeestes maturing in old age,
 Youthful Ascanius, too, whom the rest of the juveniles follow.
 He from the council was going, escorted by numerous thousands, 75
 On to the tomb in the midst of a mighty encompassing concourse.
 Thereat he duly libative a couple of goblets of new-wine
 Pours on the ground, and a couple of fresh milk, a couple of sacred
 Blood ; then scatters he violet blossoms, and thus he bespeaks him :
 " Hail, O deified parent once more, and hail ye his ashes 80
 Rescued in vain, and hail ye spirits and shades of my father !
 'Twas not allowed me to search for Italia's confines and destined
 Meadows with thee, and, whatever it be, the Ausonian Thybris."

Thus had he spoken, when out of the innermost shrine an enormous,
 Slippery serpent has trailed its septuple coils, and its seven-folds, 85
 Calmly embracing the tomb, and gliding around o'er the altars ;
 Azure the streaks on its back, and bespangled a glitter was kindling
 Brightly its scales with gold ; as when on the clouds is a rainbow
 Flashing its thousands of changeable hues from the opposite sun-light :
 Stunned at the sight was Æneas. The serpent at length in a long train 90
 Crawling around through the bowls of libation, and delicate wine-cups,
 Daintily tasted the viands, and back it innocuous into the inmost
 Tomb has retreated, and quitted the altars whereon it had feasted.
 At this, more he renews to his sire the inaugural honors,
 Dubious whether to count it the sprite of the place, or his parent's 95
 Guardian spirit : a couple of yearling ewes he of custom
 Slays, and as many of sows, and as many of bullocks with jet-black
 Backs, and was pouring the wine from the bowls, and the mighty Anchises'
 Spirit invoking—his shades remitted from Acheron's purgus.
 Likewise his comrades, each, as his means would allow him, elated 100
 Offer their presents, and load down the altars, and sacrifice bullocks :
 Others are placing the caldrons in order, and, strown on the green sod,
 Thrusting the coals 'neath the spits, and roasting the flesh of the victims.

Come was the day expected, and Phaëthon's steeds in serenest
 Light were already the ninth Aurora inushering on them : 105

Famous Aceste's renown and name had the neighboring peoples
 Largely attracted : they crowd on the shore in hilarious concourse,
 Some to behold the Æneans, and others prepared for the contests.
 First the awards to the eyes of them all are displayed in the central
 Space of the circus, the sacred tripods, the chaplets of green leaves, 110
 Branches of palm as a prize to the victors, the armor, the vestments
 Dyed with Tyrian purple, and talent of gold and of silver:
 Then, from the central stand, a trumpet announces the games set.
 First with their ponderous oars, as competitors, enter the contest
 Four of the finest keels selected from all of the squadron. 115
 Mnestheus with spirited crew commands the velocitous PRISTIS,
 Later Italian Mnestheus, from whom is the Memmian peerage;
 Gyäs commands the CHIMERA enormous, in bigness enormous,
 Huge as a city, which Dardan youth on a triplet of benches
 Row, and their oars uprise in rowing in triplicate order: 120
 Next is Sergestus, from whom has the Sergian family title,
 Borne in his lumbering CENTAUR : and next, in cerulean SCYLLA,
 Follows Cloänthus, from whom is thy peerage, O Roman Cluëntus.
 Out in the sea at a distance a rock stands fronting the seashores
 Foaming, and which is at times submerged and lashed by the swollen 125
 Surf, when the bleak north-westerns of winter are shrouding the planets ;
 Still when the weather is calm, and uplooms as a plain in the heaveless
 Billow, a spot to the basking cormorants specially welcome.
 Here did the father Æneas a green-leafed goal of a holm-oak
 Branch set up, as a sign to the sailors, to know in the race-course 130
 Whence to return, and about which to double away on the home-stretch.
 Then they select their positions by lot : on the sterns are the captains
 Gleaming afar in their badges of gold and in Tyrian purple:
 Crowned with a poplar wreath are the rest of the youthful contestants;
 Naked their shoulders, and smeared with oil in profusion they glisten. 135
 Seat they themselves on the thwarts, and, with arms extended for rowing,
 Eagerly wait for the signal to start, and a throbbing excitement
 Thrills their exhilarant hearts, and a yearning intense for the prizes.
 Then, when the clear-toned trumpet has given the peal for the starting,
 Haltless they all have leapt forth from their limits: the nautical shouting 140
 Startles the welkin ; the bay, upturned by the stroke of their strained arms,
 Foams, as they side by side cleave open their furrows: the whole main
 Yawns, convulsed by the oars and the beaks of protuberant tridents :
 Not so, precipitous even in matched-span races have chariots
 Grappled the plain, and are rushing away when released from the limits; 145

Not so the charioteers their wavy reins o'er the on urged
 Teams have fluttered, and forward incline in applying their lash-whips.
 'Then, with the clapping and cheering and zest of the favoring backers,
 Rings each grove, and the land-locked shores the reverberant echo
 Roll, and the resonant hillocks resound with the boisterous clamor. 150
 Speeding in front of the others, and gliding away on the first wave,
 'Mid the bustle and cheering is Gyās ; then next him Cloanthus
 Follows superior manned, but his pine-hulk, tardy by dead weight,
 Lags in her speed. Behind these the PRISTIS and CENTAUR, in equal
 Distance, are struggling each to attain the position ahead of the others! 155
 Now has the PRISTIS the lead, and now the huge CENTAUR her rival
 Passes; and now they are both borne onward abreast with their prow-fronts
 Tied, and with long keel plowing the briny shallows together,
 Now they were nearing the rock and were just approaching the goal-point,
 When in the van and a victor, yet right in the midst of a whirlpool, 160
 Gyās upbraidingly loudly addresses his helmsman Menœtes :
 " Whither away so far to the starboard ? Hither direct her ;
 Cling to the shore, let the oar-blades graze the crags to the larboard ;
 Others may keep to the deep." He spake ; but suspicious of hidden
 Ledges Menœtes rounds off the prow to the waves of the deep-sea. 165
 " Whither away again ? Steer straight for the ledges Menœtes,"
 Gyās with shout was recalling, and lo ! he discovers Cloanthus
 Pressing on close in his rear, and taking the innermost passage,
 Right in between the galley of Gyās, and th' echoing rock-reefs,
 Shears he his way inside to the larboard, and shoots of a sudden 170
 By him as leader, and, leaving the goal, is attaining the safe sea.
 Then of a truth did a great grief glow in the bones of the young man,
 Nor did his cheeks lack tears, and he, pitching the sluggish Menœtes,
 Utterly reckless alike of his rank and associate's safety,
 Off of the lofty stern-deck headlong into the ocean, 175
 Seizes himself the helm as the steersman, and himself as the pilot
 Rallies his men, and wrenches the tiller impatiently shoreward.

Meanwhile scarcely at length from the nethermost bottom Menœtes
 Rose, and now clumsy, and old, and dripping in saturate garments,
 Steered for the top of the cliff, and seated himself on the dry rock. 180
 Teucrans derisively laughed at him falling, and laughed at him swimming—
 Laugh at him too as he vomits the salt waves out of his bosom.
 Hereupon hope was enkindled elate in the two who were hindmost,
 Even Sergestus and Mnestheus to pass by the dallying Gyās.
 Foremost Sergestus seizes the place, and is nearing the sharp crag, 185

Yet he is not by a whole keel's length outstretching the leader,
 Leading in part, and in part by her beak does his rival the PRISTIS
 Lap him, but Mnestheus, pacing his ship in the midst of his comrades,
 Rallies them cheerily saying: "Now then, arise to your rowing,
 Comrades of Hector, whom I, in the final disaster of Troja, 190
 Chose as attendants, put ye now forth those redoubtable efforts;
 Now for those spirits which once ye employed in Gætulian quicksands,
 In the Ionian sea, and the hounding waves of Maleä:
 Not for the first prize, I, Mnestheus now aim, nor to conquer I struggle;
 Though O—but let those attain it, O Neptune, to whom thou hast granted : 195
 It were a shame to have come in the last, and, my citizen-comrades,
 Conquer in this, and avert the disgrace." In the height of the contest
 Forward they bend, and the bronzed stern shakes with their vigorous oar-strokes.
 Drawn underneath is the main : then laborious breathing their joints and
 Parched lips quiver, and sweat all over them courses like rivers. 200
 Accident merely secured for the heroes their coveted honor ;
 For, as in frenzy of spirit, he urges his prow to the ledges,
 Farther in shore, and enters too narrow a channel, Sergestus
 Lucklessly struck on the ledges that jutted projectingly outward.
 Jarred are the rocks by the shock, and the oars, on a spur of the coral 205
 Striking, were shivered, and shattered the prow hung over suspended.
 Uprise the sailors together, and loiter in vehement clamor,
 As they their steel-tipped boat-hooks, and pointedly tapering punt-poles
 Ply, and collect in the broken oars from the surf in the whirlpool.
 But the exhilarant Mnestheus, more keen by his very advantage, 210
 Borne by the nimble platoon of the oars, and invoking the breezes,
 Steers for the shore-prone seas, and runs out of the limitless ocean ;
 Just as a pigeon that out of a grotto is suddenly startled,
 Which has a home and precious nests in the honey-combed tufa,
 Hurries in flight to the meadows, and scared from her cover a flapping 215
 Gives with her wings, and then instantly, gliding away on the still air,
 Skims on her liquid way, and moves not her feathery pinions :
 So speeds Mnestheus, and so does the PRISTIS herself through the last waves
 Cleave, so even her impetus wafts her, as if she were flying ;
 And he at once deserts Sergestus aloof on the high crag 220
 Struggling, and calling in vain for assistance amid the contracted
 Shallows, and learning with shattered oars how to run in a boat-race.
 Thence he successfully Gyäs, and e'en the CHIMERA of huge bulk
 Follows : she fails because she has been despoiled of her helmsman.
 Only Cloänthus now is remaining, and he on the home-stretch ; 225

Him does he seek and presses him, tugging with desperate efforts.
 Then does the shouting redouble, and all by their cheers the pursuer
 Stimulate on, and the welkin resounds with the thunder of plaudits,
 These are chagrined their appropriate glory and realized honor
 Not to retain, and would willingly barter their life for applauses: 230
 Those their success but incites: they are able because they are seen to be able.
 Yea, and perchance they had taken the prizes with beaks on an even,
 Had not Cloanthus, with each of his palms outstretched to the ocean,
 Poured forth prayers and in vows the assistance of deities summoned:
 "Gods, whose sway is the ocean, on whose broad plain I am racing, 235
 Gladly to you will I out on the beach, and in front of your altars,
 Offer a snow-white bullock, and, bound by a vow, to the salt waves
 Tender the entrails, and pour out the glowing wine in libation,"
 Spake he, and deep down under the billows the Nereids' choir all
 Heard him, and choir of Phorcus, and Panopea the mermaid: 240
 Farther Portunus himself, with his powerful hand as she comes on,
 Pushes her forward: she fleetier than feathery arrow, or South-wind,
 Speeds to the land, and hath hidden herself in the depths of the harbor.

Then does the son of Anchises, when all are, according to custom,
 Summoned, proclaim by the mighty voice of a herald, Cloanthus 245
 Victor, and wreathes his temples with verdant garland of laurel;
 And he allows him to choose three bullocks, and wine, and a massive
 Talent of silver as presents to carry away to the vessels.
 Now on the captains themselves he confers their distinguishing honors;
 First to the winner a gold-wrought mantle, around which abundant 250
 Ran Melibœan purple in duplicate wavy meander:
 Woven within it is royal Ganymede seen, as on leafy
 Ida he worries in chase with his javelin the rollicking roebuck
 Eager, as one who is panting; whom high from the summit of Ida
 Jove's swift armor-bearer hath seized in his talony clutches: 255
 Elderly wardens are seen uplifting their hands to the planets
 Vainly, and vainly the barking of dogs is assailing the welkin.
 But to the one, who in turn has attained by his merit the second
 Place, he a corslet injointed in gold with its delicate triple
 Rings, which himself from Demoleus had, on the banks of the rapid 260
 Simois, close by imperial Ilium, stripped as a victor,
 Gives for the hero to wear as a badge and protection in battle:
 Scarce were his servants Phegeus and Sagaris able to bear it.
 Fold upon fold, on their shoulders, yet in it Demoleus erewhile
 Clad was accustomed to drive, in pursuing the scattering Trojans. 265

He, as the third prize, tenders a couple of caldrons of bronze-work,
 Goblets of silver elaborate wrought and embossed with devices.
 So they were all now rewarded with presents, and, proud of their treasures,
 They were departing with fillets of purple adorning their temples,
 When scarce cleared from the merciless crag by a skillful manœuvre, 270
 Back with the loss of his oars and completely disabled in one tier,
 Was the unhonored Sergestus steering his ridiculed galleys:
 Just as at times a serpent, arrested in crossing a highway,
 O'er which obliquely a brass-tired wheel has passed, or a footman
 Left it stunned by a heavy blow, or crushed by a cobble, 275
 Vainly essaying to flee, it wriggles its body in lengthy contortions,
 Fierce in a part, and on fire in its eyes, and uplifting its hissing
 Wattles on high, and a portion disabled by bruises, retards it,
 Struggling in twisted knots, and writhing itself in its members:
 Such was the rowing by which his vessel was slowly proceeding. 280
 Still he makes sail, and under full sail he enters the offing:
 Yet does Æneas award to Sergestus the promised bestowment,
 Glad that his vessel is safe, and his comrades returning uninjured.
 To him is given a slave, expert in the work of Minerva,
 Pholoë, Cretan by birth, and her twins at her breast are included. 285
 After this contest is over, the pious Æneas directs his
 Way to a grass-grown plain, which on all sides forests on curving
 Hillocks were girding, and where in the midst of a vale was a theatre's
 Race-course; whither the hero, escorted by numerous thousands,
 Bore himself on, and amid the assembly sat down on a platform. 290
 There if perchance there were any who wished to contend in the rapid
 Race, he invites their souls with rewards, and proposes the prizes.
 Teucrans assemble around, and Sicanians also commingle;
 Nisus withal and Euryalus foremost:—
 Famed was Euryalus far for his form and his youth in its freshness, 295
 Nisus for loving regard for the boy: next following these came
 Princely Diöres, descended from Priam's illustrious household;
 Salius also, and Patron, of whom Acarian one was,
 And of Arcadian blood from the tribe of Tegæa the other;
 Two Trinacrian youths, and Helymus, Panopes also, 300
 Both to the forests inured, the attendants of aged Acestes;
 Many besides these entered whom fame in obscurity buries.
 Thus in their midst at length did Æneas address the contestants:
 "Take these words in your souls, and allow me your joyous attention:
 None of this number shall go unrewarded by me from the contest: 305

I will a couple of Gnosian darts that glitter with burnished
 Steel give each, and inlaid with silver to carry a pole-axe:
 This one honor shall be to you all; but the prizes the foremost
 Three shall receive, and their heads shall be wreathed with the yellowish olive;
 But let the principal winner a steed with magnificent trappings 310
 Have; and the second a rich Amazonian quiver with Thracian
 Arrows filled, which a broad-sized baldric of gold is embracing
 Round, and a buckle, with jewel of tapering bevel, attaches.
 But let the third go content with this single Argolican helmet."
 When these words have been spoken, they take their stand, and the signal 315
 Heard, in an instant they take to the track, and, the barrier quitting,
 Poured like a hurricane-cloud, as together they signal the goal-mark.
 Nisus is taking the lead, and afar in advance of all persons
 Starts off swifter than wind, and fleetier than wings of the lightning:
 Nearest to him, yet the nearest by interval ample between them, 320
 Salius follows; then after them, leaving a space intervening,
 Third is Euryalus:—
 Helymus follows Euryalus; then, but approaching him closely,
 Lo ! flits onward, and heel upon heel now brushes Diore,
 Bending down over his shoulder, and if more space were remaining, 325
 Gliding ahead he may pass him, or leave him a dubious winner.
 Now almost at the end of the track they were wearily drawing
 Near to the goal, when Nisus unluckily slips in the slimy
 Blood, that had there, as it chanced when the sacrificed bullocks were slaughtered,
 Flowed on the ground, and had thoroughly moistened the herbage about it. 330
 There did the youth, as a winner already exulting, his footsteps
 Hold not, but just as the soil was trodden he stumbled
 Headlong into the filthy manure, and the gore of the victims:
 Yet was he not of Euryalus, nor their attachments forgetful;
 For on the slipperiness rising he threw him in Salius' pathway: 335
 He, too, stumbled, and rolled over back on the clotted arena.
 Dashes Euryalus on and as winner secures, by his comrade's
 Kindness, the lead, and flits, amid clapping and favoring plaudits.
 After him comes in Helymus: now has Diore the third prize.
 Salius here fills all the immense amphitheatre's concourse, 340
 Yea, and the front row views of the fathers with vehement clamors,
 Asks that the honor by artifice stolen be duly restored him.
 Popular favor Euryalus shields, and his diffident weeping—
 Lovelier even the worth when it comes in a beautiful person.
 Backs him Diore also, and proclaims it in vehement language, 345

Who has attained to the prize, yet in vain has he come to the lowest
Meeds, if to Salius are to be rendered the principal honors.

Then said Father Æneas : " To you shall remain your bestowments
Certain, my lads, and none shall unsettle the order of prizes;
But it is proper to pity our innocent neighbor's misfortunes." 350

So as he spake, he the monstrous skin of an African lion
Tenders to Salius, shaggy with mane and embellished with gilt-claws.
Here said Nisus: " If such are the prizes awarded the vanquished;
If thou dost pity the fallen, then, prithee, what worthy bestowments
Wilt thou on Nisus confer, who had merited fairly the first crown, 355
Had not on me, as on Salius lit an inimical mishap? "

And he at once was, on these words, showing his face, and his limbs all
Daubed with the sticky manure. At him the excellent father
Laughed, and commanded a shield to be brought, Didymaön's production.
Once by the Danaäns plucked from the door-posts sacred of Neptune: 360
He the illustrious youth rewards with this elegant present.

After the races were finished, and he has awarded the prizes:
" Now in whose bosom soever are present the courage and spirit,
Let him stand forth and uplift his arms with his hands in the gauntlets."
So he exclaims, and a two-fold honor propounds for the combat; 365

Unto the victor a bullock with gold and ribbons enveloped,
But, as relief to the vanquished a sword and magnificent helmet.
Pause there is none, but straightway Dares, of marvelous vigor,
Offers his features, and lifts him the hero mid mighty applauses,
He who alone was wont to contend in encounter with Paris, 370
He, too, who once at the tomb, where reposes the mightiest Hector,
Boldly the champion, Butes, of stature immense who was loudly
Boasting as coming from Amycus' noble Bebrycian peerage,
Leveled, and stretched out moribund there on the yellow arena.

Such at the outset does Dares his tall head lift for the combat, 375
While he his broad-set shoulders displays and alternately lunges,
Thrusting his arms out forward and thrashes the air with his fist-blows.

For him a rival is sought, nor does any one out of that vast throng
Dare to advance on the hero and vest his hands with the gauntlets.
Hence he exulting, and thinking that all from the prize were withdrawing, 380
Stood up in front of the feet of Æneas, no longer delaying,

Then he with left hand seizes the bull by the horn and he thus speaks:
" Goddess-born, since none dares hazard himself in the contest,
What is the use of my waiting? How long have I need to be holden?
Order the presents produced." And at once the Dardanians all were 385

Shouting and ordering up to the hero the pledges surrendered
 Hereat Acestes, with words upbraidingly lashes Entellus,
 As he had seated himself on the green grass sofa beside him :
 " Prithee, Entellus, once counted, though vainly, the bravest of heroes,
 Wilt thou so tamely allow such presents, without an encounter, 390
 Carried off? Where is that god of ours now, that pretendedly famous
 Eryx, thy master? And where through all Trinacria bruited,
 Where is thy fame? And where are those spoils in thy dwelling suspended?
 He at this: " Neither hath love of applause, nor my glory departed,
 Beaten by fear, but my blood runs dull, by the slowness of old age 395
 Chilled, and my worn-out muscles alike are benumbed in my body.
 Ah! if I had what I once possessed, and in what yon pretender
 Vaunts so defiant, if now I had only the vigor of youthhood,
 I would in sooth, uninduced by the price and the beautiful bullock,
 Enter the lists; I stand not on presents." He then, as he thus spake, 400
 Flung in the midst a couple of gauntlets of frightfully heavy
 Weight, in which the redoubtable Eryx was wont to present his
 Hand in the fights, and to brace his arms in their sinewy rawhide.
 Stunned were their souls; for seven enormous hides of the largest
 Oxen were rigid with lead and iron inserted within them. 405
 Dares himself is before all startled, and shrinking refuses;
 Whilst the magnanimous son of Anchises the weight and prodigious
 Folds of their fastenings tries, as he turns them over and over.
 Then such recitals as these did the old man bring from his bosom :
 " What if any one here had beheld the gauntlets and armor 410
 Worn by Hercules' self, and had witnessed the awful encounter
 Here on this beach! Once Eryx, thy kinsman, was wielding these weapons,
 Aye, thou canst even yet notice the stains of blood, and the spattered
 Brains: with these he resisted the mighty Alcides; to these, too,
 I was accustomed while hardier blood was imparting me vigor, 415
 Ere yet envious old age sparsely was blanching my temples:
 But if the Trojan Dares refuses our armor, and this sets
 Well with the pious Æneas, and patron Acestes approves it,
 Let us make equal the fights: I give up the rawhide of Eryx—
 Banish alarm—and do thou put off, too, the gauntlets of Troja!" 420
 Thus as he spake, he threw back from his shoulders his duplicate mantle,
 Stripped bare the mighty joints of his limbs and his arms and his mighty
 Bones, and he stood forth there as a giant amid the arena.
 Then did the father, the son of Anchises, present them with equal
 Gauntlets, and fitted the palms of them both with analogous armor 425

Forthwith erect and on tiptoe each champion took his position ;
 Dauntlessly each extended his arms to the breezes above him ;
 Back they afar have withdrawn their towering heads from the lunges ;
 Hands they immingle with hands, and they challenge each other to combat,
 This one is quicker in moving his feet and reliant on youthhood ; 430
 That one is strong in his limbs and in bulk, but his faltering knees give
 Way as he totters, and difficult breathing is quaking his vast joints.
 Many a wound do the champions bootlessly toss to each other ;
 Many on hollow flank they redouble, and vast the resounds they
 Yield from the breast, and incessantly round the ears and the temples 435
 Wanders the hand, and under the hard wound crackle the jaw-bones.
 Firmly Entellus stands, and in one immovable posture,
 Only with body and vigilant eyes he parries the weapons.
 Dares, as one who is storming a high-walled city with engines,
 Or under arms is beleaguering castles entrenched in the mountains ; 440
 Now he through these, now those approaches and every position
 Wanders with tact, and by varied assaults unavailingly presses.
 Rising on tip-toe Entellus his right hand showed, and hath lofty
 Raised it, and Dares the coming blow from above in an instant
 Sees, and, slipping aside with a lurch of his body, he dodged it. 445
 Wasted Entellus his strength on the wind, and losing his balance,
 Heavy himself, he heavily down to the earth by his vast weight
 Falls ; as at times falls, either on mount Erymanthus, or mighty
 Ida, a hollowed out pine-tree torn from its roots in a tempest.
 Teucrans and youths of Trinacria anxiously rise in a body ; 450
 Up goes a shout to the welkin, and running Acestes the foremost
 Pitying lifts up his friend from the ground, who in age is his equal ;
 But the hero undaunted, nor even disheartened by falling,
 Fiercer returns to the fight, and his anger arouses his vigor ;
 Then does chagrin and his conscious ability kindle his courage, 455
 Wrathfully drives he Dares precipitous over the whole plain,
 Lunges redoubling, now with his right and now with his left hand.
 Pause there is none, nor a respite : as tempests with plentiful hailstone
 Rattle away on the roofs ; so does the hero with lunges incessant,
 Often with each hand batter and buffet the champion Dares. 460

Then did the father Æneas permit their wrath to proceed no
 Farther, nor suffered Entelles to rave in his violent passions ;
 But he imposed an end to the combat, and the wearied out Dares
 Rescued, consoling him kindly with words, and thus he bespeaks him :
 “ Luckless, what marvelous madness has seized thy presumptuous spirit ? 465

Dost thou perceive not thine energies alien and duties adverse ?
 Yield to the god." He spake, and by voice put a stop to the combat.
 But his faithful associates lead him, dragging his languid
 Knees, and tossing his head on each shoulder, and vomiting clotted
 Gore from his mouth and his knocked out teeth, too, mixed with the blood-flow. 470
 Back to the vessels ; and when they are called they his sword and his helmet
 Take in his stead, and resign to Entellus the palm and the bullock.
 Hereat o'erflowing in spirits and proud of the bullock the victor :
 " Goddess-born, and ye Teucrans," said he, " now know ye what sturdy
 Strength I possessed in my frame as it was in its juvenile vigor, 475
 And from what imminent death ye have rescued the respited Dares."
 Spake he, and stepped up fronting the face of the opposite bullock,
 Which was at hand as the prize in the combat, and, drawing his right hand
 Backwards, he leveled between his horns the unmerciful gauntlet,
 Towering, and dashed it right into the bones and the fragmented bram-pan 480
 Sprawling out lifeless, and quivering, prostrate the bull to the ground falls.
 He, though, over him pours out strains like these from his bosom:
 " This I, O Eryx, a life that is better—a proxy for Dares—
 Render thee: here I a victor surrender my art and the gauntlets !"
 Straightway Æneas invites to contend with the feathery arrow 485
 Those who may chance to be willing, and places before them the prize ;
 And with his own stout hand he a mast, from the ship of Sergestus,
 Rears, and attached to a cord thrust through it a fluttering pigeon,
 At which to direct their steel, he suspends aloft from the mast-head.
 Round have assembled the men, and a brazen helmet the shuffled 490
 Lots has received, and before them all with a favoring plaudit
 Out comes Hyrtacus' son, Hippocoön's privileged first-place ;
 Next to him, Mnestheus, of late in the naval contest a victor,
 Follows, the Mnestheus but recently crowned with a garland of olive ;
 Third is Eurytion, thine own brother, O glorious archer 495
 Pandarus, who when formerly ordered to rupture the treaty,
 First in the midst of Achaians defiantly hurledst a weapon.
 Last in the helmet's bottom there settles the lot of Acestes ;
 He, too, has dared with his hand to attempt the achievement of young men
 Then do the champions, each for himself, with intensified vigor, 500
 Bend their flexible bows, and draw out their shafts from the quivers.
 First through the sky from the twanging bow-string Hyrtacus' youthful
 Son's launched arrow asunder lashes the piniony breezes ;
 Aye, and it comes, and is fixed in the wood of the opposite mast-head.
 Quivered the mast, and fluttered in fear on her pinions the frightened 505

Soarer, and all sides rang with the din of the boisterous plaudit.
 Next stood Mnestheus alert with his bow drawn up to position,
 Aiming aloft, and together directed his eyes and the weapon:
 But he unluckily could not the bird itself with his steel-tip
 Touch, and yet he has severed the knots, and the hempen attachments, 510
 By which held fast by the foot she was hanging on high from the mast-head:
 Flitting away she has flown on the south-winds up in the dark clouds.
 Then did Eurytion rapidly, just then holding his bent bow
 Stretched all ready, in vows call loud on his brother, and closely
 Watching the pigeon elate in the vacant heaven, he shot her 515
 Under the black mist, just in the effort of flapping her pinions.
 Dropped she dead, and away in the stars of æther abandoned
 Life, and in falling she brings back fixed in her body the arrow.
 All alone, with the prize lost, still was remaining Acestes,
 Who notwithstanding discharges his shaft on the volatile breezes; 520
 Showing the father his skill, if no more, and the twang of his bowstring.
 Here on their eyes is a sudden prodigy thrust, and of mighty
 Augury; afterwards did a momentous catastrophe teach them,
 Though too late did the terrified soothsayers sing of its omens;
 For from the bow as it flitted, the reed took fire in the liquid 525
 Clouds, and it signalled its passage by flames, and back on the gentle
 Breezes receded consumed; as oft when unsettled the stars shoot
 Over the heavens, and trail as they flit an effulgence behind them.
 Awed in their souls the Trinacrian heroes and Trojan embarrassed
 Stood, and besought the supernals: the chieftain Æneas the omen 530
 Did not however reject, but, embracing the joyous Acestes,
 Loads him at once with magnificent presents, and thus he bespeaks him:
 "Take these, father, for under such auspices surely the mighty
 King of Olympus hath willed thee to draw an exceptional honor.
 Thou shalt this guerdon possess of even the aged Anchises, 535
 Yes, this wine-crock moulded with figures, which Thracian Cisseüs
 Once to my father Anchises had given to bear, as a royal
 Present, away as memento and pledge of his special affection."
 Having thus spoken he circles with verdant laurel his temples,
 And in the presence of all proclaims Acestes the principal winner: 540
 Nor does the noble Eurytion envy the privileged honor,
 Though he alone shot down from the lofty heaven the prize-bird.
 Next he proceeds with the gifts to the one who has snapped the attachments,
 Last to the one who, with feathery reed, perforated the mast-head.
 Now does the father Æneas, the games not being yet ended, 545

Summon before him the guard and attendant of beardless Iulus,
 Ipytus' offspring, and thus in his trusty ear he speaks him:
 "Hasten, and say to Ascanius, if he has ready around him
 Now his battalion of boys, and has practised his cavalry charges,
 Let him lead out his troops, and in armor parade in his grandsire's 550
 Honor," he said. He himself commands the ingathering people
 All to retire from the ring, and the commons to be unobstructed.
 In ride the boys, and they side by side in the presence of parents
 Shine on their close-curved chargers, and so, as they march in procession,
 All Trinacria's youngsters, and Troja's, admiringly cheer them. 555
 Each one's locks are adorned with a neat-trimmed chaplet in fashion;
 Each one carries a couple of steel-tipped lances of cornel:
 Some on their shoulders have polished quivers, and over each bosom
 Passes around the neck a gold-braided flexible necklace:
 Three in number the cavalry squads, and three their commanders 560
 Galloping to and fro, and the twice six boys who attend them
 Glitter in parted battalion, as trim as their drilling instructors.
 Little pet Priam is leading one line of exhilarant youngsters,
 Bearing the name of his grandsire, thine eminent offspring, Polites,
 Destined to strengthen Italia: him does a Thracian charger 565
 Carry, bespotted with patches of white, and white in his fore-feet
 Fetlocks, and showing off lofty his fair white forehead superbly.
 Second was Atys—whence Latins have drawn the Atian peerage—
 Little pet Atys, a boy who as boy was endeared to Iulus.
 Last, but the fairest of all in the grace of his form, was Iulus, 570
 Riding a splendid Sidonian steed, which the beautiful Dido
 Gave him to be a memento and pledge of her special affection:
 But the rest of the youth on Trinacrian steeds of Acestes
 Aged are mounted:—
 Dardans the timid ones welcome with cheers, and in gazing upon them 575
 Gladden, and recognize in them the features of elderly parents.
 After they all have elate the assembly, and eyes of their kindred,
 Passed in paraded review on their chargers, then ready the signal
 Ipytus' son with a shout at a distance gave, and his whip cracked.
 Mated they galloped apart, but the threes have dissolved their battalions, 580
 Ranked them in separate squads, and again, when receiving the order,
 Wheeled them about, and as foemen presented their weapons for action:
 Thence they engage in successive advances and counter advances,
 Facing with spaces between them, and circle in circle alternate
 Tangle, and skirmishing fight as in armor the sham of a battle. 585

Now they uncover their backs in retreat, and now, as if charging,
 Level their lances, and now, peace settled, they ride off together:
 Just as the labyrinth once in the mountainous Crete, it is stated,
 Had by its blind walls woven a way and its intricate winding
 Maze of a thousand passages, where but a single unnoticed 590
 Irretrievable error bewildered the marks of pursuing:
 So, in their mimic encounters the sons of the Trojans their footsteps
 Tangle, and weave their retreats and engagements in sportive manœuvre:
 Just as the dolphins which often through watery seas in their swimming
 Cleave the Carpathian or Libyan deep, and desport in the billows. 595
 This entertainment of tilting, and these rencounters repeated
 First Ascanius, when he was Alba Longa with ramparts
 Girding, and taught to the earlier Latins their proper observance,
 Just as he had when a boy, and with him the youngsters of Troja
 Learned them; the Albans instructed their children, and so in succession 600
 Mightiest Rome has received and retained the ancestral amusement:
 TROJA it now is entitled, the boys are the TROJAN BATTALION.
 Thus far the games were observed to his deified father Anchises.

Here for the first did changeable Fortune dishonor her pledges;
 While at the tomb they solemnities render in various pastimes, 605
 Down from heaven Saturnian Juno dispatches on errand
 Iris to Ilium's fleet, and she breathes on her breezes in going,
 Pondering much, for unsatisfied yet was her primitive grievance.
 Speeding, unnoticed by any, her way on her bow of a thousand
 Colors, she hastens adown with a vanishing trail, as a virgin. 610
 Scans she the mighty assembly, and takes a survey of the sea beach;
 Sees she the harbors deserted, and squadron of vessels forsaken.
 But in the distance the Trojan matrons, apart on the lonely
 Strand, were bemoaning the loss of Anchises, and all were in weeping
 Gazing intent on the fathomless ocean. "Alas! and how many 615
 Shoals, and how much of the sea to the weary remains!" is the common
 Wail of them all: they entreat for a city; they loathe to encounter
 Toil on the deep. Hence she plunges, not wholly unpracticed in mischief,
 Boldly among them, and doffing the mien and attire of a goddess,
 Takes the disguise of Beroë, Ismarian Doryclus' aged 620
 Wife, who of yore had family rank, and renown, and an offspring.
 Thus transformed she intrudes in the midst of Dardanian matrons:
 "Wretches are we," she exclaims, "whom Achaia's hand in the warfare
 Did not drag unto death 'neath the walls of our country. O! nation
 Ever forlorn! Lo what desolate ruin does Fortune reserve thee? 625

Now is the seventh summer recurring since Troja's destruction,
 Yet we are carried through straits, and all lands, and so many outlandish
 Ledges in measuring stars, and while we pursue o'er the mighty
 Sea the forever escaping Italia, are rolled on the billows !
 Here are the confines of brotherly Eryx, and friendly Acestes; 630
 Who prohibits our founding us walls, and giving our townsmen
 Cities ? O country, and home-gods fruitlessly snatched from the foemen !
 Will there no longer be ramparts entitled the Trojan ? O shall I
 Never the rivers of Hector, the Xanthus and Samois see more ?
 Come now the rather, and with me burn these unprosperous vessels; 635
 For in my slumbers appearing the phantom of seeress Cassandra
 Seemed to present me with blazing torches: " Here seek for a Troja;
 Here is your home," she exclaims, " and now is the time to be doing:
 Linger not after such portents. Lo ! here are four altars of Neptune,
 Yea, and the deity's self supplies us with torches and spirit ! " 640
 Thus she, haranguing them, seizes at once in a frenzy a fire-brand
 Hostile, uplifting her right hand high and straining, she swings it,
 Hurls it afar ! Amazed are the minds and astounded the hearts of
 Ilium's matrons. Then one of the throng, and the eldest of any,
 Pyrgo, the royal nurse of Priam's numerous children: 645
 " Mothers, no Beroë this, as ye think her: no Rhætian consort
 She of Doryclus: notice the signs of divinity's glory,
 Notice the burning eyes, and observe what a spirit is in her:
 Mark what a face, and the tones of her voice, or her gait in her going !
 I but a little ago from Beroë parted and left her 650
 Sick, and bemoaning that she should alone be deprived of this pious
 Service, and could not bring in to Anchises the merited honors."
 Thus did she speak:—
 But the matrons, at first perplexed, and with eyes of malignance
 Gazed on the galleys, misgiving between the solicitous yearning 655
 Felt for the present land, and the kingdoms by destiny calling:
 When through the heavens the goddess, upsoaring on balancing pinions,
 Cleaves in her flight on the clouds the magnificent arch of a rainbow.
 Then they in sooth awestruck by the wonders, and driven to frenzy,
 Clamor together, and snatch from the hearths of their dwellings the fire-brands; 660
 Some are despoiling the altars, and branches and bushes and faggots
 Heaping together. Vulcan with reins thrown loose is careering
 Over the thwarts, and the oars, and the painted decking of fir-wood.
 Quick to Anchises' tomb and the theatre's staging, Eumelus
 Carries the news that the ships are on fire, and themselves as they look back 665

See the fuliginous cinders flitting about in the smoke-cloud.
 Foremost Ascanius, as he was gaily his cavalry charges
 Leading so eager on horseback, galloped away to the troubled
 Camps, and not even his breathless instructors were able to check him.
 "What new frenzy is this? At what now, at what are you aiming, 670
 O ye contemptible citizens? You are not foemen and hostile
 Camps of the Argives—you are but foolishly burning your own hopes!
 See me, your own Ascanius!" Down at their feet he his empty
 Helmet flung, which he wore in the game when engaged in the sham fight.
 Hurries Æneas at once, and at once, too, the throng of the Teucrans: 675
 But in their panic the dames, now everywhere over the sea beach
 Scattering, scamper, and stealthily scud to the woods, and, if any,
 Cavernous rocks. Ashamed of their deed and the light, they repentant
 Own their acquaintances: Juno has been dislodged from their bosoms.
 But, notwithstanding, the flames and the fire their untamable vigor 680
 Staid not, but under the saturate oak-beams smoulders the oakum,
 Slowly disgorging the smoke, while the smothered glow of combustion
 Crumbles the keels, and the havoc descends through the whole of the hulk frames:
 Neither the vigor of heroes nor inpoured streams are availing.
 Then did the pious Æneas, tearing his robe from his shoulders, 685
 Call on the gods for their aid, and his palms outstretch in entreaty:
 "O omnipotent Jove, if not yet wroth at the Trojans
 E'en to a man, and thy primitive mercy on human distresses
 Looks with compassion, O grant that the fleet may escape the combustion,
 Father, and rescue from ruin the slender affairs of the Teucrans: 690
 Or what alone remains, with vindictive thunderbolt send me,
 If I deserve it, to death, and o'erwhelm me here with thy right hand."
 Scarce had he uttered this, when with a deluging shower a murky
 Tempest inordinate rages, and tremble with thunder the headland
 Heights and the plains, and from æther throughout there is bursting a rain storm 695
 Turbid with water, and lurid, and densely surcharged with the South winds.
 Filled are the sterns from above, and the half-burnt timbers of live-oak
 Flooded, till all of the glow is extinguished, and all of the vessels,
 Four of them missing excepted, are saved from the terrible havoc.
 But the father Æneas, appalled by the grievous disaster, 700
 Shifted now here and now there in his bosom the mighty dilemma,
 Pondering whether to settle now down in Sicilian moorlands,
 Mindless of fates, or endeavor to reach the Italian confines.
 Then the elderly Nautes, whom only Tritonian Pallas
 Taught, and rendered distinguished in many an art of divining— 705

He who was giving responses, both those which the dieties' mighty
Wrath was portending, and those which the order of fate was demanding—
He, by these kindly expressions consoling Æneas, commences:

"Goddess-born, let us follow where destinies draw or withdraw us;
Be what it may, each fortune must be overcome by endurance. 710
Thou hast the Dardan Acestes, of issue divine, for reliance,
Take him in counsels as ally, and join him a willing assistant;
Leave him the crews who remain from the lost ships, those who have weary
Grown of the mighty adventure, and tired of sharing thy fortunes,
Old and decrepit men, and women aweary of ocean; 715
Go, too, whatever is feeble with thee, and is feeble of danger
Cull, and the homesick let in these regions have permanent ramparts:
By a permissible name they shall title their city ACESTA."

Fired by such startling words of his elderly friend is Æneas:
Then of a truth he in soul is in all of his troubles distracted. 720
Dark Night, too, by his span upwafted, was mounting the zenith;
Downward from heaven the phantom appeared of his parent Anchises
Gliding, and such the expressions he seemed of a sudden to utter:
"Son, once dearer to me than my life, while life was remaining,
Wearied and worried, my son, by Ilium's fated misfortunes, 725
Hither I come by the mandate of Jupiter, who from thy squadrons
Warded the fire, and from heaven at length has had pity upon thee;
Follow the excellent counsels, which now the experienced Nautes
Gives thee; the pick of the youth, and the hearts that are bravest
Bear to Italia: hardy the race, and rude in their culture, 730
Thou must subdue in Latium: ere it, however, to Pluto's
Mansions infernal approach, and down through the depths of Avernus,
Son, an interview seek with me; for neither does dismal
Tartarus hold me, nor shadows of gloom, but I dwell with the happy
Throngs of the blest in Elysium: here shall the virtuous Sibyl 735
Lead thee, by sacrifice made in a bountiful slaughter of black sheep:
Then shalt thou learn of thine issue throughout, and what cities are destined.
Now for the present, farewell; for the dew-damp night is its mid course
Rounding, and Orient ruthless hath breathed with its panting chargers upon me."
So had he spoken, and vanished as smoke on the ambient breezes. 740

"Whither art rushing so soon," said Æneas, "and whither art hasting?
Whom dost thou flee, or who forces thee hence from our offered embraces?"
Uttering this he rekindles the embers and smouldering fire-brands,
Worships the Patrons of Pergamus, and at the shrine of the hoary
Vesta, devoutly with consecrate meal and a plentiful censer. 745

Straightway he summons his comrades, and specially aged Acestes;
 Tells them the mandate of Jove, and the charges direct of his cherished
 Parent, and what now deep in his soul is the sentiment settled:
 Pause there is none in their plans, nor refuses Acestes the orders.
 They for a city the matrons enroll, and the people who wish it 750
 Set they apart, and the souls in no need of distinguishing glory.
 Thwarts they in person repair, and replace in the shipping the oaken
 Timbers consumed by the flames, and rig out the oars and the halyards:
 Scanty in number, but theirs is a valor alive for a warfare.
 Meanwhile Æneas marks out with a plow his associates' city, 755
 Portions out homes by lot, and the wards this Iluim, that Troja,
 Bid he be localized. Trojan Acestes is pleased with his kingdom,
 Forms he a forum, and senators summoned, he gives them his statutes.
 Then on the summit of Eryx, and nigh to the stars is a temple
 Planned to Idalian Venus, and priest for the tomb, and a grove-plot 760
 Sacred far and wide to the name of Anchises is added.

Now has the whole clan nine-days festival kept, and the service
 Done at the altars; the halcyon breezes have leveled the waters:
 Freshly the South-wind breathing invites them again on the ocean.
 Loud is the wailing that rises along the out-widening sea-beach; 765
 Linger they night and day in reciprocal parting embraces:
 Now do the self-same matrons and men, to whom lately the sea's face
 Seemed so repulsive and unendurable even to mention,
 Long to depart and encounter all the distress of the voyage.
 Whom now the noble Æneas is cheering with friendly expressions, 770
 Whilst he in weeping commends them in trust to his kinsman, Acestes.
 Bids he them then three heifers to Eryx, a lamb to the Tempests
 Slaughter, and orders the hawsers one after another unfastened.
 Then he, enwreathing his head with a neat-trimmed garland of olive,
 Standing out far on the prow, upraises a bowl and the entrails 775
 Casts in the briny billows, and pours out a flowing libation.
 Rising astern there pursues them a breeze as they go from the harbor:
 Eager his comrades lather the sea as they sweep o'er the waters.

But in the meantime Venus, oppressed by her troubles, addresses
 Neptune, and pours from her bosom complaint in language of this sort: 780
 "Juno's annoying resentment and ever insatiate bosom
 Force me, O Neptune, to stoop unto even the humblest entreaties;
 Neither does length of days, nor piety any appease her,
 Nor does she rest, though worsted by fates and by Jupiter's mandate:
 In her fell hate to have wasted the Phrygians' medial nation's 785

City, and dragged it through every punishment, is not sufficient;
She must the remnants, and ashes, and bones of annihilate Troja
Persecute: she the causes may know for such rancorous fury.

Thou art my witness thyself what a turmoil she late of a sudden
Roused in the Libyan billows, and all the seas with the heavens
Mingled in vain in reliance on Æolus' stormy tornadoes—

795

Dared to do this in thy realms, too:—

Lo! she maliciously, even by goading the matrons of Troja,
Basely hath burned their vessels, and thus, by the loss of their squadron,
Forced them to leave in an unknown land a part of their comrades.

795

What yet remains, I beseech thee, allow them to spread on the billows
Safely their sails, and permit them to reach the Laurentian Thybris;
If what I seek is conceded, if destinies grant them those ramparts."

Then the Saturnian lord of the deep sea uttered this answer:

"It is entirely right, Cytherean, to trust my dominions,

800

Whence thou derivest thy birth: I desire it, moreover, for often
Have I restrained their rage and such madness of heaven and ocean,
Nor has the less on the land—let Xanthus and Simois witness—

Been thine Æneas my charge. When Achilles in battle pursuing

Pressed to the walls of the city the frightened battalions of Troja,

805

Many a thousand consigned he to death, and the rivers repleted

Groaned, and the Xanthus could open no passage, nor onward itself roll
Into the sea; then Æneas, encountering dauntless Pelides,

Neither with gods nor his energy equal, I snatched in a hollow

Cloud, although I intended to raze to their very foundations,

810

Laid though they were by mine own hands, perjured Troja's defences.

Now, too, my purpose continues persistent: dispel thy misgiving;

Safe shall he reach, as thou wishest, at length the port of Avernus.

There shall be only one, whom lost thou shalt seek in the surges:

One head thus shall be given for many:—"

815

When by these words he hath soothed the elated breast of the goddess,

Couples the father his coursers in harness of gold, and the frothy

Bridles applies to the beasts, and all the reins from his hands flings.

Light o'er the crest of the waters he flies in cerulean state-car:

Billows subside, and under his thundering axle the surface,

820

Heaved by the waters, is laid, and from limitless æther the clouds scud.

Then troop manifold forms of his retinue, monsters enormous

Elderly chorus of Glaucus, Palæmon the offspring of Ino,

Swiftly careering Tritons, and all of the army of Phorcus;

Thetis is holding the left, and Melite, too, and the mermaid

825

Panope, Nesæ, Spio, Cymodoce, Thalia also.

Here are enrapturing pleasures alternately thrilling the anxious
Mind of the father Æneas, and quickly he orders the mainmasts
All to be raised, and the mainyards stretched with sails to the utmost.
All have together the main sheet set, and united the port tacks 830
Loosed, and the starboard now ; they together are shifting the tall yards,
To and fro : their own gales onward are wafting the squadron.
There in the van of them all Palinurus was leading the dense-packed
Line, and to him were the others commanded to steady their courses.

Now had the dew-damp night attained almost to the midway 835
Limit of heaven, and weary the mariners, stretched on the benches,
Under their oars, were relaxing their limbs in a peaceful quiescence,
When light gliding adown from the planets ætherial Slumber
Clave through the tenebrous air and disparted the shadows before him,
Aiming for thee, Palinurus, to thee inoffensive conveying 840
Ominous slumbers : the god sits down on the tip of the stern-post,
Just like Phorbas, and pours from his mouth these subtile palavers :
“ Palinure, son of Iäsius, the sea’s self carries the vessels ;
Steady the breezes are blowing, the hour is devoted to quiet ;
Pillow thy head, and from labor inveigle thy wearying eye-balls : 845
I for a little myself will discharge thy duties by proxy.”
Scarcely uplifting his eyes, Palinurus responsive bespeaks him :
“ Dost thou the look of the placid brine, and the quieted billows
Bid me ignore, and commit myself to that terrible monster ?
How can I trust Æneus in sooth to the treacherous breezes ? 850
I, who so oft have been tricked by the freaks of the halcyon heavens ? ”
Such were the words he was lisping, and firmly and fast to the tiller
Never was loosing his hold, and was keeping his eyes on the planets.
Lo ! the god then a bough, all dripping with Letheän dew-drops,
Made soporific by Stygian spell, over both of his temples 855
Waves, and relaxes his nictating eyes as he strives to resist it.
Scarce had the quiet unnoticed unnerved his joints for the moment,
When he leaning down over him pitched him, with part of the stern-post
Wrenched with the rudder itself, off headlong into the liquid
Billows, though often and vainly calling aloud on his comrades : 860
Whilst he, bird-like flitting, upsoared on the ambient breezes.
Safe none the less on its voyage does the fleet speed over the waters,
Borne by the promise of father Neptune unterrified onward.
So it was now, onwafted, approaching the crags of the Sirens,
Dangerous once, and white with the bones of many a shipwreck ; 865

Then with the ceaseless surf from afar were resounding the hoarse rocks,
When the father Æneas perceives that is roving the drifting
Bark, with her helmsman lost ; and he steers her himself on the night waves,
Frequently sighing, and shocked in his soul by the fate of his comrade.
“ O too confidingly trusting the sky and the halcyon ocean,
Thou on an unknown strand, Palinurus, art lying unburied ! ”

BOOK VI.

**Landing at Cumæ. Æneas repairs to the shrine of Apollo:
Thence, by the Sibyl conducted, he visits his father in Hades :**

Thus he in weeping speaks, and, resigning the reins to his squadron,
Glides on safely at length to the borders of Eubæan Cumæ.
Turn they seaward the prows ; then anchor with grapple tenacious
Firmly was mooring the ships, and in line are their curvated stern-posts
Fringing the shores. Outleaps on Hesperia's beach the exultant 5
Band of the warriors ; part of them seeds of flame in the flint's veins
Hidden are seeking ; and others are scouring the forests, the wild beasts'
Clustering lairs, and are noting the rivers already discovered.

But in the meantime, the pious Æneas repairs to the castles,
Over which lofty Apollo presides, and afar to the cloisters— 10
Cavern immense—of the awful Sibyl, whose mind and whose spirit
Mighty the Delian prophet inspires, and discloses the future:
Now are they entering Trivia's groves, and her aureate mansions.

Dædalus--such is the legend--in fleeing the kingdom of Minos,
Daring to venture himself on impetuous pinions to heaven, 15
Floated along his unwonted way to the icy Arcturus,
Until he gently alighted at length at the castle of Chalcis.
Soon as restored to these lands, he to thee, O Phœbus, devoted
Duly his oarage of wings, and established magnificent temples,
Carving Androgeos' death on the doors: then the people of Cecrops 20
Ordered as penalty yearly—a pity !—to offer their children's
Bodies by sevens as victims : the urn, too, it set for allotments ;
Opposite, raised o'er the sea, corresponding are Gnosian highlands:
Here Pasiphaë's barbarous love for a bull and its make-shift
Carved, and her hybrid offspring, double in body, the mongrel 25

Minotaur, monuments all of the amours of infamous Venus.
 Here is that toil of a house, and its range of impossible exit;
 But, in compassion indeed for the passionate love of the princess,
 Dædalus' self unraveled the puzzle and maze of the structure,
 Piloting Theseus' steps by a thread; and, in such an achievement, 30
 Thou, too, O Icarus, hadst, if his grief had permitted, a large place
 Holden: he thrice had attempted to model in gold thy disaster;
 Thrice too, had fallen thy father's hands. They would doubtless have all things
 Thoroughly scanned with their eyes had Achates, sent forward beforehand,
 Not now arrived, and the priestess of Phœbus and Trivia with him, 35
 Daughter of Glaucus, Deiphobé, who thus addresses the monarch:
 "Sights like these for itself the present occasion demands not;
 Now from the unyoked herd it were better to sacrifice seven
 Bulls, and as many of yearling ewes punctiliously chosen."

Having thus spoke to Æneas—nor linger the men in the service 40
 Ordered—the priestess the Teucerans invites to her towering temples,
 One vast side of Euboïcan rock hewn out in a cavern,
 Whither a hundred spacious approaches converge, and a hundred
 Mouths, whence issue as numerous voices, the Sibyl's responses.
 They to the threshold have come, when the maiden: " 'Tis time to be seeking 45
 Fates," she exclaims, "the god, lo! the god!" And as thus she is speaking
 Fronting the doors, of a sudden her visage and color have altered;
 Staid not her tresses in trim, but her bosom is heaved, and her wild heart
 Swells with a frenzied excitement, and grander becomes her appearance:
 Not as a mortal's her tones, inasmuch as she now, by a nearer 50
 Awe of her god was inspired: "Art thou ceasing thy vows and entreaties,
 Trojan Æneas?" she said, "art ceasing? for yawn not the spell-bound
 Mansion's ponderous portals till then." And she having thus spoken
 Hushed into silence! A shivering shudder has run through the Teucerans'
 Stiffening bones, and their king pours prayers from his innermost bosom: 55
 "Phœbus, who always hast pitied the grievous afflictions of Troja,
 And hast directed the hands and Dardanian weapons of Paris
 Once to Alcides' body, I under thy guidance have traversed
 Many a sea that encompasses mighty lands, and have distant
 Tribes of Massylians seen, and the meadows that border the Syrtes, 60
 Now are we grasping at length the retreating Italia's confines
 Thus far only may Troja's disastrous fortune have chased us.
 You, too, now have permission to spare the Pergamean nation,
 All ye gods and goddesses also, to whom were obnoxious
 Ilium once, and Dardania's mighty glory, and thou most 65

Reverend prophetess, versed in the future, O grant me—I ask not
 Kingdoms not due to my fates—that the Teucrans in Latium settle—
 They and their wandering home-gods, and Troja's divinities restless:
 Then unto Phœbus and Trivia will I a temple of solid
 Marble establish, and festival days in honor of Phœbus. 70
 Thee too, O maiden, do shrines magnificent wait in our kingdoms;
 For I will here thine oracular lots and the fates, in concealment
 Told of my nation, deposit, and consecrate guardians chosen,
 O thou benign one: Only commit not thy verses to leaflets,
 Lest they disordered may flit at the sport of the fluttering breezes; 75
 Chant thou thyself, I beseech thee." Thus made he an end of his speaking.

But not yet in subjection to Phœbus, the prophetess wildly
 Raves in her cavern, if she may be able to shake from her bosom the mighty
 Deity off; but he only the steadier worries her, rabid
 Mouth, and controlling her fierce heart molds her at will by repressing. 80
 Now have spontaneous opened the mansion's hundred enormous
 Portals and out on the breezes conveying the prophetess' answers:
 "Thou who at length hast accomplished the mighty adventures of ocean,
 But there are mightier waiting on land; to Lavinium's kingdoms
 Dardanus' children shall come: this solicitude send from thy bosom; 85
 But they shall wish they had not come: battles! O horrible battles!
 Looming I see, and the Thybris all foaming with plenteous carnage:
 Nor shall a Samoïs there, nor a Xanthus, nor Dorican camp grounds
 Fail thee. Another Achilles e'en now is in Latium ready,
 He, too, the son of a goddess; nor shall there to Teucrans an added 90
 Juno be wanting; then which of Italian Nations or cities
 Wilt thou, in needy condition, not humbly entreat for assistance?
 Cause to the Teucrans of evil so great shall again be a foreign
 Bride, and again an extraneous marriage:—
 Yield not, however, to evils, but go thou the bolder against them 95
 Far as thy fortune allows thee. The earliest passage of safety,
 Little as thou dost imagine it, lies through a city of Grecians."

Such were the words in which from her sanctum the Sibyl of Cumæ
 Chants her appalling enigmas, and makes her cavern rebellow,
 Shrouding the truth in obscurity: Such are the reins that Apollo 100
 Over her shakes in her fume, as he burrows his spurs in her bosom.
 Soon as her fury hath ceased, and her mad lips settled quiescent,
 Thus commences the hero Æneas: "No species of hardships
 Longer, O maiden, arises before me as strange or unlooked for:
 All things have I foreknown, and in soul have already endured them. 105

One thing special I crave, since here, it is said, that the gate-way
 Stands of the monarch infernal and refluxent Acheron's dark pool :
 Let it be mine to go down to the sight and the face of my cherished
 Father, and teach me the way and the sacred avenues open.
 Him I have even through flames, and a thousand up-following weapons 110
 Caught on my shoulders, and rescued him out of the midst of the loemen.
 He hath attended my journey ; with me he was braving the dangers
 All of the sea, and all of the threats of the ocean and heavens,
 Weak as he was, and beyond e'en the strength and allotment of old-age ;
 Nay it was he, that I seek and as suppliant hie to thy threshold, 115
 He who was giving me charges. O pity the son and the father
 Kindly, I pray thee, for thou canst do all things : Hecaté hath not
 Utterly vainly appointed thee over the groves of Avernus.
 Surely if Orpheus once could summon the shade of his consort,
 Trusting alone to his Thracian lyre, and melodious harp-strings, 120
 Aye, and if Pollux redeemed, by alternately dying, his brother,
 Going and coming this journey so often—and why should I mention
 Theseus the great, or Alcides?—my race is from Jupiter highest."

Such were the words in which he was praying and clasping the altars,
 When thus 'gan speak the prophetess: "Sprung from the blood of the great gods, 125
 Trojan son of Anchises, descent to Avernus is easy,
 Nights and days stands open the portal of hideous Pluto,
 But to retrace one's steps, and return to the air of the day-light,
 This is a drudgery, this is a labor. But few whom impartial
 Jove hath esteemed, and whom glittering worth hath exalted to heaven, 130
 Sons of the gods, have achieved it : O'er all intermediate spaces
 Forests abound, and with dark flood gliding Cocytus surrounds them.
 But if so keen is the zest of thy mind, and so earnest thy longing
 Twice to sail over the Stygian lake, and twice on the dismal
 Tartarus look, and if pleased to indulge in the crazy endeavor, 135
 Heed what first must be done. On a shadowy tree in the wild woods
 Nestles a bough, that is golden alike in its leafage and plant
 Stem, and regarded as sacred to Juno infernal : the whole grove
 Screens it, and shadows enclose it around in the darkening valleys.
 But it is granted to none to go down in earth's gloomy recesses, 140
 Save as he first shall have plucked from its tree this golden-haired offshoot.
 This hath the graceful Proserpina strictly ordained as a special
 Gift to be brought her. When one has been taken another as golden
 Fails not, but sprouts there frondescient a scion of similar metal.
 Therefore go trace it on high with thine eyes, and, when duly discovered, 145

Pluck it by hand ; for it freely and easy will follow, if haply
 Fates are inviting thee ; otherwise thou by no possible efforts
 Canst overcome it, or wrench it away with the hardest of iron.
 Furthermore lifeless is lying the corpse of thy friend, though alas! thou
 Knowest it not, and by death it is tainting the whole of thy squadron, 150
 Whilst thou art seeking responses and hanging afar on our threshold :
 Carry him first to his home, and in sepulchre fitting entomb him ;
 Bring black sheep, and be these thy precursory propitiations :
 So shalt thou gaze at length on the Stygian groves and the kingdoms
 Barred to the living." Spake she and closing her lips she was silent. 155

Fixing his eyes on the ground, and with countenance saddened Æneas
 Strides forth, quitting the cavern, and pensively ponders the mystic
 Issues alone in his mind : his companion, the faithful Achates,
 Paces along, and his footsteps plants in an equal abstraction.
 Much they in varied discourse were discussing the one with the other, 160
 Which of their comrades the prophetess spoke of as lifeless, whose body
 Ought to be buried : but when they have come they behold on the dry beach
 Lying Misenus, removed by a death undeserving—Misenus
 Æölus' son, than whom none other was abler in rousing
 Men with his trumpet, and kindling with music the spirit of warfare. 165
 He had the mighty Hector's associate been, and by Hector's
 Side had contended in battles, renowned for his bugle and war-spear.
 After Achilles as victor had plundered the life of his chieftain,
 Had the redoubtable hero as comrade to Dardan Æneas
 Added himself, thus following no inferior fortunes : 170
 But then haply, while making the waters resound with his hollow
 Conch-shell, dazed by his music, he challenges gods to a contest.
 Triton in jealousy—if it be worthy of credence—surprising
 Plunges the man in the midst of the rocks in the lathery surges.
 Hence were they all there mourning with dolorous wailing around him, 175
 Chiefly the pious Æneas. So then the commands of the Sibyl,
 Pauseless they hasten in tears to perform, and a sepulchre's altar
 Vyingly gather of trees, and they heap it up even to heaven.
 Sally they out in the primitive forests, the haunts of the wild-beasts :
 Down fall the pines, and the holly resounds with the strokes of their axes, 180
 Timbers of ash, and the cleavable oak are with beetle and wedges
 Split, and they roll the enormous wild-ash down from the mountains.
 Foremost among them Æneas, amid such laborious service,
 Cheers his companions, accoutred as they with the tools of a woodman :
 But with himself in his own sad heart he is pondering these things, 185

Scanning the limitless forests, and audibly thus he beseeches :

" O that that golden bough on its tree would reveal us itself now,
Here in so boundless a wood, inasmuch as the prophetic all things
Truly of thee, O Misenus, alas ! but too truly hath spoken !"

Scarcely had he uttered these words, when it chanced that a couple of pigeons 190
Came, and under the champion's own eyes, flying from heaven,
Settled adown on the green sod : then does that mightiest hero
Recognize these, as the birds of his mother and gladly entreats them :

" Be ye my guides, if there be any way, and your course through the clear air
Kindly direct in the groves, where the rich bough shadows the fertile 195
Soil, and, O parent divine, in my burdened perplexity fail not

Then to befriend me." And having thus spoken he slackened his foot steps,
Watching what tokens they bring him, and where they continue to hover.

Feeding along they proceeded only so far in their flying,
As that the eyes of pursuers could keep them in sight in the distance. 200

Then when the pigeons have come to the jaws of the noisome Avernus,
Swiftly they soar aloft, and gliding adown through the liquid

Air they alight at their coveted roosts on the top of a twin-tree,
Whence through the branches the changeably dazzling glitter of gold flashed ;
Just as the mistletoe often is wont in the forests in winter's 205

Coldness to bloom, with a freshness of foliage such as its own tree
Yields not, and wreathes with a yellow florescence the tapering tree-trunks :

Such was the look of the foliaged gold as it stood on the shading
Holly, and so in the whispering breezes was crackling the gold-foil.
Forthwith seizes Æneus, and eagerly severs, the clinging 210

Stock, and conveys it within the abode of the seeress, the Sibyl.

Meanwhile no less for Misenus the Teucrans were out on the sea-beach
Weeping, and paying their last respects to insensible ashes.

First they a pyre enormous, constructed of resinous pitch-pine
Faggots, and split oak-wood, and entwine its sides with the sombre 215
Greens, and along its front the funereal cypresses closely

Range in rows, and adorn it above with his glittering armor.
Part of them lukewarm liquids, and flame-heated summering caldrons
Briskly prepare, and they bathe and anoint the remains of the cold dead.
Wailing is made : then they back his bewept limbs lay on a mattress ; 220

Over them tenderly spread they his purple apparel, his well-known
Vestments. A part have the cumbersome bier uplited, a mournful
Service, and, turning their faces away in the style of their parents,
Held out the lighted torch ; and the piled up presents of incense,
Viands, and vessels of out-poured oil are together cremated. 225

After the ashes have settled away and the flame hath subsided,
 When they have washed with wine the remains, and the bibulous embers,
 Then Corynæus enclosed the collected bones in a bronze urn.
 Thrice did the same man bear pure water around his companions,
 Sprinkling with sprayey dew and a branch of proliferous olive, 230
 And so lustrated the men, and pronounced the final expressions.
 But the pious Æneas imposes a mound of stupendous
 Size, and implants the arms of the hero, his oar and his trumpet,
 Under a breezy mount, which is called, from the hero, MISENUS
 Still, and the name it shall hold on down through the ages forever. 235

These things properly finished, he follows the Sibyl's instructions.
 There was a cave profound and vast, with an opening enormous,
 Scraggy, and screened by a murky lake and the gloom of the thickets,
 Over which could there no flying creatures on pinions a passage
 Risk with impunity, such was the exhalation that, pouring 240
 Out of its blackened jaws, uprose to the vault of the heavens:
 Whence have the Grecians applied to the place the name of AORNOS.
 Here does the priestess initially four young bullocks with black backs
 Range in a row, and the wines libatively tip on their foreheads,
 Plucking with care from between their horns the conspicuous bristles, 245
 Puts she them into the sacred fires as initial libation,
 Loudly on Hecaté calling in heaven and Erebus potent.
 Others the butcher-knives place 'neath the victims' throats, and the warm blood
 Catch in the basins: Æneas himself, too, a lamb with a black-hued
 Fleece to the mother of Furies, to Night, and her powerful sister 250
 Slays with his own sword, and to thee, O Proserpina, also a barren
 Heifer: then, rearing him altars by night to the Stygian monarch,
 Heaps in their flames whole carcasses solid of sacrificed bullocks,
 Pouring the rich olive-oil above on the smouldering entrails.
 But lo! just as the glimmer appeared of the earliest sunrise, 255
 Under their feet did the ground begin to rumble, the wooded
 Hills to be moved, and the hell-hounds seemed to howl in the darkness,
 Signs of the goddess approaching: "Away, O away ye unhallowed!"
 Screeches the prophetess, "stand ye afar from the whole grove!
 But march thou on thy way, and unsheathe thy sword from its scabbard; 260
 Now is there need, O Æneas, of bravery, now of a stout heart."
 So much spake she, and furious dashed in the wide-open cavern!
 He with no timorous steps keeps pace with his guide as she marches.

O ye deities, whose is the empire of souls, and ye silent
 Spectres, and Chaos, and Phlegethon, realms wide hushed in the midnight, 265

Be it my right to relate what was heard; and, under your sanction,
Mine ~~be~~ to reveal things merged in the depths of the earth and in darkness.

Dimly, in lonesome night, they were wending along through the shadows,
On through the vacuous mansions, and phantom kingdoms of Pluto:
Such by the glimmering moon-light, under its ghastly malignant
Glare, is a journey in forests, when Jove has the heavens
Shrouded, and ebony night has abstracted their color from objects. 270

Fronting the vestibule space, in the outermost purlieus of Orcus,
Grief and vindictive Remorse have established their merciless couches;
There, too, are pallid Diseases abiding, and piteous Old-age, 275
Fear, and depravity tempting Famine, and squalid Privation:
Frightful their forms to behold! There Death, and Drudgery irksome
Crouch, then Death's blood-relative, Sleep, and depravely alluring
Lusts of the mind, and mortiferous War on the opposite threshold:
There the Eumenides' steel-cased chambers, and riotous Discord, 280
Wreathing her viper hair with the gory fillets of carnage.

Right in the vestibule's centre an elm-tree shadowy, monstrous
Stretches its branches and olden arms, which they tell us that vain dreams
Hold as their roost, and under each leaf of its foliage nestle.
Numerous monsters, moreover, of various beasts in the door-ways 285
Stand in their stalls, the Centaurs, and bi-formed Scylla, and hundred
Handed Briarius; there, too, the hideous Hydra of Lerna,
Horribly hissing; and, armed with her flames, the unsightly Chimera;
Gorgons, and Harpies, and form of the three-bodied Geryon spectre.
Hereupon, quaking with sudden affrightment, Æneas his steel sword 290
Seizes, and offers its keen edge drawn, as they sally upon him;
And did his sage companion not warn him that they are but thin ghosts,
Bodiless flitting about in the hollow disguise of a phantom,
He would in vain rush on them, and sever the shades with his sabre.

Hence is the road which conducts to Tartarean Acheron's billows; 295
Here, all turbid with mire, and immense in its eddy, a whirlpool
Surges, and all of its sand disembogues full into Cocytus.
Charon, the horrible ferryman, guards these waters and currents,
Frightful in squalor; upon whose chin a most plentiful, grizzly
Beard is reposing unkempt, and in flame stand glaring his eye-balls: 300
Down by a knot from his shoulders is hanging a slovenly mantle:
Shoves he his craft with a pole, and attends himself to the sails, too,
And in his wherry ferruginous ferries the carcasses over.
Elderly now, but lusty, and green is the deity's old age.
Hither adown to the banks was the whole throng streamingly rushing. 305

Matrons and men, and with life completed the bodies of noble
 Heroes, and boys, and girls unmarried, and youths who have been laid
 Out on the funeral pile before, and in presence of parents,
 Thick as the loosening leaves that fall by the early autumnal
 Frosts in the forests; or thick as the birds from the fathomless surges 310
 Clustering flock to the land, when the chill of a rigorous winter
 Hurries them over the deep, and sends them to sunnier regions:
 There they were standing beseeching to cross o'er the channel the foremost,
 Stretching their hands toward the margin beyond with a pitiful longing;
 But now these, and now those is the grim-faced boatman receiving, 315
 Whilst from the strand removed he is keeping the rest at a distance.
 Spake then Æneas, for wondered he much, and was moved by the tumult:
 "Tell me," saith he, "O maiden, what meaneth this rush to the river?
 What do the spirits desire? or by what distinction are these here
 Leaving the margins, and sweeping with oars the tenebrious waters?" 320
 Then did the long-lived priestess responsive thus briefly address him:
 "Child by Anchises begotten, of gods an undoubted descendent,
 Thou dost the deep pools see of Cocytus, and Stygian quagmire,
 By whose divinity gods are afraid to swear and be faithless:
 All this throng which thou dost discern is forlorn and unburied: 325
 That is the ferryman, Charon; those borne o'er the wave are sepultured:
 Nor is it granted him over the horrible banks, and the roaring
 Currents to ferry them. ere their remains have in sepulchres rested.
 Round these shores, for a hundred years, they wander and hover;
 Then they at length, when admitted, revisit these coveted waters." 330
 Paused the Anchises-begotten, and silently slackened his footsteps,
 Pondering much, and he pitied in soul their unequal allotment.
 There he discovers dejected, and lacking funereal honors,
 Noble Leucaspis, and leader of Lycia's squadrons, Orontes,
 Whom together from Troja o'er waters tempestuous wafted, 335
 South-winds whelmed, engulfing in water the ship and its heroes.

Lo! Palinurus, his pilot, himself was advancing to meet him,
 Who had of late on the Libyan voyage, while watching the planets,
 Off from the stern-deck pitched, outsprawled in the midst of the billows.
 Him, when he knew him, though scarcely demure in the thickening shadows, 340
 Thus he abruptly addresses: "Ah! which of the gods, Palinurus,
 Snatched thee from us, and plunged thee deep in the midst of the waters?
 Tell me, I pray, for Apollo, who never before was fallacious
 Found, in this single response alone hath deluded my spirit,
 Who was descanting that thou shouldst be safe on the deep, and at length wouldst 345

Come to Ausonia's confines. Is this, then, the faith that he plighted?"
 But he : " Neither in sooth hath the tripod of Phoebus deceived thee,
 Son of Anchises our leader, nor yet hath a god in the waters
 Plunged me ; for wrenched by a terrible force I the helm, as it happened,
 To which I as watchman appointed was clinging and guiding our course, 350
 Dragged precipitous with me. I swear by the turbulent high sea,
 That for myself did there no such fearful solicitude seize me,
 As lest, stripped of equipments, and reft of her helmsman, the vessel
 Founder defenseless, when billows so awful were surging around her.
 Three wild wintry nights on the boundless expanse did the South-wind 355
 Violent waft me in water, and scarcely I, e'en at the fourth dawn,
 Sighted Italia, high as I rose on the uppermost billows.
 Slowly I swam to the land, and already was reaching a refuge,
 Had not the barbarous nation, while still by my saturate garments
 Weighted, and clutching with claw-hands fast to the caps of the mountain, 360
 Roughly attacked me, and ignorant deemed me an object of plunder.
 Surges now hold me, and wild winds whirl me about on the sand-beach :
 Wherefore, by heaven's enjoyable light, and its breathable breezes,
 O, by thy sire I entreat, by the hopes of the rising Iulus,
 Rescue me, O thou invincible one, from these tortures, and either 365
 Heap on me earth, for thou canst, and revisit the Velian harbors,
 Or, if there be any way ; if the goddess who bore thee hath showed thee
 Any—for not, I am certain, without the deities' sanction
 Art thou essaying to sail on such streams, on the Stygian quagmire—
 Grant me thy right hand wretched, and bear me with thee o'er the billows. 370
 That I at least in death may repose in agreeable quarters."

Thus he had spoken, when thus in responding the seeress proceeded :
 " Whence this so unaccountable yearning of thine, Palinurus ?
 Wilt thou, unburied, on Stygian waters, and river relentless
 Gaze of Eumenides ? Or to its margin unbidden adventure ? 375
 Cease thou to hope that the deities' fates can be changed by entreating,
 But take mindful these words, as a solace of grievous disaster ;
 For the contiguous nations, far and wide through their cities,
 Shall, by celestial prodigies moved, to thy bones an atonement
 Render, and rear thee a tomb, to thy tomb shall they annual honors 380
 Pay, and the place shall retain the name PALINURUS forever."
 So by these words were his troubles removed, and his grief for a little
 Checked in his sorrowful heart : he is pleased with a land of his own name.

Therefore their journey begun they pursue, and approach to the river.
 Soon as the ferryman spies them, thence from the Stygian billows, 385

Coming through silent woods, and directing their steps to the margin,
 Thus in advance with commands he assails them, and challenges promptly :
 " Whosoever thou art, who armed art bound to our river,
 Quick say, why art thou come, now there, and slacken thy footsteps ;
 ' This is the region of shades and of sleep, and of slumberous midnight ; 390
 Live men's bodies it is not allowed me to waft in my Stygian wherry.
 I was not pleased in the least that I here on the lake at his coming
 Welcomed Alcides, nor Theseüs, yea and Pirithoüs likewise,
 Though they were sprung from the gods, and possessed an invisible power ;
 For with his hand he attacked the Tartareän sentry, and dragged him 395
 Trembling in fetters away from the very throne of our sovereign,
 They e'en essayed from her chamber to carry the mistress of Pluto !"
 Briefly responding to these the Amphrysian seeress addressed him :
 " No such stratagems here, so abstain from excitable passion ;
 Nor do our weapons mean force : let the janitor huge, in his cavern 400
 Barking eternally, frighten these bloodlessly shivering spectres ;
 Let, too, the chaste Proserpina keep in the home of her uncle.
 Trojan Æneas, for piety famous and famous in armor,
 Down to the nethermost shadows of Erebus goes to his father,
 If no ideal of such an example of piety moves thee, 405
 Yet this bough—She discloses the bough concealed in her vesture—
 Surely thou knowest." Then settles his heart from its tumefied anger.
 Spake they no more than these ; but he, gazing in awe on the wondrous
 Boon of the fateful spriglet, beheld now after a long time,
 Turns his cerulean stern to the bank, and approaches the landing. 410
 Thence he the other souls, that were seated along on the benches,
 Hustled, and, clearing the gangways, welcomes at once to his shallop
 Mighty Æneas. His seam-stitched skiff, weighed down by the burden,
 Groaned, and crevicy bilges a plentiful puddle of water.
 Safely at length he over the current the seeress and hero 415
 Lands, in the horrible mire in sea-green sedge on the margin.
 These are the realms huge Cerberus makes to resound with his three-mouthed
 Barking, reclining enormous in bulk in the opposite cavern.
 Seeing his necks now just beginniug to bristle with adders,
 Promptly the seeress a cake, soporific with honey and drugged fruits, 420
 Flings him : he, opening widely his three throats rabid with hunger,
 Snatches the out-thrown sop, and relaxes his haunches enormous,
 Sprawled on the ground, and is stretched out huge in the whole of the cavern.
 Seizes Æneas the pass, and, the sentinel buried in slumber,
 Quickly escapes from the bank of the irreturnable billow. 425

Presently voices are heard as of crying, and loud was the wailing,
 Spirits of weeping babes in the outermost porch of the threshold,
 Whom, of their sweet life cheated and snatched from the breast, has a doleful
 Dark day taken away, and o'erwhelmed in a bitter removal.
 Near them were these unto death condemned on a flimsy indictment, 430
 Yet not without an allotment or judge are their stations assigned them :
 Minos as arbiter shuffles the urn, and he summons a silent
 Court of the dead, and judicially learns of their lives and indictments.
 Then next places the sad ones hold, who have on them a death-doom
 Guilelessly brought by their own rash hands, and have, loathing the day-light, 435
 Thrown their lives away ; but how willingly now in the upper
 Air they would bear destitution, and undergo rigorous hardships ;
 Justice debars, and the loathsome pool, with its hideous billow,
 Bids, and the Styx, nine times interveningly flowing, restricts them.
 Not far hence there are shown them, extending in every direction, 440
 Plains of mourning, for so by a name distinctive they call them ;
 Here those, whom uncontrollable love has with cruel consumption
 Wasted, secluded retreats conceal, and a forest of myrtle
 Screens them around ; for not even in death do their troubles forsake them.
 In these localities Phædra, and Procris, and sad Eriphylé 445
 Showing the wounds of her murderous son, he deseries, and Evadne,
 Yea, and Pasiphaë also, and with them, Læodamïa
 Comes their attendant, and Cæneüs, young man once, but a woman
 Now, and again transformed by fate to his primitive figure.
 Mid them, fresh from her wound, the Phœnician Dido was roaming 450
 Out in the limitless forest : as soon as the hero of Troja
 Stood near by her, and knew her, as seen through the darkening shadows
 Dimly, as one who sees on the first of the month, or who vaguely
 Thinks he has seen the moon through the clouds, he in swelling emotion
 Let fall tears, and in tones of tender affection addressed her : 455
 " Ill-fated Dido, was then the intelligence true that had early
 Reached me, that thou wert no more, and had courted thy end with a sabre ?
 Was I, alas ! the cause of thy stabbing ? I swear by the planets,
 Nay, by Supernals, and Faith, if there any exists in the deep earth,
 Solemnly that I, O Queen, unwillingly quitted thy seaboard. 460
 But the commands of the deities, which now force me to journey
 Down through these shadows, through places infested with mould and profoundest
 Night, by their orders compelled me : I could not believe I upon thee
 Brought such incredible sorrow as this by my hurried departure.
 Slacken thy pace, and withdraw not thyself from our sight as offended : 465

Whom art thou fleeing? for this is the last that by fate I address thee."

By such words was Æneas essaying her fiery, and fiercely

Glouring spirit to soothe, and was wakening tears of compassion.

She was retaining her eyes fixed firm on the ground in aversion;

No more moved is her face by the speech he attempted than if she

470

Stood unimpressible flint, or a crag of Marpeseän marble.

Off she has started at length, and disdainfully back to the shady

Wood has precipitate fled, where Sychæus, her husband aforetime,

Kindly responds to her cares, and reciprocates loving attachment.

Nevertheless does Æneas, appalled by her grievous disaster,

475

Follow her weeping afar, and he pities her sore as she leaves him.

Thence he continues the journey allowed; and anon they were reaching

Farthermost fields, where secludedly gather the famous in warfare.

Here runs up to him Tydeüs; there the distinguished in armor

Parthenopæüs, and yonder the spectre of palid Adrastus:

480

Here by survivors the greatly bewept, and in battle the fallen

Dardans of old, o'er whom he, beholding them all in a long line,

Sighs, e'en Glaucus, and Mendon, Thersilochus, too, and the three brave

Sons of Antenor, and sacred to Ceres her priest, Polyphœtes;

Yea, and Idæüs to even his armor and chariot clinging.

485

Round him on right hand and left stand eagerly thronging the spirits:

Once to have seen him suffices them not; it delights them to linger

Long, and to walk by his side, and to learn the intent of his coming.

Danaän nobles, however, the Agamemnonian cohorts,

When they the man, and his glittering armor, beheld through the shadows,

490

Tremble with marvelous terror: part in their panic their backs turn;

Just as they formerly hied to their vessels: a part an enfeebled

Utterance raise, the attempted vociferance baffles the gapers.

But he the offspring of Priam, Deïphobus here, with his whole frame

Brutally mangled, beholds, and his features, his cruelly haggled

495

Features, and both of his hands, and his temples despoiled of his severed

Ears, and his nostrils gashed by an ignominious sword-cut,

So that he hardly knew him in chringing and hiding his shameful

Tortures from sight; and in well-known tones he abruptly accosts him:

"Valiant Deïphobus, born from the blood exalted of Teucer,

500

Who hath desired to inflict such a barbarous punishment on thee?

Who was allowed such a tyranny over thee? Rumor that last night

Brought me the tidings that, wearied by slaughter immense of Pelasgi,

Thou hadst sunk down slain on a heap of promiscuous carnage:

Then I myself on the coast of Rhœtëüm reared thee an empty

505

Tomb, and I thrice in vociferous utterance called on thy spirit :
 Guarding the spot are thy name and thine armor; but, friend, I could neither
 See thee, nor lay thee departing to rest in the land of thy fathers."
 To which Priam's son : " Nothing, O friend, unto thee was remaining;
 All to Deiphobus, and to his shades in funereal service 510
 Thou hast discharged; but my fates, and Lacedæmon Helen's atrocious
 Crime in these woes have o'erwhelmed me : she these mementoes hath left me;
 For how we, in the midst of delusive rejoicings, that last night
 Spent, thou hast known, and too well it must need have been kept in remembrance,
 When the calamitous horse, at a bound, over Pergamus beetling 515
 Came, and pregnant a full-armed infantry bore in its belly.
 She simulating a dance, was the Bacchanal Phrygian women
 Leading around in their orgies, herself in their midst was a huge torch
 Swinging, and beckoning Danaëns in from the heights of the castle.
 Then, all exhausted by cares, and encumbered by slumber, the ill-starred 520
 Marital chamber possessed me, and lying a sweet and unbroken
 Quiet, the image of placid death, overcame me unconscious.
 Meanwhile my excellent spouse all armor removes from my mansions,
 Yea, and had even withdrawn from my head my reliable broad-sword :
 Into my home she invites Menelæus, and opens the thresholds, 525
 Hoping, forsooth, it would prove a magnificent gift to her lover,
 And that thus might be quenched the disgrace of her former offenses.
 Why do I linger ? They burst in my room—the inciter of mischief,
 Æolus' son as confederate also is added. Ye gods, on the Grecians
 Visit such deeds, if with pious lips I demand the requital ! 530
 But, come, tell me in turn, what hap can have brought thee, a live man,
 Hitherward ? Comest thou wasted by wanderings hither of ocean ?
 Or by behest of the gods ? What fatality drives thee to visit
 Dismal and sunless abodes, the places of gloom and disorder ? "

Mid these reciprocal speeches Aurora, in roseate state-car, 535
 Now in ætherial circuit had passed the meridian zenith ;
 Yet they perchance had protracted thus all their allowable season,
 But his companion, the Sibyl, admonishing, briefly addressed him :
 " Night is advancing, Æneas : we fritter the hours in bemoaning.
 Here is the spot where diverges in either direction the highway ; 540
 This on the right leads down to the ramparts of powerful Pluto ;
 This is our way to Elysium : but on the wicked the left hand
 Pains for offenses inflicts, and to impious Tartarus sends them."
 Answers Deiphobus : " Be not indignant, O generous priestess,
 I will depart, and the number complete, and return to the darkness. 545

Onward, our glory, on, and enjoy thy superior fortunes."

Thus much spake he, and then at the word he reverted his footsteps.

All of a sudden upglances Æneas, and under a cliff on the left hand

Sees broad battlements loom, by a tripple enclosure surrounded,

Which, with its torrent of flame, the Tartarean Phlegethon's rapid

550

River encircles, and hurls the reverberant rocks on its current.

Fronting are ponderous portals, and columns of adamant solid—

Such as no power of man, nor are even the dwellers in heaven

Able to shatter with steel : there is standing a turret of iron

Towering in air, and Tisiphoné, sitting begirt with a gory

555

Mantle, the vestibule night and day unslumbering watches.

Groans are distinctly heard from within, and resounding relentless

Lashes : then clanking of iron as of prisoners dragging their fetters.

Halted Æneas, and clung to the spot overawed by the uproar :

" Tell me what species of crimes, O maiden, are these, or to what dire

560

Penalties are they subjected ? And what such a wail on the breezes ? "

Then 'gan the seeress to speak thus : " Illustrious chief of the Teucrans,

No one pure is permitted to tread on that criminal threshold :

But when Hecaté stationed me over the groves of Avernus,

She herself taught me the deities' penalties, led me through all parts.

565

These most rigorous realms Rhadamanthus the Gnosian governs,

Scourges and audits deceits, and confession extorts for whatever

Crimes committed while living by any, who glad of a flimsy

Shift has deferred till too late, till o'ertaken by death their atonement.

Forthwith there the avenger Tisiphoné, armed with a knot-whip

570

Lashes insulting the culprits, and, over them fierce in her left hand

Brandishing serpents, invites in the merciless troop of her sisters.

Then are the cursable portals at length, on their horrible hinges

Gratingly thrown wide open. And dost thou discern what a warden,

Sits in the vestibule ~~What~~ What an appearance is guarding the threshold !

575

See, with its fifty venomous mouths the anomalous Hydra

Savager holds its seat within. Then Tartarus' own self

Downward precipitous opens, and twice as far in the darkness

Stretches, as upward the look to the airy Olympus of heaven.

Here the original race of the earth, the Titanian hotspurs,

580

Down by a thunder-bolt stricken, are rolled on its nethermost bottom.

Here I beheld Aloëus' twin-born sons, the enormous

Giants, who rashly essayed with their hands to demolish the mighty

Heaven, and thrust down Jupiter from his supernal dominions.

Saw I Salmonëus also, enduring the cruelest torments,

585

While he is mimicking Jupiter flames, and the roar of Olympus.
 He, by his four steeds drawn, and waving his luminous flambeau,
 Was through the tribes of the Greeks, and his city the centre of Elis,
 Posting exultant, and claiming for self even deities' honors :
 Fool ! to suppose he could imitate storms, and unmatched thunder, 590
 Simply by brazen car, and the tramp of his hornfooted chargers !
 But the omnipotent father in wrath, from the midst of the dense clouds,
 Thunderbolts hurled—no torches, no smoking flashes or pine-knots
 His—and dispatches him headlong down in a violent whirlwind.
 Here, too, Tityos, cherished by Terra the omniparental, 595
 Was to be seen, whose body o'er nine whole acres extended
 Sprawls, while incessant with crooked beak an unmerciful vulture,
 Pecking his liver immortal and teeming for punishments, ransacks
 Greedy his vitals for viands, and roosts close under his inmost
 Breast, nor is ever a respite allowed the renewable fibres. 600
 Why of the Lapithæ speak, of Ixiön, Pirithois also,
 Over whom dark, just slipping, just ready to tumble, a granite
 Hangs, as if it were falling ; the gilded feet of the lofty
 Festival-couches gleam, and before their faces are banquets,
 Furnished in regal profusion ; while near them the eldest of furies 605
 Squats, and forbids them to touch with their hands the delectable tables :
 Springs she up, lifting a torch, and aloud she her interdict thunders.
 Here are found those by whom brothers were hated while life was remaining,
 Or hath a parent been beaten, or fraud been attached to a client ;
 Or who have brooded alone o'er the wealth they have miserly hoarded, 610
 And have apportioned no share to their kindred—a mighty assembly !
 Those for adultery murdered, and those who have followed unhallowed [masters,
 Arms, nor have shrunk from disgracing the hands they had pledged to their
 Prisoned are waiting their doom : seek not to have taught thee minutely
 What is their doom, or what form, or fortune hath whelmed the offenders. 615
 Some are a huge rock rolling, or stretched on the spokes of the wrack-wheels,
 Hanging in torture. There sits, and forever will sit, the unhappy
 Theseüs ; Phlegyas also, the utterly wretched, is warning
 All, and appealing to all in vociferous voice through the shadows :
 " Learn ye uprightness, admonished by me, and the deities spurn not." 620
 This one has bartered his country for gold, and a tyrannous despot
 On it imposed, and by bribery framed and abolished its statutes ;
 That one invaded his daughter's bed in incestuous nuptials—
 All have dared, and achieved by their daring atrocious injustice.
 Not though a hundred tongues were mine, and though mine were a hundred 625

Mouths, and a iron voice, could I all the forms of their vices
Canvass, and run through all of the names of their punative tortures."

When these recitals the long-lived priestess of Phœbus has uttered :
" But now come, take thy way, and accomplish the service attempted ;
Let us haste onward," she says, " I descry in the distance the ramparts 630
Wrought in the Cyclops' forge, and the gates in the opposite archway,
Where our instructions imperitive bid us deposit our presents."
So she had spoken, and side by side in the gloom of the highways
Walking, they seize on the central space, and are nearing the gateways :
Then, as Æneas possesses the entrance, he sprinkles with fresh drawn 635
Water his body, and fixes the bough on the opposite threshold.

These things finished at length, and the service performed to the goddess,
Wended they on to the places of joy, and the charmingly verdent
Bowers of the fortunate groves, and enchanted abodes of the blessed.
Here does a freer atmosphere mantle the plains with its lustrous 640
Sheen, and a sun and stars of their own are its denizens owning.
Part are exerting their limbs on the grassy gymnastic palæstra ;
Cope they in sport, and in wrestling tug on the yellow arena :
Part with their feet keep time in the dances, and melodies warble ;
Orpheüs also, the Thracian priest, in his flowing apparel, 645
Voices responsive in numbers the heptachord measures of music ;
Beats he them now with his fingers, and now with his ivory batton.
Here is the primitive peerage of Teucer, a beautiful offspring ;
Noble of heart are its heroes, and born in superior epochs,
Ilus, Assaracus mid them, and Dardanus, founder of Troja. 650
Distant admires he the armor and chariots weird of the heroes :
Firm in the ground stand planted their spears, and untethered their chargers
Pasture at large on the plains. The pleasure which they in their life-time
Had in their chariots and armor, the care they had taken in feeding
Sleek-haired horses the same, though in earth reposing, attends them. 655
Lo ! still others beholds he to right and to left on the green-sod
Feasting, and chanting in choral responses their pœons of triumph.
There mid an odorous grove of laurel, from which to the upper
World is the copious river Eridanus rolled through a forest.
Here are the bands who have suffered by wounds in defending their country ; 660
Here, too, are those who were virtuous priests whilst life was remaining,
Those who were pious bards, and who spake things worthy of Phœbus,
Or in its culture who life have adorned by their skillful inventions ;
Those, too, who meriting well have made others remember them kindly—
All of them have their temples encircled with niveous garlands, 665

Whom, as they crowded around her the Sibyl benignly accosted,
 Foremost of all, though, Musæus, for him does the numerous concourse
 Hold in its midst, and look up as he towers with his shoulders above them
 "Tell me, ye rapturous spirits, and thou the most noble of poets,
 Tell me what region, what spot is possessing Archives; for his sake
 Solely we come, and have sailed over Erebus mystical rivers."

670

Briefly accordingly thus did the hero return her an answer:

"None has a definite home: we inhabit the shadowy woodlands,
 And on the marginal hillocks, and meadows refreshed by the streamlets,
 Dwell: but pass ye, if such at heart is the pleasure that brings you,
 Over yon ridge, and I soon in a footpath easy will put you."

675 •

Spake he, and took step marching before them and shows them the shining
 Plains from above: from thence they the uppermost summits are leaving

But far down in an evergreen vale was his father Anchises
 Pent-up souls, who were soon to depart to the light of supernals,
 Scanning intensely absorbed, and recounting the while as it happened,
 All the sum of his kindred, his much-loved future descendents,
 All the fates and the fortunes and traits and exploits of the heroes.

680

When he beheld his Æneas just opposite over the grass-plots

Wending, he eagerly stretched out both of his palms to receive him,
 While tears streamed down off of his cheeks, and a voice from his lips fell:

685

"Hast thou then come? And hath for thy parent thy wonted devotion
 Conquered the difficult way? Is it granted to gaze on thy features—

Thine, my son—and to hear and return the familiar responses?

So was I tracing indeed, and in soul was forecasting the future,

690

Counting the seasons, nor hath my solicitous longing misled me.

Wafted to what strange lands, through how many tempestuous waters

Welcome I thee, my child, and tossed by what manifold perils?

How have I feared lest Libya's kingdoms some injury do thee."

He however: "Thine image, my father, thy sorrowful image,

695

Often occurring, hath forced me to wend my way to these thresholds.

Moored on Tyrrehenian brine are my fleets: O let me, my father,

Let me thy right hand clasp, nor from our embraces withdraw thee."

Thus he rehearsing was flooding his features with copious weeping:

Thrice he attempted to throw his arms round the neck of his father;

700

Thrice unavailingly grasped did the phantom escape from his clutches,
 Like the intangible wind, or resembling a fugitive slumber.

Meanwhile Æneas beholds in a valley retired a secluded

Grove, and a rustling copse, and meandering by in the wild-woods,

Lethé, the river, which flows in front of the peaceable mansions.

705

Round this, innumerable nations and peoples were eagerly flitting ;
 Just as in meadows when bees, in the tranquil serenity of summer,
 Settle on various flowers, and busy around the untarnished
 Lilies are swarmed, and the whole plain hums with the murmur incessant.
 Starts at the sudden appearance Æneas, and queries the causes, 710
 Ignorant, asking inquisitive : “ What are those rivulets yonder !
 Who are the men that are crowding the banks in so mighty a column ? ”
 Then quoth his father Anchises : “ The spirits to whom by allotment
 Different bodies are due, at yon Lethean rivulet’s wave are
 Waters of unconcern, and a long oblivion, quaffing. 715
 These I am anxious indeed to rehearse thee and show thee in person ;
 Long have I thus desired to recount thee this line of my offspring,
 That thou the more may’st with me rejoice in Italia’s finding.
 Father, and is it presumable certain spirits are going
 Hence to the heaven above, and again to return to their cumbrous 720
 Bodies ? And why in the wretches such recreant longing for day-light ? ”
 “ I will myself explain it, my child, nor in doubt will I keep thee.”
 So Anchises takes up and lays open each item in order.

“ First, then, know that a spirit the heaven and earth, and the liquid
 Plains, and the glittering orb of the moon, and Titanian planets 725
 Nurtures within, and a mind permeating its members the whole mass
 Agitates subtly, and mingles itself with the wonderful system.
 Thence are the races of men and of beasts, and the lives of the flying
 Fowls, and the monsters which ocean sustains ’neath its surface of marble.
 Deep in these seminal sources an igneous fire and celestial 730
 Origin vest, so far as their cumbersome bodies retard not—
 Far as their earth-formed limbs and their moribund members benumb not.
 Hence do they fear and desire, they lament and rejoice, and they glance not
 Upward, shut up as they are in the gloom and the darkening dungeon.
 Nay, and when even their life in its ultimate glimmer has left them, 735
 Yet does not every evil, nor every corporeal nuisance
 Wholly surcease from the wretches : there needs must internally many
 Long incrustated corruptions inhere in a marvelous manner :
 Hence they are subject to tortures, and suffer for former offences
 Penal endurances : Some are suspended exposed in the empty 740
 Air, and from some is contracted iniquity deep in a mighty
 Whirlpool washen away, or is burnt out sheer in a hot fire.
 We each suffer our ghost-terms ; then through Elysium ample
 Onward are sent, and a few of us tenant the fields of the blissful,
 Till hath a long, long day, when the cycle of time is completed, 745

Freed the incrusted defilement, and leaves the æthereal essence
 Pure, and the fire elemental of uncontaminate æther.
 All these, when through the round of a thousand years they have circled,
 Deity summons in mighty array to the banks of the Lethean river,
 That they, forgetting the past forsooth, may revisit the upper
 Vault once more, and begin to desire to return to their bodies." 750

Spoke had Anchises, and side by side, he his son and the Sibyl,
 Leading along in the midst of the throngs and the murmuring concourse,
 Takes to a mound, from which he may all, in a lengthy procession,
 Scan, as they come to the front, and may study the looks of the comers. 755

"Come now, what glory hereafter shall follow Dardania's offspring,
 Those from Italian lineage who as descendents await thee,
 Eminent spirits, and destined to share the renown we inherit.
 I will distinctly unfold, and will teach thee the fates of the future.
 He whom thou seest—yon youth, who is leaning on merely a spear-haft, 760
 Holds by allotment the places the nearest the light, and shall soonest
 Rise to ætherial air with blood Italian mingled—

Silvius, Alban the name, and thine own though a posthumous offspring,
 Whom thy consort Lavinia shall, but too late for thy old age,
 Bear unto thee in the forests, a prince and a parent of princes ; 765
 Yea, and from him shall our race over Alba Longa be regnant.

Next is yon Procas, the glory and pride of the nation of Troja,
 Capys and Numator also, and he who in name shall restore thee,
 Silvius Æneas, alike in devotion and armor distinguished,
 Should he the sovereignty ever assume o'er the city of Alba. 770

What fine youths ! And observe now heroic a force they exhibit,
 Though with civilian oak they are wearing their temples o'ershaded,
 These shall Nomentum and Gabiî found, and the city Fidéna ;
 These shall the Collatine castles establish for thee on the mountains ;
 Yea, and Pemetiî, Inunus' camp, and Bola and Cora— 775

Such shall their names then be, but they now are localities nameless.
 But the Mavortian shall to his grandfather cling as attendant,
 Romulus, whom of Assaracan blood shall Ilia, his mother,
 Bear ; and beholdest thou how on his forehead are standing the twin-crests ?
 How with his own high honor the sire of supernals now marks him ? 780

Lo ! 'neath his auspices, son, shall that notable Roma her empire
 Bound by the earth, and her aspirations of soul by Olympus,
 Yea, and though one, with a sevenfold wall shall encircle her castles.
 Blest in her offspring of heroes, as that Berecynthian mother,
 Who in her chariot tower-crowned rides through the Phrygian cities, 785

Proud of her issue of gods, and embracing her hundred descendents,
 All of them dwellers in heaven, all owners of mansions supernal !
 Hitherward turn now both of thine eyes, and consider yon nation—
 'Thine own Romans ! Lo, yonder is Cæsar and all of Iulus'
 Progeny destined to mount to the mighty zenith of heaven ! 790
 He is the hero, e'en he, whom thou hearest so often assured thee—
 CÆSAR AUGUSTUS, whose race is divine, who again shall establish
 Golden ages in Latium over the meadows aforetime
 Governed by Saturn, and even beyond Garamantes and Indies
 Carry his sway to the land that is lying outside of the planets, 795
 Out of the paths of the year and the sun, where the sky-bearer, Atlas,
 Twirls on his shoulders the zenith bestudded with glittering star-orbs.
 In his eventual advent already the Caspian kingdoms
 Quail at the deities' ominous hints, and the land of Mœotis,
 Aye, and the trepidant mouths of the sevenfold Nilus are troubled. 800
 Nay, not even Alcides hath traveled so much of the wide world,
 Though he the bronze-footed hind once pierced, or relieved Erymanthus'
 Groves of their terror, and made with his bow all Lerna to tremble ;
 Nor he who steadies his team with his vine-wreathed reins as a victor,
 Liber, in driving from Nysa's lofty summit his tigers. 805
 Do we then doubt to extend our renown by heroic achievements ?
 Or is it fear that prohibits our settling Ausonia's mainland ?
 Who is that yonder, however, distinguished by branches of olive,
 Bearing the symbols of priesthood ? I know them—the features and hoary
 Chin of the Roman king, who by statutes shall found the primeval 810
 City, though forth from the humble Cures, and destitute province
 Sent to the mighty empire. Then Tullus in turn shall succeed him,
 One, who shall break the repose of his country, and rouse his inactive
 Heroes to arms, and his regiments now unaccustomed to triumphs.
 After him, next in succession, shall follow vain-glorious Ancus, 815
 Now, too, already enamored too much with the popular breezes.
 Dost thou desire to behold the Tarquinian kings, and the haughty
 Soul of avenger Brutus, and badges of office recovered ?
 He is the first who shall consular sway and the merciless axes
 Take, and a father himself shall his sons, when inciting rebellion, 820
 Summon to punishment due in behalf of a glorious freedom,
 Luckless ! and yet, however posterity rate these achievements,
 Love of his country, and yearning unbounded for praises shall conquer.
 Nay, but observe the Decii, Drusi, and yonder Tarquatus,
 Stern with his axe, and near him Camillus restoring the standards. 825

But those whom thou discernest refulgent in similar armor—
 Spirits accordant now, and while they are pressed in the midnight;
 Ah ! but what war shall between them be waged, if attaining the long-sought
 Glimmers of life, and what battles and slaughter they soon will occasion ?
 Sire-in-law down from his Alpine redoubts and Monæcian castles 830
 Coming, and son-in-law furnished with Orient forces to meet him
 Do not, my children, O do not accustom yourselves to such warfares,
 Nor on your country's vitals thus turn your invincible valor :
 Sooner refrain thou, thou who deducest thy race from Olympus !
 Fling from thy hand the weapons, my own, own blood:— 835
 Yon proud victor shall, after his triumph o'er Corinth, his war-car
 Drive to the lofty Capitol, famed for his slaughter of Grecians.
 Yon one shall devastate Argos, and raze Agamemnon's Mycenæ :
 Yea, and Æacides' self, and the race of the warring Achilles,
 Venging the fathers of Troja, and temples profaned of Minerva. 840

Who, great Cato, would leave thee, or thee, O Cossus in silence ?
 Who would the peerage of Gracchus, or war's two thunder-bolts, twin-named
 Scipios, Libya's scourge, and Fabricius potential with little,
 Or yet thee, O Serranus, though sowing in furrow as farmer ?
 Where do ye hurry me weary, O Fabii ? Maximus art thou, 845
 Who, by thy masterly waiting alone, thou restorest us empire.
 Others the breathing bronzes will forge more deftly I doubt not ;
 Others in sculpture will life-like features educe from the marble ;
 Others will causes more eloquent plead, and will heaven's recurrent
 Courses describe with a pointer, and tell of the rise of the planets ; 850
 But thou, O Roman, remember to govern the tribes of thy Empire :
 These be thine arts to impose the conditions of peace on the conquered,
 Sparing the captives in war, and crushing the haughty in battle."

Thus spake the father, Anchises, and adds to his wondering hearers :
 " Mark how Marcellus, distinguished by noblest spoils in his triumphs, 855
 Marches, and how he as victor surpasses all heroes around him.
 He shall the Roman affairs, when disturbed by a mighty uprising,
 Settle, and mounted shall scatter the Punics and Gauls in rebellion,
 Yea, and shall hang up the third captured armor to father Quirinus."

But here Æneas—for side by side with Marcellus he noticed 860
 Walking a youth, superb in his figure, and glittering armor ;
 But his brow was uncheered, and his eyes were dejected in aspect.
 " Who, my father, is he who attends on the hero in going ?
 Is he his son, or some one from his noble line of descendents ?
 What an array of attendants about him ! What majesty in him ! 865

But dark night flits round his head with its sorrowful shadows."
 Then did his father Anchises proceed, while the tears were up-welling :
 " O my begotten, enquire not the exquisite grief of thy kindred :
 Him shall the fates just show to the world, and no longer permit him
 Here to remain ; too mighty to you had the Roman succession 870
 Seemed, ye supernals, if gifts so peculiar had lasted forever.
 What lamentations of heroes shall you plain post to the mighty
 City of Mavors ! Or, Tiber, what pageants of mourning shalt thou, too,
 Witness ere long, as thou close by the new made sepulchre glidest !
 No such a youth from the Ilian nation shall ever his Latin 875
 Ancestors lift to so hightened a hope, nor shall ever hereafter
 Romulus' land boast over another so cherished a darling !
 Ah ! for thy piety ! Ah ! for the pristine faith, and the right hand
 Dauntless in war ! With impunity none could have dared to attack him,
 Meeting him when he was armed, or with infantry charging on foemen, 880
 Or when digging his spurs in the flanks of his lathery war-horse.
 Ah ! lamentable boy ! If ever thou burstest thy hard fate,
 Thou shalt become a MARCELLUS ! Bring lilies in plentiful handfulls ;
 I will the flowers purpureal strew, and the soul of mine offspring
 Load with the presents at least, and will render if only an empty 885
 Service !" And so all over the region they ramble together
 Out on the broad ærial plains, and investigate all things.

After Anchises has guided his son through the separate objects ;
 When he has kindled his soul with an ardor for future distinction,
 Then he the wars that were yet to be waged to the hero rehearses ; 890
 Shows the Laurentian tribes, and the city renowned of the Latins,
 Shows in what way to avoid, and in what to encounter each hardship.

Twain are the portals of slumber ; of horn is the one, it is fabled,
 Through which is granted an easy departure for genuine spectres :
 Bright is the other in lustre, in glistering ivory finished : 895
 But by the latter the ghosts send fanciful visions to heaven.
 Then, when these words had been spoken, Anchises his son and the Sibyl
 Follows along, and dismisses them thence through the ivory portals.
 Cleaves he his way to the ships, and revisits his waiting companions
 Then, by the straight coast bears he away to the port of Cajeta : 900
 Anchor is cast from the prow, and the sterns stand moored at the sea beach.

BOOK VII.

Embassy sent to Latinus, who offers his daughter in marriage;
Turnus offended, the war is foreshadowed and forces are mustered.

THOU, too, Cajeta, the nurse of Æneas, didst also in dying
Honor eternal bequeath to our shores, and thy memory hovers
Still o'er the place of thy rest, and thy name in Hesperia mighty,
If this glory be aught, yet signals the spot of thy ashes.
But the pious Æneas, her obsequies duly attended, 5
After composing the mound of her tomb, and after the deep sea's
Surface has calmed, on his voyage sets sail, and abandons the harbor.
Freshen the breezes at night-fall, nor do the silvery moon-beams
Hinder his courses, as shines 'neath the tremulous shimmer the ocean.
Skirt they along by the neighboring shores of the island of Circé, 10
Near where the Sun's rich daughter her inaccessible thickets
Makes to resound with the music of ceaseless song, and in splendid
Mansions the odorous cedar enkindles for lights in the night-time,
Running her delicate tissues through with her clattering shuttle.
Hence are distinctly heard the moanings and ravings of lions, 15
Struggling against their fetters, and roaring till late in the midnight :
Bristly boars, moreover, and bears in their hampering cages
Savagely raging, and figures of great wolves angrily howling,
Whom the unmerciful Circé had changed, by her magic of potent
Herbs, from appearance of men to the visage and haunches of wild beasts. 20
Lest now the Trojans endure such portentous distortions,
Should they be borne to her harbor, or land on her ominous sea-beach,
Neptune has kindly inflated their sails with the favoring breezes,
Giving escape, and has wafted them over the turbulent shallows.
Now was the sea with the sunbeams blushing, and forth from profoundest 25

Æther was saffron Aurora in roseate chariot gleaming,
 When have subsided the winds, and has every gale of a sudden
 Settled to rest, and the shorn oars labor on motionless marble :
 Then just here does Æneas descry from the deep an extensive
 Grove. Through the centre of this, in its lovely channel, the Tiber, 30
 Whirling in rapid eddies, and yellow with plenteous quicksand,
 Rushes away to the ocean. Around and above it the various
 Wild-fowls, wont to desport on its banks and the lap of its current,
 Sweetly were charming the air with their warbles, and thronging the wild-wood.
 Bids he his comrades vary their course, and their prow to the mainland 35
 Turn, and elated he enters the river embowered in shadows.

Come now, Erato, and who where the kings, what the critical issues,
 What the condition of primitive Latium was, when the stranger
 Host first moored their adventurous fleets on Ausonia's borders,
 I will unfold, and recall the uprise of the earliest conflict. 40
 Goddess, instruct thou thy bard : I will tell of the terrible battles
 Fought : I will tell of the onsets of monarchs in passion on slaughter
 Bent; of Tyrrhenian forces and all Hesperia marshalled
 Ready in armor. Grander before me the march of achievements :
 Grander the work I assume. The monarch Latinus, an old man 45
 Now, was long in tranquility ruling his meadows and peaceable cities.
 We from the Laurentine nymph Marica and Faunus descended
 Deem him : the father of Faunus was Picus, who traces, O Saturn,
 Thee as his parent, for thou of his blood art the ultimate author.
 Son by the deities' fate he had none, and no masculine offspring 50
 Left; for his son, as he grew, was removed in his earliest childhood :
 Only a daughter was keeping his house and his ample dominions,
 She now mature for a husband, and fully of age for her bridal.
 Many were wooing her out of imperial Latium; many
 Out of entire Ausonia : but of them all the superbest 55
 Wooer was Turnus, from fathers and forefathers strong; and the royal
 Consort was yearning with wonderful love as a son to ally him:
 But the deities' portents by various terrors oppose it.

Stood in the midst of his mansions a laurel in deepest seclusion;
 Sacred its locks, and protected with awe through many a long year, 60
 Which, it was stated, that father Latinus himself, as discovered
 While he was founding his primitive castles, devoted to Phœbus,
 And on the colonists from it he settled the name of Laurentes.
 Dense on its uppermost summit have bees—a marvel to utter !
 Over the vapory æther with buzzing tumultuous wafted, 65

Lighted, and there with feet interlacing the one with the other,
 Hung of a sudden suspended, a swarm from a foliaged branchlet.
 Forthwith a prophet exclaims : " We discern in the omen a foreign
 Hero arrive, and a host from the same identical quarters,
 Seeking identical quarters, to rule in the heights of the castle ! 70
 Further, the maiden Lavinia, too, as she kindled with holy
 Torch the fires on the altars, was seen, as she stood at her father's
 Side—an unfortunate omen—to catch the fire in her flowing
 Tresses, and all of her head-dress seemed to consume in the crackling
 Flame, and ablaze were her regal ringlets, ablaze was her princely 75
 Diadem, studded with jewels : then smoking she seemed in a yellow
 Glimmer involved, and through all the palace to scatter combustion.
 This was reputed a horrible thing, and a marvellous vision ;
 For they predicted that she would herself be in fame and in fortune
 Eminent ; but that it boded the people an ominous warfare. 80

But by these prodigies anxious, the monarch to Faunus his fate-versed
 Father's oracle hies, and consults he the groves that are under
 Lofty Albunea, which, as the grandest of groves, with a sacred
 Fountain resounds, and, o'ershaded, exhales a mephitical odor.
 Hence the Italian nations, and all the Enotrian mainland 85
 Seek it in doubts for responses: the priest, when he hither hath duly
 Brought his oblations, and, down on a pallet of skins of the slaughtered
 Sheep, in the silence of midnight, lain and slumbers has courted,
 Sees full many a phantom flitting in marvellous manner
 Round him, and listens to various voices, and holds with the gods free 90
 Converse, and Acheron's spectres bespeaks in the depths of Avernus.
 Here, then, was father Latinus himself, in his quest for responses,
 Slaughtering duly a hundred fleece-clad, two-year-old victims,
 And, on their pelts and outspread fleeces supported, was lying,
 When an oracular voice of a sudden is up from the deep grove 95
 Echoed : " Seek not to affiance thy daughter in Latin espousals,
 O mine offspring, nor trust to the marital chamber in prospect:
 Sons-in-law foreign shall come, who shall lift our renown by their noble
 Blood to the stars, and from whose famed stock our descendents shall all things
 Under their feet, whatsoever the sun in his rising and setting 100
 Gazes on either ocean, behold readjusted and governed."
 These responses, and warnings of Faunus, his father, in midnight
 Silence delivered, Latinus himself shuts not in his own mouth;
 But already around through Ausonian cities had Rumor
 Fluttering carried it widely, when the Laomedon stalwarts 105

Cabled their fleet to the grass-grown mound on the bank of the Tiber.

Meanwhile Æneas, his principal chieftains and comely Iûlus,
 Under a tall tree's branches, arrange for recruiting their bodies,
 Institute banquets, and spelt-wheat short-cakes over the green grass
 Thrust 'neath the viands—so Jupiter even himself was directing— 110
 Yea, and they heap on this cereal trencher the fruits of the country.
 So when the rest was consumed, as it happened, a lack of provisions
 Forced them in hunger to eating the scanty remainder of Ceres,
 Aye, and with hands and presumptuous molars the disk of the fateful
 Crust to despoil, and to spare not even the quadrated short-cakes: 115
 "Heigh-ho," Iûlus exclaims, "We are even consuming our tables!"
 Saying no more in derision. That utterance, heard at the outset,
 Signaled the end of their toilings: his sire from the mouth of the speaker
 Caught it at once, and, appalled by the deity's oracle, checked him.
 Instantly, "Hail," he exclaims, "O land by the destinies due me! 120
 Hail, too, ye guardian home-gods, faithful and trusty of Troja!
 This is our home, yea, this is our country! My father Anchises,
 Now I distinctly remember, these secrets of destiny left me:
 'When,' said he, 'hunger, my son, shall constrain thee, when wafted to unknown
 Shores, to consume thy tables, when viands thereon are exhausted, 125
 Then remember to hope for homes, and though weary to plant there
 Primal abodes with thy hand, and entrench them around with a breastwork.'
 This was that hunger, and this was remaining our final endurance,
 Destined to set to our hazards a bound:—
 Wherefore bestir you, and glad, with the gleam of the earliest sunrise, 130
 Let us these tracts, and what people inhabit them, where are the nation's
 Cities, examine, and search from the harbor in divers directions.
 Empty your goblets to Jupiter now, and invoke with entreaties
 Father Anchises, and place ye again the wines on the tables."
 Thus having spoken, at once with a green-leaved bough he his temples 135
 Wreathes, and alike to the sprite of the place, and to Earth the primeval
 Source of the gods, and the nymphs, and the yet unidentified rivers,
 Prays; and he then as devoutly on Night, and on nightly uprising
 Stars, and Idæan Jove, and in turn on the Phrygian Mother,
 Calls, and, in heaven and Erebus dwelling, on each of his parents. 140
 Here the omnipotent father auspiciously thrice from the deep sky
 Thundered, and flashing with beamings of light and gold he unfolded,
 Floating from æther, a cloud, with his own hand waving the signal.
 Hereat a rumor is suddenly spreads through the Trojan batallions,
 That the day has come, when they may found their predestinate ramparts. 145

Eager renew they the feasts, and, elate with the marvelous omen,
Station they wine-crocks round, and the wines encircle with garlands.

So when the next day rising was lighting the lands with its early
Lamp, they in divers directions the city, and confines, and nation's
Coasts reconnoitre: these are the pools of the fount of Numicus; 150
This is the river Tybris: here dwell the redoubtable Latins.

Then does the son of Anchises order that, out of the whole list
Chosen, a hundred ambassadors haste to the monarch Latinus'
August ramparts, all veiled with the olive-branch symbol of Pallas,
And bear gifts to the hero, and overture peace for the Teucrans. 155

Pause there is none: they are hasting as bidden, and riding at rapid
Pace. He himself with a shallow trench is outlining the ramparts,
Planning the spot, and aloof on the beach their incipient homesteads
Girding with bastions and breastwork round, in the style of encampments

Now, having measured the way, were the warriors sighting the lofty 160
Turrets and roofs of the Latins, and nearing the walls of the city.
Fronting the town there are boys, and youth in the bloom of their manhood,
Drilling on horseback, and training their spans on the dusty arena;

Or they are bending the well-tempered bows, or are handling the pliant
Darts with their arms, or competing together in running and boxing: 165
When, borne on in advance on his steed, to the ears of the long-lived
Monarch a courier carries the news, that in singular costume

Nobles majestic have come. Within his courts he commands them
Summoned, and takes his seat in the midst on the throne of his fathers.
Stately the mansion, and grand with its hundred columns, sublimely 170
Stood on the heights of the city, the palace of Laurentine Pious,
Shrouded in awe by the woods and religious regard of their parents.

There to assume their sceptres, and lift their inaugural badges,
Was to their monarchs an omen: this hall was to them as a temple:
This was the seat of their festival banquets, and here were the fathers 175
Wont, with a sacrificed ram, to sit down at continuous tables;

Here in a row were, moreover, the busts of their primitive grandsires,
Carved out of antique cedar, Italus, and father Sabinus,
Planter of vines, still holding his pruning-knife under his statue;
Saturn the old-man, too, and the image of Janus the two-faced, 180

Were in the vestibule standing, and others—their kings from the outset:
Those, too, who martial wounds have endured in defending their country:
Many, moreover, the suits of armor that hang on the door-posts;

Captured chariots, also, and curved-edged skirmishing-axes,
Plumes for the head, and ponderous bolts that were taken from gateways. 185

Javelins, and bucklers, and beaks wrenched off from the enemy's vessels.
 There, too, was seated the trainer of steeds, with the staff of Quirinus,
 Girt with a scarf, and wearing a Salian shield on his left hand,
 Picus, whom Circé his paramour caught by libidinous passion,
 Struck by her golden wand, and, transformed by her magical poisons 190
 Into a wood-pecker, fashioned and sprinkled with colors his pinions.
 Such was the deity's temple, within which enthroned on his father's
 Throne, in his mansions Latinus summoned before him the Teucrans:
 But when admitted, in calm tone, thus in advance he addressed them:

“Tell me, Dardanians, for we are not of your city and nation 195
 Ignorant; heralded ye have directed your course on the waters—
 What do ye seek? and what cause hath wafted your barks, and you needing
 What, o'er so many a dark blue shoal to Ausonia's seaboard?
 Was it by losing your way, or as driven about by the tempests—
 Such are the many vicissitudes sailors endure on the deep sea— 200
 That ye have entered the banks of our river and moored in our harbor?
 Spurn not the welcome we give, nor ignore in aversion the Latins,
 People of Saturn, to equity bound by no fetter, nor statutes,
 But of their own will holding that ancient deity's customs.
 Yes, I remember—though growing obscurer with years is the story— 205
 So the Auruncan old men tell it, that, sprung from these moorlands,
 Dardanus passed thence over to Phrygia's cities of Ida;
 On to the Thracian Samos, now Samothracia titled:
 Hence, up from his Tyrrhenian homestead at Corythus wafted,
 Now on a throne does the golden palace of stellary heaven 210
 Greet him, and adds one more to the number of deities' altars.”

Thus had he spoke, and his words thus Ilioneus followed responsive:
 “Monarch, illustrious offspring of Faunus, no darkening wintry
 Storm hath constrained us, impelled by the billows, to enter your confines,
 Nor hath a star, nor a coast misled from the line of our voyage; 215
 We are all by design, and with willing souls to this city
 Brought, expelled from our realms, on which, from the farthest Olympus
 Coming, the sun was aforetime wont to look down as the grandest.
 Jove is the source of our race, and in Jove as their ancestor Dardan
 Warriors glory; our monarch, descended from Jupiter's sovereign 220
 Peerage, the Trojan Æneas, hath sent us himself to thy thresholds.
 What an o'erwhelming tempest, outpouring from ruthless Mycenæ,
 Hurtled o'er Ida's plains, and by what fatalities driven,
 Europe's and Asia's respective continents rushed to the conflict,
 He hath heard it, whomever the farthest island asunder 225

Sets in the reflux ocean, whomever the zone of the scorching
 Sun, spread out in the midst of the four zones, separates from us,
 We, from that deluge borne over so many unlimited waters,
 Ask for the gods of our country a little retreat, and a seaboard
 Sheltered from harm, and a wave and an air that are open to all men. 230
 We will become no disgrace to your realm, nor shall ever be lightly
 Counted your fame, nor shall gratitude cease for so noble an action,
 Nor shall Ausonians grieve that they Troja received to their bosom.
 I by the fates of Æneas do swear, and his powerful right hand—
 If there hath tested it any in faith or in war and in armor— 235
 Many a people and many—disdain not because of our free will
 We in our hands are presenting but fillets or words of entreaty—
 Many a nation hath sought us, and wished to unite in alliance:
 But the fates of the gods have, by their imperious mandates,
 Forced us to journey in quest of your lands. Hence Dardanus issued; 240
 Here he returns, and Apollo is urging, by weighty injunctions,
 To the Tyrrhenian Thybris, and sacred depths of the fount of Numicus.
 Further our monarch accords thee these presents, though small, of his former
 Fortune, the reliques recovered from burning Troja: libations
 Father Anchises was wont from this gold to pour out on the altars: 245
 This was the vesture of Priam, assumed when he gave to the people,
 Solemnly summoned, the laws, and his sceptre and sacred tiara—
 Vestments the labor of Ilian matrons :—”

At such words of Ilioneus, downcast Latinus his features
 Holds in abstracted stare, and immovably clings to the posture, 250
 Rolling intently his eyes. Not embroidered purple the monarch
 Moves, nor yet do the sceptres of Priam so potently move him,
 As he is musing in thought on the marriage and bed of his daughter,
 And in his bosom revolving the lot of the veteran Fannus:
 This is that son-in-law destined by fates to arrive from a foreign 255
 Home, and beneath reciprocal auspices yet to be summoned
 Into our kingdoms: from him shall a progeny issue for valor
 Famous, and which by its vigor shall gain the control of the whole world.
 Joyous at length he exclaims: “ May the gods our enterprise prosper
 Their own augury ! what thou entreatest, O Trojan, is granted: 260
 Presents I spurn not. You never shall want, while Latinus is monarch,
 Richness of bountiful fields, nor the ample abundance of Troja.
 But now Æneas himself, (if such is his cherishment of us,
 If he in friendship is eager to join and be welcomed as ally,)
 Come here in person, nor let him recoil from a friendly acquaintance. 265

Part of the peace shall be mine to have touched the hand of your sovereign ;
 Ye in return now carry my mandates back to your monarch:
 I have a daughter, but whom 'to unite to a man of our nation
 Neither the lots from the shrine of my father, nor heaven's abundant
 Portents permit: there shall son-in-law come from extraneous seaboards— 270
 This they descant as in waiting for Latium—who shall by issue
 Lift our renown to the stars: that this is the one whom the fates mean
 I both believe, and, if rightly my mind is presaging, desire it."

Having thus spoken the father selects choice steeds from his whole stud;
 Glossily groomed in their gorgeous stables were standing three hundred; 275
 Straightway he orders them led into line for all of the Teucrans,
 Wing-footed, decked with caparisons richly embroidered in purple;
 Golden the pendulous martingales hang from the breasts of the prancers,
 Mantled with gold, in their teeth they are champing the yellowest gold bits;
 Forth he to absent Æneas a chariot sends and a matched span, 280
 Bred from ætherial stock, and breathing out fire from their nostrils,
 Bred from the breed of the steeds, which unknown to her father, the artful
 Circé, as hybrids, had raised from a mare surreptitiously covered.
 Cheered by such gifts, and words of Latinus the happy Æneans,
 Mounted on horses, return, and report the success of the treaty. 285

But lo ! now was betaking her back to Iänchian Argos
 Jupiter's petulant spouse, and on wafted was catching the breezes,
 When, in the distance, from æther, she haply the gladsome Æneans
 Spied, and Dardania's fleet from even Siculian Pachynus; [mainland.
 Sees them now building them homes, and now trusting themselves to the 290
 Quitting their vessels. She paused, transfixed with intensified anguish;
 Then she, shaking her head, pours forth these words from her bosom:
 "O the detestable stock, and the fates of the Phrygians thwarting
 Fates of our own ! and could they not sink on the plains of Sigeüm ?
 Could not the captives be captives ? And did not contemptable Troja 295
 Cremate the men ? Through the midst of the frays, through the mass of the burning
 They have discovered a way. I suppose that my potencies prostrate
 Lie, then, exhausted at length, or that glutted with hate I have rested !
 Nay, when they out of their country were flung, I, their foe, on the billows
 Dared to pursue, and as fugitives face them on every ocean. 300
 Forces of heaven and earth have been futilely spent on the Teucrans.
 What did the Syrtes or Scylla, or what did unfathomed Charybdis
 Profit me ? They are ensconced in the coveted lap of the Tiber,
 Safe from the ocean and me ! Yes, Mars by his might could the savage
 Race of the Lapithæ crush, and the father himself of immortals 305

Primitive Calydon yielded, forsooth, to the wrath of Diana;
 What so great was the Lapithe's crime, or what Calydon's treason?
 But I, the mighty consort of Jove, who can desperate nothing
 Leave unattempted, and who have resorted to every appliance,
 Am by Æneas defeated! And what if my potencies are not 310
 Potent enough, I can doubt not to ask them wherever existing.
 I, if unable to manage supernals, will Acheron muster!
 Grant that I am not allowed to debar him from Latin dominions,
 And that Lavinia changeless by destiny waits him as consort,
 Still I can hamper, and hindrances add to such odious issues; 315
 Still I have leave to exterminate even the people of both kings;
 So, then, let father and son-in-law league at the price of their subjects.
 Maiden, thou shalt by Rutulian blood, and by Trojan be dowered;
 Yea, and Bellona awaits thee as bridesmaid! Not solely Cisseis'
 Daughter, conceiving a torch, brought forth a connubial fire-brand. 320
 Nay, and her own born offspring to Venus shall be but another
 Paris, and lurid shall gleam the recidivous Pergamus' torch lights!"

When she has spoken these words right wrathfully wended she earthward:
 Forth from the home of the terrible sisters, profound in infernal
 Darkness, she summons Allecto the fiend, to whose heart are a pleasure 325
 Sorrowful wars, and resentments, and plots and nefarious mischiefs.
 Pluto her father hath hated, as have her Tartarean sisters
 Hated, the monster, she changes herself to so numerous features,
 Faces so savage are hers, and there bristles so many a black snake!
 Juno in these words whets her for action, and thus she bespeaks her: 330
 "Virgin daughter of Night, vouchsafe me this special achievement,
 This one service, lest shattered our honor or fame its position
 Have to surrender, and lest the Æneans, by nuptial alliance,
 Get round monarch Latinus, and squat in Italia's confines.
 Thine is the potence to arm in encounters unanimous brethren, 335
 Thine to embroil in hostilities homes, and to bring into households
 Scourges and funeral torches: thy various names are a thousand,
 Thousand thy methods of mischief. Come shake thy proliferous bosom:
 Rupture the ratified treaty, and sow provocations of warfare:
 Arms let the warriors crave, and at once demand them and seize them." 340

Heat Allecto, infected with rankest Gorgonian venoms,
 Straightway to Latium, and the Laurentian tyrant's imposing
 Mansions repairs, and in silence besieges the door of Amata,
 Whom, by the advent of Teucrans and nuptials prospective of Turnus,
 Womanly cares and resentments hotly was stewing to frenzy. 345

At her the goddess a snake from her darkly cerulean tresses
 Threw, and inserts it deep in her heart, in her innermost vitals,
 That she, enraged by the monster, in discord immingle the whole house :
 Close in between her vestments and delicate bosom, it gliding
 Crawls along by insensible touch, and beguiles her to fury, 350
 Breathing its viperous spirit within : it becomes an entwisted
 Necklace, a huge gold adder ; becomes, too, a tie to her flowing
 Fillet, and knots up her ringlets, and slippery creeps o'er her members.

Now while the primal infection, ingliding with moistening venom,
 Thrills through her senses, and secretly tingles her bones with the wild-fire, 355
 Ere yet her soul has perceived the flame through the whole of her bosom,
 Gentler than wont, and in usual manner of mothers she spake out,
 Shedding many a tear o'er her child and the Phrygian nuptials :
 "Is our Lavinia given then, sire, to be led by the roving
 Teucrans ? Hast thou no pity for either thyself or thy offspring ? 360
 None for her mother, whom doubtless the brigand, by earliest north-wind
 Seeking the deep with the kidnapped maiden, will basely abandon ?
 But does the Phrygian shepherd not penetrate thus Lacedæmon ?
 Aye, and he Leda's Helen bore off to the cities of Troja !
 What of thy solemn troth, and thy former regard for thy kindred ? 365
 What of thy right hand plighted so oft to thy relative Turnus ?
 If there must need be a son-in-law sought from a race to the Latins
 Foreign, if this be settled, and Faunus thy parent's injunctions
 Hamper thee, every land, which free and distinct from our sceptres
 Lies, I consider as foreign, and so I believe that the gods mean. 370
 Turnus indeed, were the earliest rise of his family searched out,
 Inachus claims, and Acricius, sires from the midst of Mycenæ."

When she, having in these words vainly attempted Latinus,
 Sees him withstand her, and when, too, the maddening bane of the serpent,
 Gliding down deep in her vitals insensibly wholly pervades her, 375
 Then does she verily wretched, excited by ominous portents,
 Wildly infuriate rave through the whole extent of the city ;
 Just as a spinning top, which ofttimes under the twisted
 Whip, the boys in a spacious circle around in an open
 Courtyard lustily lash in their sport : by the lashes it driven 380
 Whisks in its circular spaces ; above it unconscious the youthful
 Band stands spell-bound gazing, admiring the versatile boxwood ;
 Blows give impetus to it : no slower than it in her coursing
 She, through the midst of the cities and barbarous peoples, is hurried ;
 Nay, she away to the forests by feigned inspiration of Bacchus 385

Starting more infamous mischiefs, and rousing more furious frenzy,
 Flits, and secretes her daughter afar on the foliaged mountains,
 That she may rob of her bridal the Teucrans, and hinder the torches,
 Frenziedly, "Evoë Bacchus, thou only art worthy the maiden,"
 Shouting, "and truly for thee she assumes the voluptuous thyrsus; 390
 Thee she parades in the dance, and for thee tends sacred her ringlets."
 Rumor is flitting, and ardor, the same in their bosoms by furies
 Kindled, at once drives all the matrons to seek them new dwellings :
 They have quit homes, and resign their necks and hair to the breezes.
 Others, however, the welkin fill with their tremulous wailings, 395
 As they the vine-wreathed spear-shafts carry enveloped in sheep-skins;
 She herself in their midst, in her fever, a luminous pine-knot
 Waves, as she carols the nuptial songs of her daughter and Turnus,
 Rolling her bloodshot glaring eyes, and she suddenly wildly
 Shrieks: "Whosoever you are, O listen ye Latian mothers, 400
 If there remains in your pious souls for unhappy Amata
 Aught of esteem, if regard for the rights of a mother affect you,
 Loosen the ties of your hair, and engage ye with me in the orgies."
 Thus does Allecto in forest, and desolate haunts of the wild beasts,
 Hurry on hither and thither the queen by the goadings of Bacchus. 405

When she appeared to have whetted enough their incipient frenzies ;
 When she has ruined the counsels and house entire of Latinus,
 Quick the detestable goddess soars, on her ebony pinions,
 Up to the daring Rutulians' walls, to the city that Danaë
 Once it is said, for the early Acrisian colonists founded, 410
 Swift by the South-wind wafted. The place was of yore by the fathers
 Ardeā called, and Ardeā still is retaining its great name :
 But its fortune has gone. In his stately mansions was Turnus
 Here now taking his rest in the silence and gloom of the midnight.
 Meanwhile Allecto her savage appearance and limbs as a fury 415
 Doffs, and, transforming herself to the form of an elderly woman,
 Furrows her hideous forehead with wrinkles, and mantles her hoary
 Locks with a fillet, and wreathes it through with a sprig of the olive ;
 Calybe seems she, the handmaid of Juno, and priest of her temple.
 Then with these words presents she herself to the eyes of the young man : 420
 "Turnus, and wilt thou inanely allow so many endeavors
 Dashed, and this sceptre of thine transferred to Dardanian settlers ?
 Monarch Latinus denies thee the marriage, ignoring thy blood-bought
 Dower, because an extraneous heir to the kingdom is wanted ?
 Go now, and offer thyself in derision to thankless exposures : 425

Go, and lay low the Tyrrhenian ranks, and in amity shelter the Latins.
 So then, this is the message, that while thou in quieted midnight
 Liest almighty Saturnia openly bids me announce thee.

Wherefore bestir, and thy warriors arm and prepare them to sally
 Eager in arms from the gates, and the Phrygian chiefs, who have squatted 430
 Down by the beautiful river, to burn in their gorgeous galleys.
 August might of celestials commands thee ! Let monarch Latinus,
 Should he not grant thee the marriage and deign to abide by his promise,
 Know, and at length make proof of the valor of Turnus in armor !”

Hereat the young man, scouting the seeress, in turn her advances 435
 Orally answers : “The tidings of fleets on the wave of the Tiber,
 Lately inwafted, have not, as thou thinkest, escaped my attention ;
 Broach not to me such alarms. Be assured that imperial Juno
 Is not unmindful of us :—

But old-age succumbing to dotage, and dead to the real, 440
 Worries thee, mother, with profitless cares, and thee, though a seeress
 Mocks, mid the armor belonging to kings, with delusive forebodings :
 Thine is the charge to take care of the deities’ statues and temples ;
 Wars and peace let men, by whom wars are conductable, manage.”

Forth does Allecto at such words flare into wrathful resentment: 445
 But as she speaks quick trembling seizes the limbs of the young man ;
 Set were his eyes, so appallingly hisses the fury with hydras,
 Such is the terrible shape she assumes; then whirling her flaming
 Glances she sternly repulsed him, though struggling and begging to utter
 More, and in wrath from her tresses erected a couple of serpents ! 450
 Sounded her whip, as she this from her furious mouth superadded:
 “ See me succumbing to dotage, whom old-age, dead to the real,
 Mocks, mid the armor belonging to kings, with delusive forebodings !
 Look up at these ! I am here from the home of the pestilent sisters:
 Wars in my hand and havoc I bear !—” 455

Thus having said, at the young man hurled she a brand, and, with lurid
 Light all smouldering, torches inserted down deep in his bosom. [joints
 Great was the shudder that startled his sleep: through his bones and his limb-
 Bursting trickled a clammy sweat from the whole of his body :
 Madly for armor he storms, seeks armor on couch and in mansions ; 460
 Rampant his zest for the sabre, and arrant his frenzy for warfare,
 Vengeance transcendent ! even as when, with a furious crackling
 Blazing faggots are thrust ’neath the ribs of a simmering caldron ;
 Bubbles the liquors with heat, and the fuming waters within it
 Surges, and highly in frothy rivers is rioting over: 465

Now unrestrained is the wave, and the dark steam flits on the breezes.
 Therefore he bids, as the truce has been sullied, his warrior chieftains
 March to the monarch Latinus, and orders that armor be furnished,
 Bids them protect Italia and banish the foe from her confines,
 Claiming that he is enough to encounter both Teucrans and Latins : 470
 When he had issued these orders he called on the gods with oblations.
 Vie the Rutulians each in exhorting the other in armor;
 This one the splendid appearance and youth of their leader inspires;
 That their ancestral kings ; that a right hand famed for achievements.

While thus Turnus is filling Rutulians all with audacious 475
 Spirits, Allecto is soaring, on Stygian wings, to the Teucrans,
 Watching with new machinations the spot, where, out on the sea-beach,
 Lovely Iulus with snares, in the chase was pursuing the wild beasts;
 Here does the maid of Cocytus throw in the way of his grey-hounds
 Sudden distraction ; for she with an odor familiar their nostrils 480
 Touches, that hotly they worry a deer, which became the primeval
 Cause of the troubles, and kindled the souls of the yeomen for warfare.

There was a roebuck, portly, of exquisite figure and antlers,
 Which from the teats of its mother purloined, were the boys of Tyrrheus
 Nursing, and father Tyrrheus, whose charge was the care of the royal 485
 Herds, and to whom was entrusted the keeping at large of the pastures.
 Trained to her bidding, their sister Sylvia often its antlers
 Wreathing with utmost care, would adorn them with delicate garlands ;
 Oft she would curry the beast, and would bathe it in crystalline waters.
 It, too, would, tamed by her hand and used to the board of its mistress, 490
 Roam in the woods, and would back of its own accord to the well-known
 Threshold nightly return to its home, though late in the night-time:
 Strolling at distance, the hunter Iulus' ravenous grey-hounds
 Started it up, as it chanced to have floated along on the river's
 Tide, and lay cooling its heat on the grassy lawn on its margin. 495
 Yes, and Ascanius also, aglow with a zest for the splendid
 Prize, from his full-bent bow directed an arrow upon it :
 Nor did the deity suffer his hand to mistake, and the shot reed
 Went with a whiz through its belly, and on through its lower intestines.
 But for a refuge the wounded quadruped fled to the well-known 500
 Mansions, and moaning retired to the stables, and there with its bleating,
 Gory, and like to a person imploring, was filling the whole house.
 Instantly sister Sylvia, beating her arms with her flat palms,
 Calls for assistance, and summons together the sinewy rustics.
 They—for the hideous hag lies hid in the hush of the forests— 505

Suddenly make their appearance, one armed with a torrified firebrand ;
 One with a heavily knotted bludgeon, whatever each groping
 Found, his anger converts to a weapon. Tyrrheüs a posse
 Summons as he, as it chanced, was an oak with his beetle and wedges
 Splitting in quarters, and panting, ferociously caught up a broad-axe. 510
 But from her outlook the goddess, obtaining the moment for mischief,
 Hies to the towering roofs of the stables, and high from the top ridge
 Peals forth the shepherds alarum, and loud on her curviform horn-pipe
 Strains her Tartarean voice ; at which in an instant the whole wood
 Shook with the blast, and deeply resounded the depths of the forests. 515
 Trivia's lake in the distance has heard it, and heard it the river
 Nar, with sulphureous waters white, and the founts of Velinus :
 Mothers the meanwhile tremblingly pressed their babes to their bosoms.
 Verily then to the summons alert, where the terrible trumpet
 Sounded the signal, from every direction, grasping their weapons, 520
 Rush the redoubtable farmers ; and warriors also of Troja
 Stream forth out of their opened camps to Ascanius' rescue.
 They have arranged them for battle ; no longer in rustic engagement
 Now is the warfare waged with hardened cudgels and charred stakes,
 But with the two-edged steel they decide it, and wide does the dismal 525
 Harvest of drawn swords bristle, and brasses reflective
 Gleam in the sun, and away to the clouds uptoss the refulgence :
 Just as when billows begin with the first light breezes to whiten,
 Little by little the sea upheaves, and it higher its surges
 Lifts, till it rises to heaven in mass from its nethermost soundings. 530
 Here in the forefront rank, by a whizzing arrow, the young man
 Almon, who eldest had been of the sons of Tyrrheüs, is stricken
 Down, for the wounding shaft stuck fast in his throat, and the passage
 Closed of his gurgling voice, and with blood his attenuate life choked.
 Many the corpses of heroes around, and the aged Galæsus, 535
 Slain as he presses between them for peace, who alone was the noblest
 Once, and accounted the richest in all the Ausonian low-lands :
 Five were his flocks of bleating sheep, and five were his homeward
 Wending herds : with a hundred plows was he plowing his fallow.
 But while these on the plains by relentless Mars are enacted, 540
 Having her promise made good, when in blood she at length has the warfare
 Steeped, and with funerals charged the initial encounter, the goddess
 Quits Hesperia soon, and, returned on the breezes of heaven,
 Thus in imperious tone speaks out as a victor to Juno :
 " Lo ! to thy liking a discord for ruful war is accomplished ; 545

Tell them they now may unite in alliance and ratify treaties,
 Since with Ausonian blood I have duly besprinkled the Teucrans ;
 Yea, and to these I will add, if assured of thy willing connivance :
 I to the battle by rumors will muster the neighboring cities,
 Aye, and will kindle their souls with a maddening passion for slaughter, 550
 Round them to rally with aid, and will scatter the armor o'er grain-fields " "
 Then responsively Juno : " Of terrors and fraud there is ample :
 Fixed are the causes of war ; it is battled with armor in close fight ;
 Fresh-shed blood has the first arms steeped, which an accident furnished :
 Such be the nuptials, and such the connubial union the noble 555
 Offspring of Venus and monarch Latinus shall celebrate jointly.
 But for thyself to roam through the air of heaven too freely
 He, the father and sovereign of lofty Olympus, permits not.
 Out of these places ! If any emergence of service arises,
 I will myself rule." Such strict charge had Saturnia given : 560
 But uplifting his pinions, now hissing with serpents, the fury
 Hies to her home by Cocytus, forsaking the regions supernal.

There is a spot in the midst of Italia's mountainous ranges,
 Noted of old and renowned in story on many a seaboard,
 Vale of Amsanctus ; the sombre side of a wood, with its dense-grown 565
 Foliage hems it on every hand ; through its centre a roaring
 Torrent an echo flings to the rocks from its tortuous eddy :
 Here is a horrible cave, and the vents of the merciless Pluto
 Shown, and outbursting Acheron's mighty voraginous whirlpool
 Opens its pestilent jaws, within which hidden the Fury, 570
 Hateful fiend, was relieving both heaven and earth of her presence.

Nevertheless in the meantime queen Saturnia puts her
 Finishing hand to the war. The number entire of the shepherds
 Rushes from battle to city, and back they are bringing the victims,
 Almon the warrior-boy, and the corpse of disfigured Galesus, 575
 And they implore the gods and adjure with entreaty Latinus.
 Turnus is there, and, amid criminations of slaughter and arson,
 Heightens their terror, alleging that Teucrans are called to the kingdom,
 Phrygian stock is admitted, and he is expelled from the threshold.
 Then they whose mothers, through trackless woods made frantic by Bacchus, 580
 Bound in the Bacchanal dance—for of weight is the name of Amata—
 Mustered from every quarter, assemble and worry the war-god.
 Forthwith counter to omens, counter to deities' portents,
 All for ineffable war, through a baleful divinity clamor.
 Round the abodes of the monarch Latinus they eagerly cluster: 585

He like a firmly immovable rock of the ocean withstands them—
 Yea, like a rock of the ocean, when mighty the shock of the breakers
 Coming upon it, while many a billow is howling around it,
 Holds to its base, and around it in vain do the crags and the foaming
 Ledges resound, and dashed on its sides is rebounded the seaweed. 590

When there is granted, however, no power of thwarting their blinded
 Scheme, and events at the beck of the merciless Juno are going,
 Often the father appealing to gods and the shadowy æther:
 “O we are wrecked by the fates,” he exclaims, “we are riding the whirlwind!
 Ye shall yourselves these penalties pay with your recreant life-blood, 595
 O ye wretches! And Turnus for shame! There awaits thee an awful
 Doom, and too late thou with vows shalt the deities sue for assistance:
 For my repose is secured; it is just at the mouth of the harbor,
 But I am robbed of a peaceable death!” No more did he utter;
 Shut he himself in his homes, and abandoned the reins of the empire. 600

Custom it was in Hesperian Latium, which from that era
 Alba's cities have sacredly kept, and Rome the directress
 Now of the world still keeps, when they Mars first marshal in battles—
 Whether preparing to wage a calamitous war with the Getæ,
 Or with Hyrcanian hordes, or Arabs, or march to the Indies, 605
 Or to the Orient press, or recapture from Parthians standards—
 Twain are the portals of war—for such they distinctively term them—
 Held in religious awe, and, in dread of the merciless Mars, closed;
 Bar them a hundred brazen bolts, and iron's eternal
 Strength, nor is Janus, the sentinel, ever away from the threshold: 610
 But, when a settled purpose of war is decreed by the fathers,
 Stately, and clad in the robe of Quirinus, and girded in Gabine
 Fashion. the consul himself unfastens these stridulous thresholds;
 He, too, summons to battle: then follows the rest of the young men,
 Whilst the brazen cornets are blaring in jarring accord. 615
 Then, by this custom, Latinus was solemnly bidden to publish
 War against the Æneans, and open the ominous portals;
 But the father abstained from the touch, and turning abhorrent
 Shrank from the odious service, and buried himself in profound gloom.
 Then down-gliding from heaven, the queen of the gods with her own hand 620
 Pushed in the lingering portals; and turning unnoticed the hinges,
 Bursts wide open Saturnia war's steel-riveted door-posts.
 Flares unexcited Ausonia now, though immovable erewhile:
 Part are as infantry ready to march to the plains, and a part dash
 Dustily mounted on tall steeds; all are soliciting armor. 625

Others are scouring their burnished bucklers, and glittering javelins
 Greasy with tallow, and busily grinding their axes on grindstones.
 Joy they to carry the standards and listen to sounds of the trumpets.
 Five great cities accordingly, placing their anvils in posture,
 Forge new weapons, the mighty Atina, imperial Tibur, 630
 Adea, Crustumerium, and turret-sustaining Antemnæ.
 Hollow they helmets protecting the head, and they wattle the wicker
 Bucklers with bosses of osier; while others are busily breastplates
 Moulding of brass, or greaves smooth-polished of pliable silver.
 Here is the honor of coultter and sickle succumbing, and here all 635
 Love of the plow; they resmelt in the furnace the swords of their fathers;
 Bugles now sound, and, as signal of battle, is passing the watchword:
 This one trepidant snatches his helm from his dwellings, and that one
 Breaks in his snorting steeds, and with shield and with corselet of triple
 Gold is accoutred, and girt with his trusty sword for the onset. 640

Open, ye goddesses, Helicon now, and awaken my numbers:
 Tell me what monarchs engaged in the war, and what forces, attending
 Each one, crowded the plains: what heroes Italia just then
 Blossomed—a genial land—in what species of armor she glittered:
 For, ye goddesses, you can remember, and you can recount them, 645
 Faint though the breezes of fame that to us are attenuate wafted.

First to enlist in the war from Tyrrhenian shores is the doughty
 Chieftain Mezentius, spurner of gods, and he arms his battalion:
 Close by his side comes Lausus his son, than whom was no other
 Fairer, excepting the person indeed of Laurentian Turnus— 650
 Lausus the trainer of horses, and champion hunter of wild beasts,
 Musters in vain from Agyla's city a thousand attendant
 Warriors; worthy was he, and had happier been in paternal
 Sway, had Mezentius never have been his accredited father.

After these proudly his chariot, decked with the palm, and his winning 655
 Steeds on the green sod shows Aventinus, the handsome by handsome
 Hercules sired; on his shield he the badge of his father emblazoned
 Wears, and a belt of a hundred snakes, and with serpents a hydra;
 Whom in the wood of the Aventine highlands Rheā, the priestess,
 Brought clandestinely forth at a birth to the shores of the daylight, 660
 Woman with deity mated, when fresh from the Geryon's slaughter
 Tiryns' conquering hero has reached the Laurentian meadows,
 And in Tyrrhenium's stream hath bathed his Hiberian oxen.
 Javelins in hand, and murderous pikes they wear in their warfares,
 While they with tapering rapier fight and Sabellian poniard. 665

Footman himself, and twirling the monstrous skin of a lion
 Rough with its terrible mane unkempt, and enrobed with its white teeth
 Over his head, he was entering thus the imperial mansions,
 Horrid, and round his shoulders had tied his Herculean mantle.

Then do the notable twin-brothers leave their Tiburtian ramparts, 670
 From whom the clan by distinction is called the Tiburtian brothers:
 Dauntless Catillus and Coras, the Argive warrior-chieftains.
 On they are borne to the fore-front rank mid the clustering weapons,
 On like a couple of cloud-born Centaurs, when down from the lofty
 Peak of a mountain they come, forsaking Homolé and snow-capped 675
 Orthys in rapid descent: before them in coming the mighty
 Forest gives way, and the underbrush yields with a terrible racket.

Nor was now wanting the founder renowned of the city Prænesté,
 Who every age has believed was a monarch begotten by Vulcan,
 Born mid the herds of the field and found as a babe on the hearthstones, 680
 Cæculus: widely collected a legion of yeomen attends him,
 Heroes who dwell in the lofty Prænestë, and those who on Gabine
 Juno's moorlands, and ice-bound Anio and Hermica's dewy
 Rocks by the rivers, and those whom the fertile Anagnia nurtures;
 Those, too, whom thou, O sire Amasenus: not all are accoutred, 685
 Nor do their shields and their chariots rattle; a principal part sling
 Bullets of livid lead, and a portion a couple of javelins
 Carry in hand; on the head they as helmets a yellowish wolf-skin
 Have as a cap, and they planted the unshod soles of their left feet
 Firm, while an untanned rawhide moccasin covers the other. 690

But Messapus, the trainer of steeds, a descendent of Neptune,
 Whom it is fated to no one with fire nor with sabre to prostrate,
 Suddenly summons to arms his immobilized tribes and battalions,
 Long unaccustomed to war, and unsheathes his blade from its scabbard.
 These have the Fescennine ranks, and the ranks of the Equi-Falisci; 695
 These have the ranks from Soracté's heights and Flavinian moorlands,
 And from the mountain and lake of Ciminus, and groves of Capena.
 On they were marching in regular number, and singing their sovereign;
 Just as at times the snow-white swans mid the watery mist-clouds, [long throats
 When they return from their pasturage homeward, and shrill through their 700
 Trill their melodious measures; the rivers resound and the distant
 Marshes of Asia re-echo:—

Nor would any one think that from line so extended were mingled
 Brass-armed regiments; but an aërial cloud of discordant
 Fowls from the fathomless surges was driven precipitous shoreward. 705

Lo ! from the primitive blood of the Sabines, Clausus a mighty
 Host comes leading, himself like a mighty host in appearance:
 Now known widely from whom is the Claudian clan and its peerage
 Scattered through Latium, since the dividing of Rome with the Sabines.
 With him the great Amiternian cohort and veteran knights come, 710
 All of the band of Eretum and olive-producing Mutusæ:
 Those who the city Nomentum, and Rosean meads of Velinus;
 Those who the beetling cliffs of Tetrica, and mount of Severus;
 Those who inhabit Casperia, Foruli, and stream of Himella;
 Those, too, who drink of the Tiber and Fabaris; those whom the frozen 715
 Nursia sent, and the squadrons of Horta, and Latin provincials;
 Those whom the Alia—name ill-omened—dividedly waters:
 Many they are as the waves that are rolled on the Libyan marble,
 When in the surges of winter is shrouded the raging Orion,
 Or as thick as the ears that are scorched by the sun in the early 720
 Summer on Hermus' plains, or on Lycia's ripening grain fields:
 Rattle their bucklers, and trembles the earth 'neath the tread of their footsteps.

Hence does Halæsus, the Agamemnonian foe of the Trojan
 Name, to his chariot harness his steeds, and to battle for Turnus
 Hurry a thousand ferocious peoples, who Massica's hillsides— 725
 Grateful to Bacchus—upturn with their mattocks, and those from the lofty
 Hills, whom Auruncan sires, and the near Sidicinian lowlands
 Sent, and who Cales leave, and the yeomen along by the shallow
 River Volturnus, and side by side the Siticalan ruffian
 Horde, and the hordes of the Oscans. Tapering darts are their weapons; 730
 But to attach these fast by a flexible strap is their custom;
 Shielding their left is a target, they have sickle-like sabres for fighting.

Nor in our numbers, O Cebalus, shalt thou go wholly unmentioned,
 Whom by the nymph Sebethis Telon begat, it is stated,
 While he was Capreæ holding, as realms of his fierce Teleboäns, 735
 Old as he was, but the son, no longer content with his father's
 Fields, was at that time even extensively pressing in bondage
 Tribes of Sarrastes, and flats which the Sarnus inundantly waters;
 Those, too, who Rufræ and Batulum hold, and the fields of Celemnæ;
 Those on whom look down the ramparts of apple-producing Abella, 740
 Who are accustomed to hurl in a fashion Teutonic their lances:
 Bark stripped off of the oak for their heads are their only envelopes;
 Glitter their bucklers of brass, and glitters their coppery broadsword.

Thee, too, O Ufens, the mountainous Nersæ hath sent to the battles,
 Ufens distinguished in fame, and renowned for felicitous armor. 745

Specially fierce is whose clan, by continual hunting in woodlands
 Trained, the ferocious Æquicolæ, who on the ruggedest fallows
 All armed culture the earth, and it always delights them to bear off
 New-found spoils, and to live as rapacious marauders by plunder.

Nay, and there came from the hardy Marruvian nation a high-priest 750
 Who for a helmet was decked with a wreath of proliferous olive,
 Sent by his sovereign Archippus, the great and redoubtable Umbro,
 Who was the viperous brood, and the deeply respirable hydras
 Wont by his spells and his manipulations to lull into slumbers,
 Wont to attemper their wrath, and their bites to relieve by his treatment; 755
 But he possessed no appliance to heal a Dardanian spear-point's
 Thrust, nor for wounds did somniferous incantations avail him,
 No, nor his herbs, howe'er carefully culled on the Marsian mountains:
 Thee have Anguitia's woodland, thee have the Fucinus' crystal
 Billow, and thee have the watery lakes wept:— 760

On to the war, too, was marching Hippolytus' beautiful offspring
 Virbius, whom his mother Aricia sent in his glory,
 Reared in Egeria's groves, in the region surrounding its humid
 Shores, where are standing the altars of rich and propitious Diana;
 For they in legend relate that Hippolytus, when by his step-dame's 765
 Trick he had fallen, and his father's penalty paid by his life-blood,
 Torn into shreds by his terrified steeds, he again to beholding
 Planets ætherial came, and to heaven's superior breezes,
 Called thence back by Pæonian herbs, and the love of Diana.
 Then the omnipotent father, indignant that any exempted 770
 Mortal should rise to the light of life from the shadows infernal,
 Smote the Phœbus-begotten inventor of such an unsanctioned
 Nostrum, and art, with a thunderbolt down to the Stygian billows.
 But kind Trivia safely Hippolytus hides in her secret
 Seats, and anon to the nymph and the woods of Egeria trusts him, 775
 Where he alone in Italia's forests unknown might his lifetime
 Spend, and where changing his name, he might Virbius be in his surname:
 Whence from the temple and sacred groves of Trivia horn-hoofed
 Steeds are excluded, because on the beach, by the watery monsters
 Frightened, they once both the youth and his chariot shattered to atoms. 780
 None the less was his son his mettlesome steeds on the commons
 Training, and rushing in chariot eagerly on to the battles.

Turnus himself, in the midst of his chieftains in person transcendent,
 Bustles, displaying his armor, and over them towers by a whole head;
 Crested with triple plumage his helmet aloft of Chimera 785

Flaunts, outbreathing Ætnean fires from her jaws and in aspect
 Seemingly raging the more, and fuming with frightfully lurid
 Flames but the fiercer, the crueller grew in their carnage the battles.
 Bossed was his burnished buckler in gold with the figure of Io
 Standing with horns uplifted, and shaggy with bristles, a cow now, 790
 Monstrous the theme ! and beside her the maiden's guardian, Argus,
 Vea, and her father Inachus pouring a stream from a carved urn.
 Clouds of accoutred infantry follow, and shielded battalions
 Densely are packed on the plains, the Argive troops, the Auruncan
 Squads, the Rutulian hordes, the Sicanian veteran rangers, 795
 And the Sacranian ranks, and with painted shields the Labici;
 Those who, O Tiber, thy glades and the sacred shore of Numicus
 Furrow, the yeomanry, who the Rutulian hills with the plowshare
 Till, and the Circean ridge, o'er whose grain fields Jupiter Anxur
 Rules, and Feronia, proud of her evergreen grove is protectress, 800
 Where the dismal morasses of Satura lie, and the Ufens,
 Cold through its deep dells, searches its way and is buried in ocean.

Came there besides these up from the Volscian nation Camilla,
 Leading her cavalry squadron, and blooming in brass her battalions,
 Warrior-queen, whose womanly hands were unused to Minerva's 805
 Distaff and basket; but trained was the maiden instead to encounter
 Arduous battles, and rival the wind in the speed of her racing:
 She o'er the tops of the blades of the untouched harvest could lightly
 Skim, and not injure withal in careering the tenderest grain-heads;
 Or through the midst of the ocean upborne on the crests of the billows 810
 Hold on her way, and not moisten her nimble soles in the surface.
 Every youngster from dwellings and fields poured forth to behold her;
 Crowds, too, of matrons admire her and eager look out as she passes,
 Gaping with spirits astonished, at how her imperial mantle
 Veils with its purple her delicate shoulders, and how, too, the buckle 815
 Fastens her ringlets in gold, and how she her Lycian quiver
 Wears, and, with spear-head mounted, her pastoral truncheon of myrtle.

BOOK VIII.

Meanwhile Æneas repairs to Evander and forms an Alliance :
Venus, assisted by Vulcan, presents him invincible armor.

WHEN, from Laurentum's citadel, Turnus has signal of warfare;
Hoisted, and cornets with hoarse-voiced blare have sounded the tocsin;
When he has fretted his mettlesome chargers and rattled his armor,
Straightway their souls are perturbed, and at once, with a trepidant tumult,
Leagues all Latium firmly together, and wildly the youthful 5
Warriors bluster. The principal leaders, Messapus, and Ufens,
Yea, and Mezentius spurner of gods, their forces on all sides
Marshal, and strip of their tillers the extended Latian grainfields.
Venulus also it sent to the mighty Diomede's city,
Aid to entreat, and to tell of the Teucrans in Latium settling; 10
Tell that Æneas has come with his fleet, and is bringing his conquered
Homegods, how he is destined by fates, as he claims, to be sovereign;
How, too, the numerous nations are banding themselves with the Dardan
Chieftain, and how through Latium wide is increasing his prestige.
What he designs by these projects, and what, too, if fortune befriends him, 15
He would expect as result of the fight, is to Diomede clearer
Known than apparent to Turnus the monarch, or monarch Latinus.

Such are the issues in Latium; which the Laömedon hero,
All now seeing, heaves with a mighty tide of emotions:
But he dispatches his hurrying soul now hither, now thither 20
Speeds it in divers directions and whirls it incessant on all things:
Just as a tremulous gleam from the sun, or the radiant moon-beam's
Image at times, from the brim of a caldron of water reflected,
Widely through all of the interval flits, and anon on the breezes
Upward is vaulted, and flashingly strikes on the uppermost ceiling. 25

Night was abroad, and o'er all lands slumber profound was possessing
 Wearied animal natures—the races of birds and of cattle—
 When on the bank of the river, and under the vault of the cold sky
 Father Æneas, disturbed in his breast by the ominous warfare,
 Laid him adown, and allowed a belated repose in his members. 30
 Lo! Tiberinus himself, the god of the place, from the charming
 Stream, as an old man seemed to arise in the midst of the poplar
 Thicket: a delicate linen was screening his form with a sea-green
 Veil, and a shadowy cane-brake shrouding his locks as a garland.
 Then he thus seemed to accost him, and soothe his distress in these words: 35
 “O thou born of the peerage of gods, who the city of Troja
 Bringest us back from the foemen, and Pergamus keepest forever,
 Long by the glebe of Laurentum, and Latian meadows expected,
 Here is thy permanent home—nor forego it—thy permanent home gods;
 Be not alarmed by the menace of war: all swelling and anger 40
 Now of the gods have surceased:—
 Soon shall be—lest thou imagine a dream is depicting these fancies—
 Under the marginal hollies discovered reposing a huge sow,
 Having but recently brought forth thirty head at a litter,
 White on the ground reclining, and round her udder her white pigs. 45
 That is the site of thy city, the permanent rest of thy labors;
 There, when thrice ten years shall have passed, shall Ascanius peaceful
 Found him a city renowned by the notable title of Alba.
 Chant I no doubtful events: now listen and I will instruct thee
 Briefly how to accomplish successfully what is before thee. 50
 On these shores the Arcadians, sprung as an issue from Pallas,
 Those who are monarch Evander's attendants—who followed his standards—
 Site have selected of old, and a city laid out in the mountains,
 Named from the name of their forefather Pallas of old Pallanteüm.
 These with the Latin nation are waging perpetual warfare; 55
 These in alliance admit to thy camps and unite them in treaties:
 I will myself by my banks and the course of my channel conduct thee,
 So as to stem by thine oars upwafted the opposite current.
 Rise now, O goddess-born, and as soon as the stars are declining,
 Solemnly offer to Juno thy prayers, and her anger and threatenings 60
 Conquer by suppliant vows. To me thou as victor shalt honor
 Render; for I am the stream that thou seest in plenteous current
 Sweeping its banks and dividing luxuriant acres of tillage,
 Dark-blue Thybris, to heaven a most delectable river:
 Here there a grand home, the head of imperial cities, awaits thee.” 65

So spake the deified stream, and then buried himself in the deep lake,
 Seeking the bottom. Night with its slumber has quitted Æneas:
 Rises he viewing the Orient's gleams of ætherial sun-light
 Dawning, and due in his hollowed palms he the wave of the current
 Lifts, and unfeignedly pours forth to æther expressions of this sort: 70
 "Nymphs, ye Laurentian nymphs, from whom is the rise of the rivers,
 Thou, too, O father Thybris, do thou on thy consecrate current,
 Welcome Æneas, and rid him at last of his hazardous perils,
 So in what fountain soever thy lake, in condoling our trials,
 Holds thee, and out of what soil soever thou gracefully gushest, 75
 E'er by my homage, and e'er by my offerings thou shalt be honored,
 Horn-crowned River, the monarch supreme of Hesperia's waters;
 Only be present and nearer confirm thy divinity to me."
 So he recounts, and selects from his squadron a couple of galleys,
 Rigs them with oars, and his comrades at once he accoutres with armor. 80

But of a sudden, behold ! to their eyes a remarkable portent !
 Bright through the forest, in color the same as her litter of white pigs
 Couched, lay a sow, and there she is seen on the emerald grass-bank;
 Pious Æneas to thee, yes to thee, great Juno devotes her
 Bringing oblations and stations her there with her group at the altar. 85

All that night, as long as it lasted, the Thybris its swelling
 Current abated, and reflux steady, with ripple so silent
 Stood, that it smooth in the style of a pool, or a quieted mill-pond,
 Spread for its waters a level, that effort in rowing be needless.
 Hence on the journey attempted they speed with a favoring murmur: 90
 Glides on over the shallows the unctuous pine, and the ripples
 Wonder, and wonders the thicket unwonted afar at the flashing
 Shields of the men and the gorgeous keels, as they float on the river.
 Meanwhile weary they out a night and a day in their rowing;
 Pass they the channel's circuitous bends, and are screened by the divers 95
 Trees, and asunder the green woods cleave on the tranquilized waters.

Fiery the sun had upclimbed the meridian orbit of heaven,
 When they behold in the distance the walls, and the castle, and scattered
 Roofs of the houses, which Roman authority now has exalted
 Even to heaven, then poor the estate that Evander was owning: 100
 Shoreward they quickly are turning their prows and are nearing the city.

On that day, as it chanced, the Arcadian king was performing
 Annual rites to the gods, to Amphitryon's mighty descendent,
 Out in a grove in front of the town: his son Pallas was with him,
 With him were all the chiefs of his troops, and his indigent Senate, 105

Offering incense, and warm was still reeking the gore at the altars.

Soon as they sighted the tall-rigged barks through the midst of the shaded Grove upgliding, and mariners noiselessly bending in rowing,

They at the sudden appearance are startled, and leaving their tables

All in a body upstart, when Pallas undaunted forbids them 110

Marring the service, and hies, with his upsnatched weapon, to meet them,

And from a mound at a distance: "Soldiers, what cause has constrained you

Journeys unknown to attempt, and whither," says he, "are you going?

What is your nation, your home? Is it peace or arms that you bring us?"

Then from his lofty stern thus discourses the father Æneas, 115

While in his hand he exhibits a branch of the peaceable olive:

"Natives of Troja thou seest, and weapons at war with the Latins,

Those whom by insolent war they have banished as wandering outcasts,

Seek we Evander, report him this message and tell him that chosen

Dardan commanders have come entreating alliance in warfare." 120

Pallas, at mention of name so distinguished, was awed and astounded.

"Land, whosoever thou art," he exclaims, "and in personal presence

Speak to my parent, and come ye, though strangers, as guests of our home-gods"

Welcomes he him with his hand, and grasping he clings to his right hand:

Onward proceeding they enter the grove and abandon the river. 125

Then in these friendly expressions Æneas addresses the monarch.

"Noblest of Grecian descendents, whom Fortune hath willed that I humbly

Sue, and before whom wave the branches bedecked with a fillet,

I have not shrunk because thou Arcadian and leader of Danaï

Wert, and because from thy stock with the twin-born Atrides connected; 130

But it is mine own worth, and the deities' oracles holy,

Yes, and our kindred fathers, and thine own fame through the wide world

Spread, that have joined me to thee, and made me by destiny willing

Dardanus, father and founder primeval of Ilium's city,

Sprung, as the Grecians relate, from Electra the daughter of Atlas, 135

Over is borne to the Teucrans: Atlas engendered Electra—

Atlas the mighty who props the æthereal orbs on his shoulder.

Your forefather is Mercury, whom the immaculate Maia

Brought into being, conceived on the glacial top of Cylléné;

But, if in aught we accredit traditions, Atlas engendered 140

Maia, the self-same Atlas, who poises the planets of heaven:

Thus the descent of us both divergently branches from one blood.

Trusting to these I have not by ambassadors sued, nor by prior

Tentative agencies plied thee; but I, even I have presented

Mine own head, and have hither as suppliant come to thy thresholds. 145

That same Daunian nation, which thee by a merciless warfare
 Persecutes; if they expel us, imagine that nothing prevents them
 Bringing the whole of Hesperia under their sovereign dominion;
 Yea, and their holding the sea which washes above and below them.
 Take and reciprocate faith: with us there are bosoms in battle 150
 Brave, there are spirits and warriors proven by noble achievements."
 Spake had Æneas: Evander the mouth and the eyes of the speaker
 Mutely was scanning awhile, and with keen glance all 'of his body;
 Then he thus briefly responds: "I how willing, O bravest of Teucrans,
 Welcome and recognize thee; I recall, how distinctly, the very 155
 Words and the voice and the looks of thy parent, the mighty Anchises;
 For I remember that Priam, Laomedon's son, in his seeking
 Salamis once on a trip to his sister Hesione's kingdoms,
 Afterwards visited also, Arcadia's glacial confines.
 Freshly was youth then vesting my cheeks with its early floescence; 160
 I was admiring the Teucran commanders, admiring the noble
 Son of Laomedon; but more stately than all was Anchises
 Marching. In juvenile ardor my mind was aglow to accost the
 Hero, and hand to unite with hand in expression of friendship:
 Him I approached and delighted led up to the Pheneän ramparts. 165
 He in departing an elegant quiver and Lycian arrows
 Gave me, and, mantle inwoven with gold, and a couple of bridles
 Mounted with gold, which Pallas my son has now as an heir-loom.
 Therefore, and, what you request, is my right hand joined in alliance;
 Yea, and as soon as to earth is returning the light of the morrow, 170
 I will dismiss you with aid and supply you with ample resources.
 Meanwhile, since ye have come as our friends up hither, these yearly
 Services, which it were wrong to defer, come celebrate gladsome
 With us, and get you accustomed at once to the board of your allies."
 When these words have been spoken, he orders replaced the uplifted 175
 Viands and cups, and the men he arranges himself on a grass-seat;
 While he withal to a sofa and skin of the shaggiest lion
 Welcomes Æneas, and e'en to his throne of maple invites him.
 Then in their rivalry choice young men and the priest of the altar
 Bring in the roasted flesh of the bullocks, and heap on the baskets 180
 Bounties of laborate Ceres, and serve out potions to Bacchus.
 Banquets Æneas, and with him his Trojan warrior-stalwarts
 There on a barbacued chine of beef and the ritual harslets.
 After their hunger was cloyed, and their appetite sated in eating,
 Monarch Evander remarks: "On us these solemnities yearly— 185

These ceremonial feasts and this altar of patron so mighty—
 No absurd superstition, and none ignoring our ancient
 Gods hath imposed; but we rescued, my Trojan guest, from appalling
 Perils observe them, and we are renewing the merited honors.
 Now just glance at yon cliff overhanging the rocks on the hillside; 190
 See how the masses are strewn far round, how deserted yon mountain
 Home there stands, and the crags have dragged down marvellous ruin.
 Formerly there was the cave, in profoundest seclusion secreted,
 Which the detestable shape of the half-man Cacus was holding,
 Inaccessible quite to the sunbeams: its floor was forever 195
 Reeking with recent slaughter and proudly affixed to its door posts
 Men's cadaverous faces were hanging in ghastly corruption.
 Vulcan was sire to this monster, and his were moreover the lurid
 Fires that belched from his mouth, as he strutted in stature enormous.
 After a while time brought us, so earnestly longing to gain it, 200
 Aid and the advent indeed of a god; for a mighty avenger,
 Proud of the tri-born Geryon's slaughter and plunder, Alcides
 Made his appearance, and hither as victor was driving his portly
 Bulls, and his cattle were grazingly holding the valley and river:
 But the mind of Cacus was frenzied by furies that nothing 205
 Either of crime or of craft he left undared or attempted.
 Out of their stables he stealthily drove four bullocks of matchless
 Size, and as numerous heifers of exquisite symmetry with them:
 But that there he no footprints made in a forward direction,
 These dragged off to his cave by the tail, and purloined with the way-marks 210
 Thither reversed, he was hiding away in his cavernous rock-den:
 No indications were guiding a searcher the way to his cavern.
 Meanwhile when now Amphitryon's son was removing his full-fed
 Herds from the stables and getting them ready to make his departure,
 Lo! as the cattle were leaving, they bellowed, and all of the woodland 215
 Filled with their plaints, and the hills were forsaken with uproar.
 One of the cattle returned a response, and down in the vast cave
 Lowed, and, though carefully guarded, defeated the purpose of Cacus.
 Hereat had verily flared into fury the wrath of Alcides,
 Venomed with gall. He seizes his armor in hand and his oak-club 220
 Loaded with knots, and repairs to the airy heights of the mountain.
 Then for the first did our people see Cacus alarmed and betraying
 Fear in his eyes; but he instantly fled away swifter than East-wind,
 Seeking his cave, his alarm added wings to his feet in his panic.
 When he has shut himself in, and by wrenching the chains had a huge rock 225

Dropped down, which from a staple was there by the art of his father
 Hanging, and fast by this barrier stayed, hath blockaded the door-posts,
 Lo ! the Tirynthian fuming in spirits was present, and searching
 Every approach, he was hither and thither presenting his visage
 Gritting his teeth. Thrice, boiling with anger, he narrowly searches 230
 All the Aventine mountain; he thrice the granitical thresholds
 Tries unavailing, and thrice he exhausted retires to the valley.

There was standing a sharp flint rock, with its ledges on all sides
 Steep, on the back of the cave uprising in loftiest aspect,
 Forming a fitting resort for the nests of detestable wild-fowls: 235
 This as it prone from the ridge on the left toward the river was leaning,
 Pushing against it amain on the right, he shook and detached it,
 Torn from its nethermost roots; then all of a sudden he heaved it
 Off, with the crash of its heaval the boundless firmament thunders;
 Startle asunder the banks, and back flows the terrified river. 240

But the enormous cave and detected palace of Cacus
 Glared into view, and thoroughly opened his shadowy caverns;
 Just as if earth, by some mighty upheaval, should down to its centre
 Yawning unbar the infernal abodes, and uncover the ghastly
 Realms, detested of gods, and the bottomless pit were distinctly 245
 Seen, and the ghosts by the in-let light were in trepidant terror.

Therefore arrested in light unexpected, and shut of a sudden
 Fast in his cavernous rock, and though never so lustily bawling,
 Down from above with his weapons Alcides assails him, and armor
 Summons of all sorts, and pelts him with billets and ponderous mill-stones 250
 He, however, for now there was no escape from his peril,
 Out of his jaws a prodigious smoke—a marvel to utter !

Belches and shrouds with its volume his haunt in bewildering blackness,
 Robbing the eyes of a prospect, and down in his cavern amasses
 Densely fumiferous night, and fire immingled with darkness. 255

Wrathful Alcides endured it not, and he right through the hot fire
 Headlong plunged at a bound, where the smoke is its billows the thickest
 Driving, and dismal the monstrous cave is surging with vapor.
 Here in the darkness he Cacus, his fires unavailingly belching,
 Grapples, and grasped in a knot-like grip he throttles him, holding 260
 On till his eye-balls start, and his throat is drained of its life-blood.

Forthwith wide is thrown open the dismal den, with its door-ways
 Wrenched, and the stolen cattle and forsworn plunder are straightway
 Shown to the sky, and forth by the feet is the hideous carcass
 Dragged: Our hearts are unable indeed to be sated with gazing 265

Now on the terrible eyes, and the visage, and breasts of the half-beast
 Shaggy with bristles, and fires in his jaws now extinguished forever.
 Homage from that time on has been paid, and in joy have descendents
 Kept up the day, and Potitius, who was its primitive founder,
 Though the Pinarian house is the warden of Hercules' worship, 270
 Stationed this altar here in the grove, which is always regarded
 Greatest by us, and always shall be thus regarded the greatest.
 Wherefore, O warriors, come, in discharge of such laudable service,
 Circle your locks with a garland and goblets extend in your right hands,
 Call on the common god, and the wines right cheerily offer." 275
 So spake he, while with Herculean shadow a bicolored poplar
 Mantled his locks, and inwoven with leaves in its drapery pendent
 Hung, and a consecrate chalice his right hand filled. They at once all
 Pour out libations elate on the table, and deities worship.

Meanwhile the evening star draws nearer the slope of Olympus: 280
 Now, too, were priests and foremost among them Potitius marching,
 Vestured in skins, in accordance with custom, and carrying torch-lights.
 Spread they the banquets anew, and provide for the second-set tables
 Savory presents, and cumber with well-filled salvers the altars.
 Then are in waiting the Salians, round the high altars of incense, 285
 Ready for chanting, with temples encircled with garlands of poplar:
 This is the chorus of young men, that of the old who in song are
 Caroling Hercules' fame and achievements—how he aforetime
 Strangled by hand his step-mother's monsters by choking the twin-born
 Serpents, and how he in warfare o'erthrew the illustrious cities, 290
 Troja the great and Œchalia; how he a thousand oppressive
 Tasks, 'neath the monarch Eurystheus and fates of iniquitous Juno,
 Suffered: "Invincible champion, thou by thy prowess the cloud-born
 Mongrels, the Centaurs, Hylæis and Pholus didst slay, and the Cretan
 Wonders, and, under the cliff of Nemæä, the marvellous lion. 295
 Trembled before thee the Stygian lakes, and the warden of Orcus,
 Crouching at ease o'er his half-gnawed bones in his sanious cavern;
 Thee no shapes could appall, not even the giant Typhœus,
 Waving his armor aloft: nor as one bereft of his reason,
 Did with its cluster of heads the Lernæan hydra surround thee. 300
 Hail thou undoubted descendent of Jove, and to gods an appended
 Glory! With stateliest steppings both us and thy services honor!"
 Such are the songs that they chant in his praise, and the cavern of Cacus
 Add above all, and even his breathing out flames of defiance:
 Rings with the racket each grove, and the hillocks reverberant echo. 305

Then do they all, when the hallowed solemnities duly were ended,
 Back to the city betake them: the king was, though cumbered with old age,
 Marching and, having his son and Æneas beside him as escort,
 Walking along and relieving the journey by various-converse.
 Wonders Æneas, as lightly he glances his eyes over all things 310
 Round, and is charmed with the places he sees, and inquires and delighted
 Listens to every minute reminiscence of primitive heroes.
 Then said the monarch Evander, the Roman citidel's founder:
 "Once these groves were the Fauns and Nymphs indigenous holding,
 Yea, and a class of men that had sprung from trunks and the stubborn 315
 Oak, who had neither refinement, nor culture, and knew not to yoke up
 Oxen, nor garner their stores, nor to save the provisions of nature,
 But they subsisted on browse, and the meagre resources of hunting.
 First came Saturn down from ætherial realms of Olympus,
 Fleeing from Jupiter's armor, an exile deprived of his kingdoms. 320
 He hath the race, unsubdued and dispersed on the loftiest mountains,
 Settled and furnished with laws, and he wished that the land be entitled
 Latium, since he in latency safe in these borders had tarried.
 Under that sovereign existed what they extol as the golden
 Ages. He thus was in peaceful tranquillity ruling the peoples, 325
 Till a depraved and degenerate era by little and little
 Dawned, and a frenzy for battle and lust for possessing succeeded.
 Then came in the Ausonian hordes, and Sicanian nations,
 Aye, and full oft the Saturnian land its name hath discarded:
 Monarchs then rose, and, in stature colossal, redoubtable Thybris, 330
 From whose name the Italians since have our river the Thybris
 Termed, and so primitive Albula lost its appropriate title.
 Me, from my country expelled, and pursuing the bounds of the ocean,
 Hath an omnipotent Fortune and unevadable Fate here
 Placed in these realms, and have driven me hither my mother's tremendous 335
 Warnings, the nymph Carmentis, and deity patron Apollo."
 Scarce were these uttered when stepping on thence he shows him the very
 Altar, and gate which the Romans continue to call the Carmental—
 Honor accorded of old to the nymph Carmentis, the fate-versed
 Prophetess, who was the earliest seeress who sang that Æneans 340
 Would in the future be mighty and notable be Pallanteüm.
 Thence, too, he shows him the grove extensive which Romulus gallant
 Set as asylum apart, and the Lupercal under the chilling
 Cliff, so called in Parrhasian style as the shrine of Lycæän
 Pan, and he shows him, moreover, the thicket of shrined Argiletum, 345

Vouches the spot, and rehearses the death of his visitor Argus.
 Thence he towards the Tarpeian retreat, and the Capitol leads him,
 Now all gilded, but once it was bristling with wilderness-brambles.
 Just then the terrible awe of the place was affrighting the timid
 Peasantry: just then were they at the rock and the wilderness quailing 350
 "Here in this grove," he remarked, "on the foliaged top of this hillock
 Haunted a god—what god is uncertain: Arcadians fancy
 They have beheld even Jupiter, when he was fierce in his right hand
 Shaking his ebony ægis, and mustering clouds for a tempest.
 Yonder, thou further beholdest two fortified towns with their bulwarks 355
 Scattered in ruins, the reliques and remnants of veteran heroes.
 Janus our father hath this, and Saturn hath founded that castle;
 This had the name of Janiculum, that was Saturnia titled."

Mid such mutual words they were nearing the humble Evander's
 Dwellings, and, everywhere round were beholding the herds of his cattle 360
 Lowing, in what is the Roman forum and gaudy Carinæ.
 Then as they reached the abodes: "This threshold," said he, "the heroic
 Victor Alcides entered; this palace it was that received him.
 Venture, my guest, the despisal of riches, and deign to deport thee
 Worthy a god, and come not in scorn of our lowly condition." 365
 Spake he, and under the roof of his narrow abode he conducted
 Noble Æneas, and gave him a place on a cushion of dried leaves,
 Rudely supported and spread with the skin of a Libyan she-bear.

Night swoops down, and embraces the world with its shadowy pinions:
 Meanwhile Venus his mother, not causelessly worried in spirit, 370
 Moved by the threats of Laurentians, and by the ominous tumult,
 Whispers to Vulcan, and thus on the golden couch of her husband
 Broaches the subject, and breathes in her words a celestial affection:
 "Whilst the Argolical monarchs were Pergamus wasting in warfare,
 And by the enemy's fires were her citidels ready to crumble, 375
 I no assistance besought for the wretched endurers, nor armor
 Wrought by thine art and device, nor did I, my affectionate husband,
 Needlessly wish to impose requisition on thee and thy labors,
 Though I was greatly indebted indeed to the children of Priam;
 Yea, and have frequently wept o'er the arduous toil of Æneas: 380
 Now he by Jupiter's orders has moored on Rutulians' borders;
 Therefore a suppliant mother I come and beseech of thy holy
 Sovereignty arms for my offspring. Thee could Nereüs' daughter,
 Thee could the spouse of Tithonus affect by her tears and entreaties.
 Look at what hordes are collecting together, what cities, with close-barrel 385

Portals, are whetting the sabre on me and the fall of my kindred ! ”
 Thus had she spoke, and the goddess with snow-white arms her reluctant
 Consort caresses in tender embrace. He has thence of a sudden
 Caught the accustomed flame, and the well-known glow has his marrow
 Entered and run through his softly susceptible bones in an instant ; 390
 Just as at times when a glittering fiery rift, by a flashing
 Thunderbolt riven, shoots with a dazzling gleam through the storm clouds.
 Pleased with her ruses, and conscious of beauty his spouse has perceived it ;
 Then in eternal attachment enchanted, the father bespeaks her :
 “ Why art thou seeking so deeply for reasons ? And where has, my goddess, 395
 Gone thy reliance on me ? If a similar care had existed,
 Then had existed our right, too, to furnished with armor the Teucrans ;
 Not the omnipotent father, nor fates were forbidding that Troja
 Stand, and that Priam survive for e’en ten years longer, if need be :
 Yea, and if now thou art ready for warring, and this be thy purpose, 400
 What in my art I can possibly promise of care in production,
 What can be possibly wrought out of iron or molten amalgum,
 All that the fires or the blasts can accomplish—only by pleading
 Cease to distrust thine abilities.” Such words spake he and fondly
 Gave the embraces he wanted, and, lapsed in the lap of his consort, 405
 Courted anon through his limbs the repose of a quieted slumber.

Then when the first sound rest in the midmost stage of the far spent
 Night had already excluded a sleep, when the diligent housewife—
 One who is forced to support her life by the distaff and slender
 Fare of Minerva—reopens the ashes and smouldering embers, 410
 Adding the night to the service and making her maidens by lamplight
 Toil at their task, that she pure may preserve the bed of her husband
 Chaste, and be able to bring up her still small children with credit—
 Just like her, nor at that time idler ignipotent Vulcan
 Springs from his downy couch to his craft’s imperious duties. 415

Close by Sicania’s side and Æolian Lipara lying
 Looms, with its smoking crags in the billows, a towering island,
 Under which nestles a cave, and, scooped by the forge of the Cyclops,
 Thunder the Ætnean craters, and ponderous blows on the anvils
 Heard are returning the moan, and deep in the caverns are hissing 420
 Bars of Chalybian steel, and the fire in the furnaces wheezes—
 Vulcan’s abode, and the land is entiled the island of Vulcan.
 Thither descends the Ignipotent then from the summit of heaven :
 Brisk in their fathomless cavern the Cyclops were forging the iron,
 Brontes and Steropes there, and with limbs stark naked Pyracmon. 425

Still in their hands was a half-formed thunderbolt partly already
 Polished—and many a one does the sire from the circuit of heaven
 Hurl to the earth—and a portion was still remaining imperfect.
 Three shafts writhen of hail, and three of a watery rain-cloud,
 Three they had added of glittering fire and the piniony South-wind. 430
 Now they were mingling flashes terrific and uproar and horror
 Wild in their work, and vengeance as swift as the speed of the lightning.
 Elsewhere busy were they on a chariot of Mars and its wheel-work
 Winged, on which he the heroes, on which he their cities arouses :
 Eagerly were they the horrible ægis, and armor of wrathful 435
 Pallas embossing with scales of serpents in gold, and a knotted
 Necklace of snakes, and the Gorgon's self, on the breast of the goddess,
 Writhing its glaring eye-balls still though its neck was dissevered.
 " Banish all these," he exclaims, " and away with the work ye are doing,
 Ætnean Cyclops, and hither direct your exclusive attention : 440
 Arms must be wrought for a chivalrous chief. Now is need of your vigor,
 Now of your rapidest hands, and now of each art of the master:
 Down with delay ! " He uttered no more, but they all at his bidding
 Quickly have sprang to their tasks, and allotted the labor among them
 Equally. Flows forth copper, and metal of gold as in rivers, 445
 Whilst the vulnific steel melts down in the fathomless furnace.
 Massive they model the shield, and sufficient alone for resisting
 All the darts of the Latins, and fashion it circle on circle
 Seven-fold : some at the windy bellows, alternately pumping,
 Catch and expel the blasts, while others the sputtering copper 450
 Plunge in the trough : the cavern is groaning with lumbering anvils.
 Each uplifts his arms by turns with vigorous effort,
 Keeping the time as they turn o'er the mass with their grappling pincers
 While thus bustles the Lemnian sire in Æolian confines,
 Up from his humble abode are the genial light, and the morning 455
 Twitter of swallows under his gable arousing Evander.
 Quickly the old man rises, and robing his limbs with his tunic,
 Binds round firm to the soles of his feet his Tyrrhenian sandals;
 Then to his side and his shoulder he buckles the sword of Tegæa,
 Tossing aback o'er his left, as it dangled, the hide of a panther ; 460
 Yes, and withal a couple of vigilant hounds from the lofty
 Threshold scamper before him, and wait on the steps of their master.
 Forth to the seat and retreat of Æneas his guest was the hero,
 Mindful the while of their chat, and his proffer of services, wending.
 Not less early than he in the morning Æneas was stirring ; 465

Pallas, his son was the one, Achates attending the other.
 Meeting, they join right hands, and together sit down in the central
 Halls of the house, and at length are enjoying a privileged converse.
 Foremost the king thus speaks :—

“ Mightiest chief of the Teucrans, with whom as survivor I surely 470
 Never will own that the state and the kingdoms of Troja are vanquished,
 Though as assistance in war, in defense of a name so ennobled,
 Scant is our strength—we are hemmed by the Tuscan river on this side,
 That the Rutulian presses, and round our walls with his armor
 Dins—yet I mean to unite thee with powerful tribes and encampments, 475
 Teeming with Kingdoms. This safety an opportune incident haply
 Shows thee, and hither undoubting advance to the fates as they beckon.
 Not far hence is located the site of the city Agylla,
 Founded on primitive rock, where the Lydian nation aforetime,
 Famous in battle, has settled the hills once known as Etruscan. 480
 This, though flourishing many a year did the monarch Mezentius
 Grasp at length in imperial sway, and by merciless armor—
 Why should I tell of unspeakable butcheries? why of the tyrant’s
 Infamous deeds? May the gods requite them on him and his kindred !
 Nay he was even accustomed to fasten the dead to the living, 485
 Binding them hands to hands, and faces to faces together !
 Species of torture ! And so, all dripping with gore and corruption,
 Linked in their wretched embrace, by a lingering death he would kill them :
 But his subjects at last, worn out by his cruelties, arming
 Rise, and surround, though ineffably raving, both him and his household, 490
 Slay his attendants and fling on the roofs of his palace the fire-brands.
 He mid the slaughter escaping, away to Rutulian plow-lands
 Fled, and is there defended by armor of Turnus, his ally.
 Therefore Etruria all hath arisen in righteous resentments ;
 Waiting on Mars, they demand that their king be surrendered to justice. 495
 Over these thousands, Æneas, I mean to install thee as leader,
 For all along on the sea-board clamor the hovering war-ships,
 Bidding the standards on ; but the aged diviner restrains them,
 Chanting the fates : ‘ O Mœonia’s stalwart warriors matchless,
 Flower and valor of veteran heroes, whom righteous abhorrence 500
 Hurls on the foe, and Mezentius kindles to merited vengeance,
 Not an Italian has warrant to marshal so mighty a nation,
 Choose ye out foreign commanders.’ Then there are the ranks of Etrusca,
 Camping on yonder plain, overawed by the deities’ warnings.
 Tarchon himself hath commissioned ambassadors, tendering to me 505

Even the crown of his realm, and his sceptre and badges of office,
 Bids me repair to his camp, and assume the Tyrrhenian kingdoms :
 But old-age, grown sluggish by cold, and enfeebled by lapsing
 Years, and my vigor too late for adventures, begrudge me the empire.
 I would encourage my son, were he not by his mother a Sabine 510
 Mixed, and so heiring a part of the country ; but thou on whose favored
 Years and descent the fates are indulgent, whom auguries summon,
 On in thy march, most valiant chief of Italians and Teucrans !
 I unto thee will, moreover, this Pallas, our hope and our solace,
 Join as attendant, and let him the drill, under thee as his teacher, 515
 Practice of war, and to Mars' hard drudgery learn to inure him,
 Learn from his earliest years to behold thy exploits and admire thee.
 Him will I furnish two hundred Arcadian horsemen, the choicest
 Pick of my army, and Pallas will furnish as many in his name."

Scarce had he spoken these words, while downcast holding their features 520
 Fixed were Æneas the son of Anchises, and faithful Achates ;
 Yea, in their own sad hearts they were thinking of many a hardship,
 Had not from open heaven Cythereâ have given the signal :
 For unexpected from æther a dazzling flash, as of lightning,
 Came with a rumble, and suddenly all things seemed to be rushing ; 525
 Seemed the Tyrrhenian blare of a trumpet to bellow through æther.
 Upward they glance : again and again there re-echoes a loud crash,
 Arms in the midst of a haze, in a region serene of the heavens,
 They through a rift see glitter and hear them reverberant thunder.
 Others were stunned in their souls ; but the hero of Troja the echo 530
 Knew, and remembered the pledge of his mother, the goddess.
 Then he rehearses : " Nay, do not, my host ; O do not minutely
 Question what issues these prodigies bode : I am sought by Olympus !
 For my creatress divine has foretold she would send me this signal
 Should there be brewing a war, and Vulcanian arms on the breezes 535
 Wait for asistance :—

Ah ! what slaughters await the unhappy Laurentes ! And, Turnus,
 What an amend shalt thou pay me ? And, father Thybris, how many
 Bucklers and helmets and stalwart bodies of heroes shalt thou roll
 Under thy billows ! Then let them to arms and alliances rupture ! " 540

When he hath uttered these words he raises himself from his lofty
 Throne, and at once rekindles on Hercules' altars the smoldered
 Embers ; then yesterday's guardian Lar, and the little Penates
 Gladly approaches. Evander as promptly, as promptly the Trojan
 Warriors sacrifice victims selected according to custom. 545

Afterwards wends he away to the ships, and revisits his comrades ;
 From whose number he chooses, to follow him into the battles,
 Those who in valor excel ; the remainder are borne on the ebbing
 Water, and downward sluggishly float on the favoring river,
 News of his father's successes and plans to Ascanius bearing. 559
 Horses are furnished for Teucrans in seeking Tyrrhenian meadows :
 Forth for Æneas they lead an exceptional one, which the tawny
 Skin of a lion, with gilt claws gleaming, completely envelops.

Suddenly flits through the little metropolis bruited the rumor,
 Cavalry soon are to go to the shores of Tyrrhenia's monarch : 555
 Mothers in terror redouble their vows, and nearer to danger
 Comes the alarm, and now grander is looming the shape of the war-god.
 Then does the father Evander, clasping his hand as he leaves him,
 Cling to his son in unsatisfied weeping, and thus he bespeaks him :
 "O if Jupiter would but restore me the years that are vanished, 560
 Such as I was when, under Prænesté, I routed the foremost
 Line of the battle, and conquering, burned whole heaps of their bucklers,
 And unto Tartarus sent king Hērillus down with this right hand !
 Hērillus, whom at his birth his mother Feronia three lives—
 Horrid to utter— had given, three changes of wieldable armor : 565
 Thrice must he needs be stricken in death, and yet thrice did this right hand
 Rob him of every life, and despoil him as oft of his armor :
 No, my son, I would now from thy loving embraces be nowhere
 Separate, nor to his neighbor should haughty Mezentius ever,
 Grossly insulting this head, have so many and merciless murders 570
 Done with his sword, nor my city have reft of so many a dweller.
 But you, O ye supernals, and deities, mightiest sovereign,
 Jupiter also, I pray you, pity Arcadia's monarch ;
 Hear ye a father's prayers ! and if your divinities shield him
 Safely from danger, if fate but reserve me my Pallas uninjured ; 575
 If I but live to behold him, and come once more to embrace him,
 Life I implore : I am willing to go through any endurance ;
 But if, O Fortune, thou threatenest any unspeakable evil,
 Now, O now be it mine a disconsolate life to surrender,
 While apprehensions are vague, while uncertain the hope of the future, 580
 Whilst I have thee, dear boy, as my last and my only endearment,
 Fast in a loving embrace, O let there no heavier tidings
 Wound mine ears !" These words was his sire at the final departure
 Venting: his servants were bearing him fainting away to his mansions.

Now upon this had emerged from the wide-open portals the mounted 585

Cavalry; right in the van were Æneas and faithful Achates;
 After them other officials of Troja: amid the array rode
 Pallas himself, superb in his mantle and blazoned equipments:
 Just as when bathed in the ocean's wave hath the star of the morning—
 Star which above all stars is the favorite planet of Venus— 590
 Lifted its sacred visage, and melted the darkness from heaven.
 Mothers solicitous stand on the walls, and with lingering glances
 Follow the pillar of dust, and the regiments gleaming in copper. [ways,
 They through the brambles in arms, through the nearest approach to the high-
 Onward are tenling: there issues a shout, and the column completed, 595
 Hoof with a quadruped clattering quivers the mouldering common.

Hard by the gelid river of Cæré there stands an immense grove,
 Sacred afar by religious respect of the fathers: on all sides
 Circling hills have enclosed it, and skirts it a forest of black pine.
 Rumor reports that the ancient Pelasgi the grove, and a feast-day, 600
 Sacred assigned to Silvanus as god of their pastures and cattle,
 Who were original owners of old of the Latian confines.
 Not far off from the spot were the Tuscans and Tarchon encamping,
 Strongly entrenched, and the whole of their legion was now from the rising
 Hilltop visible, stretching away on the limitless meadows. 605
 Thither the father Æneas and chosen for battle his stalwarts
 Cautiously climb, and though weary, attend to their horses and bodies.

But on æthereal storm-clouds Venus, the beauteous goddess,
 Bearing her gifts, had appeared, and, as soon as she sighted her offspring,
 Far in a valley sequestered apart on the banks of the gelid 610
 Stream, she accosted him thus, and presented herself for the purpose:
 "Lo! the bestowments I promised, designed by the art of my husband,
 Finished; nor scruple, my son, in the future, to challenge to combats
 Either the haughty Lauretes, or spirited champion Turnus."
 Spake Cythereä, and courted the grateful embrace of her offspring. 615
 As she the radiant armor set down 'neath an opposite oak-tree.
 He, with the gifts of the goddess and honor so signal delighted,
 Cannot be sated, and, rolling his eyes o'er each article singly,
 Wonders, while oft on his hands and his arms he poises the helmet,
 Richly adorned with its terrible plumage, and seeming to vomit 620
 Flames, and the fate-fraught sabre, and corselet inwoven with copper,
 Blood-red, massive; as when by the sunbeams gilded, a lurid
 Rain-cloud kindles in glow, and reflects from afar an effulgence.
 So, too, the polished greaves of the finest of gold and amalgam
 Wrought, and the spear, and the marvellous shield of ineffable fabric. 625

There the Italian affairs, and the triumphs in store for the Romans,
 Not uninformed of the fates, nor unskilled in the coming hereafter,
 Had the Ignipotent modeled; and there had each branch of the future
 Line of Ascanius wrought, and the wars to be waged in their order:
 Modeled the fostering wolf, in the moss-grown grotto of Mavors, 630
 Couched in recumbent repose; and around her udders the twin-boys
 Playfully hanging, while she as their mother lay licking the fearless
 Infants, and bending her tapering neck in alternately stroking
 Each in his turn, and with tongue thus tenderly shaping their bodies.
 Not far away thence Rome and the Sabine maidens' unseemly 635
 Rape in the crowd, while the grand Circenian circus was being
 Held, he had added, and, suddenly rising, the singular warfare,
 Romulus' party with Tatius old and his merciless Cures.
 Afterwards these same kings, when the struggle between them was over,
 Armed were standing in front of the altar of Jupiter, holding 640
 Goblets, and, over a slaughtered sow were concerting alliance.
 Not far thence had his four-horsed chariots, swiftly careering,
 Quartered asunder Mettus—but thou thy pledges, O Alban,
 Shouldest have kept! and Tullus was dragging the corse of the faithless [drops.
 Man through the woods, and the brambles were dripping with spattering blood—
 There was Porsena, moreover, bidding them welcome back the discarded 645
 Tarquin, and pressing the city with grievously stringent investment,
 Whilst the Æneans were rushing to arms for the citizens' rescue.
 Him thou canst see like a person indignant, like one in a threatening
 Posture, because brave Cocles was daring to tear up the bridging, 650
 Yea, and e'en Clœlia was swimming, with fetters dissevered, the river.
 Manlius, high on the heights, was as guard of the fort of Tarpeia
 Standing in front of the temple, and lofty Capitols holding.
 Freshly was bristling the palace with Romulus' primitive thatching.
 Here, moreover, a silvery goose, in the golden verandas 655
 Flitting, was giving alarm that the Gauls were approaching the threshold:
 Gauls had approached through the brambles, and there were investing the castle
 Screened by the darkness and boon of the dim and shadowy midnight:
 Golden their flowing locks, and golden their radiant raiment;
 Brightly they gleam in their striped, diversified plaids; then their milk-white 660
 Necks are encircled with gold, and they each in hand are two Alpine
 Spontoons brandishing, whilst they protected their bodies with long shields.
 Here are the Salian dancers, and there are the naked Luperci,
 Aye, and their lambs' wool tufts, and their targes descended from heaven,
 Modeled, and virtuous maidens were leading the sacred processions 665

On through the city in light-wheeled carriages. Yonder he adds thence
 Even Tartarean seats, and the towering portals of Pluto:
 Criminal punishments also: and thee, O Cataline, hanging
 High on a menacing crag, and quaking at sight of the turies:
 Separate also the pious, and Cato dispensing them statutes. 670
 'Twixt these, broadly was stretching the golden expanse of a swollen
 Sea, but its deep-blue billows were foaming with leathery white-caps:
 Round in the bright, pure silver in circles were dolphins the broad deep
 Sweeping with frisky tails, and cleaving the billowy whirlpool:
 Out in its midst could the bronze-beaked fleets, and the Actian battles 675
 Plainly be seen; and thou couldst, too, behold the whole of Leucate
 Glowing in battle array, and the surges effulgent with pure gold.
 Cæsar Augustus on this side leading Italians to combats,
 Flanked by the Senate and people, and cherished Penates and great gods,
 High on his stern-deck standing, and each of his temples exultant 680
 Breathing out flames, and there sparkles his father's star on his forehead.
 There, on the other side, tall is Agrippa, with winds and the great gods
 Favoring, leading his army, whose beak-crowned temples with naval
 Crown are effulgently gleaming, the arrogant signal of battle.
 Yonder as victor, with forces barbaric, and various armor, 685
 Antony brings from the tribes of the morning, and shore of the Red-Sea,
 Egypt, and swarming his Orient allies, and farthestmost Bactra
 With him; and shame! in his train an Egyptian consort attends him!
 All seem rushing at once, and the whole main foaming and splashing,
 Torn by the back-drawn oars, and the prows surmounted with tridents. 690
 Seaward they steer, and the Cyclades thou wouldst imagine were wrenched loose,
 Sailing the ocean, and loftiest mountains with mountains colliding,
 Men of a marvellous stature are perched on the turretted stern decks;
 Flamable tow and the feathery steel is by hand and by weapons
 Scattered: with fresh-made massacre redden the fallows of Neptune. 695
 Full in their midst is the queen, with her country's timbrels the squadrons
 Summoning, seeing not yet the couple of serpents behind her.
 Monsters of gods of every description, and barking Anubis,
 Wield against Neptune and Venus, and even Minerva, their hostile
 Weapons. The steel-clad Mavors aloof in the midst of the contest 700
 Rages, and hideous Furies are sweeping from regions of æther;
 Discord jubilant stalks, with her mantelet riddled to tatters,
 After her follows, with blood-stained scourge, the inhuman Bellona.
 Seeing these, Actium's patron Apollo was bending his cross-bow
 Downward: in dread of him, every Egyptian and Indian, and every 705

Arab, and all the Sabæans were turning their backs in a panic:
Even the queen was beheld as unfurling the sails to the welcome
Winds, and seemed now, even now, to be loosing the ropes of the main-sail.
Her in the midst of the carnage, and palid from doom in the future,
Had the Ignipotent fashioned as borne by the waves and the West-wind. 710
Opposite though as in mourning the Nilus enormous in stature,
Spreading his fluttering folds, and with all its investure inviting
Back to its dark blue bosom and sheltering rivers the vanquished.
Meantime Cæsar, in triplicate triumph, conveyed in the Roman
Walls, to Italia's gods was a votive immortal devoting, 715
Even three hundred capital shrines through the whole of the city;
Loud were the streets with the joy and the sports and the plaudit resounding;
Clusters of matrons at all of the temples, at all there were altars:
Strewing the ground in front of the altars lay sacrificed bullocks.
He in the snow-white porch of the brilliant Apollo his station 720
Taking, the gifts of the peoples acknowledges, and on the proud gates
Hangs them. The conquered nations are marching in lengthy procession,
Varied in languages each, as in habit of costume and armor.
Here, too, had Mulciber sketched the Numidian tribes and the loose girt
Africans: here, too, the Leleges, Carian hordes and Geloni 725
Carrying arrows. In waves more gentle now passed the Euphrates;
There the remotest of men, the Morini, and there the bicornous
Rhine and untamable Dahæ, and scorning a bridge, the Araxes.
Such on the shield of Vulcan—the gift of his mother—the objects
He is admiring; not knowing their meanings, he, pleased with the pattern, 730
Lifts to his shoulder the fame, and the fates of his future descendents.

BOOK IX.

Trojans in Camp are assaulted by Turnus: Euryalus' midnight
Venture with Nisus: the havoc of Turnus, who leaps in the Tiber.

BUT, while these scenes are afar in a different quarter enacted,
Down from heaven has Saturnian Juno her messenger Iris
Sent to audacious Turnus. It happened that Turnus was just then
Seated at ease in a hallowed vale, in a grove of his parent Pileumnus:
Thus from her roseate mouth did the daughter of Thaumas address him: 5
“Turnus, what none of the gods to thee wishing would venture to promise,
Lo! the revolving day of its own free will hath accorded.
Leaving his city and comrades and vessels, Æneas is absent,
Seeking the kingdom and home of the Palatine monarch Evander;
Still not enough, he hath Corythus' farthest cities invaded, 10
Yea, and is arming the Lydians' horde—their yeomanry mustered.
Why doubt? Now is the juncture to order out horses and chariots:
Break through every delay, and seize on his crippled encampments.”
Spake she, and, heavenward soaring away on her balancing pinions,
Clave on the clouds in her flight a wide-arched, radiant rainbow. 15
Instant the warrior knew her, and raised to the planets his folded
Palms, and thus in his utterance followed the fugitive goddess:
“Iris, the glory of heaven, who sent thee to me on the thin clouds
Wafted to earth? Whence came this so unexpectedly splendid
Weather? I see in its midst heaven parting asunder, and lonely 20
Stars in the firmament straggling! I follow thy marvellous omens,
Whosoever dost summon to arms!” And having thus spoken,
Forth to the billow he strode, and the waters scooped from the top-surf,
Often imploring the gods, and he loaded the heavens with votives.
Soon to the open plain was advancing the whole of his army. 25

Rich in its steeds, and as rich in embroidered and golden apparel.
 Leading the van in Messapus, the youthful sons of Tyrrheüs
 Bring up the rear: in the midst of the squadron the champion Turnus
 Bustles, displaying his armor, and over them towers by a whole head.
 On like the broad, deep Ganges, rising in seven majestic 30
 Rivers in quiet, or Nile, when it back in a copious current
 Flows o'er the plains, and has presently buried itself in its channel.
 Here in the distance the Teucrans descry of a sudden a dense dust
 Cloud amassing, and out of the plains uprising a darkness.
 Foremost Caïcus excitedly shouts from the opposite breastwork: 35
 "Citizens, what is yon globe uprolling in ebony blackness?
 Hasten to arms, bring weapons, and rally and mount to the bulwarks:
 Ho! the foe is at hand!" With a vehement clamor the Teucrans
 Shelter themselves through all of the portals and fill up the ramparts:
 For, when departing, so had Æneas, their chieftain in armor, 40
 Ordered them, if in the interval, any emergency happen,
 Not to venture to risk an engagement, nor trust to the broad plain,
 Only the camps, and the walls they should guard secure with a breastwork.
 Therefore, though shame or resentment should tempt them to hazard a combat,
 Still they must fasten the portals and strictly obey his injunctions; 45
 Armed they must wait for the foemen, entrenched in their sheltering turrets.
 Turnus, as speeding ahead he had distanced his tardier column,
 Flanked by an escort of twenty selected dragoons, at the city
 Suddenly made his appearance: a piebald Thracian charger
 Bears, and a crimson-crested pure gold helmet invests him: 50
 "Soldiers, will any one with me be first to encounter a foeman?
 There!" he exclaims, and twirling in air he has launched them a javelin,
 Prelude of battle, then mounted he bounds away o'er the champaign;
 Shouting his escort second the challenge, and follow with thrilling
 Plaudit. Marvel they much at the spiritless hearts of the Teucrans, 55
 Not to adventure in open field, nor to meet them as heroes
 Armed, but to nestle in camp. He hither and thither on horseback
 Wrathfully searches the walls, and essays an approach by the by-paths;
 Just as a wolf, when he prowling around by a plentiful sheep-fold,
 Raves at the pens, though grievously pelted by winds and the rain-storms, 60
 Lonely at midnight: safely the lambs, by the side of their mothers,
 Keep up a bleating; he, rampant and viciously savage with anger,
 Growls at them out of his reach; for the fury of hunger protracted
 Long, and his jaws all parching for blood, but incite him to madness:
 Just so within the Rutulian, viewing their walls and encampments 65

Kindles his passions, and hot in his hard bones grows the vexation,
 How to attempt the approaches, and how the impreguably sheltered
 Teucrans to oust from breastwork, and pour them abroad on the common
 So he attacks the fleet, which lay on the flank of the camp ground
 Hidden, and hedged by the breastworks round, and the waves of the river; 70
 In it he orders his jubilant comrades to kindle a bon-fire,
 And in his fervor he fills his hand with a flammable pine-knot;
 Then do they verily fall to, the presence of Turnus incites them—
 But, in an instant, each youth is begirded with blackening faggots.
 They have denuded the hearth-fires: smoking the flambeau the pitch-light 75
 Carries, and Vulcan upwafts to the stars the promiscuous cinders.

Muses, what deity kind from the Teucrans so ruthless a havoc
 Warded, and who kept off such terrible fires from their galleys,
 Tell me; of old is belief in the fact, but its fame is eternal.

First, at the time when Æneas his fleet was in Phrygian Ida 80
 Building, and getting it ready to launch on the depths of the ocean,
 Spake Berecynthian Cybelé, mother of gods, to the mighty
 Jove, it is fabled, in these strains: "Grant me, my son, as a pleader,
 What thy affectionate parent demands for the sway of Olympus.

I have a forest of pine-trees, cherished for many a long year; 85
 High on a peak was a grove where they formerly offered me worship;
 Dusky it stood with its darkening firs and its timbers of maple.

These to Dardania's champion I, when he needed a squadron,
 Cheerfully gave; now solicitous, horror harassingly chokes me:
 Quiet my fear, and allow this effect to thy parent's petitions, 90

Grant they may neither be wrecked on the voyage, nor yet by a whirlwind
 Foundered, but let it avail them that they were derived from our mountains."
 Her did her son, who rotates the stars of the universe, answer:

"Whither, O mother, dost beckon the fates? And what by these pleadings
 Seek? Can be counted immortal the keels by the hand of a mortal 95
 Made? Can Æneas indubious rightfully dubious dangers

Traverse? To which of the gods is a potence so marvellous granted?
 Yes, when defunct they at length shall their goal, the Ausonian harbors
 Haply hereafter attain, which ever, escaping the surges,

Safe shall have wafted Dardania's chief to Laurentian meadows, 100
 I will divest of their mortal alloy, and will goddesses bid them
 Be of the fathomless ocean, like Doto, the Nerean's daughter,

Or Galatæa, to cleave through the foaming deep with their bosom."
 Spake he, and solemnly pledged by the streams of his Stygian brother,
 Yea, by the banks that are flooded with pitch and the ebony whirlpool, 105

Nodded it, and by his nod made all Olympus to tremble.
 Therefore the promised day had arrived and the destinies fully
 Filled the allotted times, when the impudent outrage of Turnus
 'Monished the mother to ward from the sacred galleys the firebrands.

Here first flashed on their vision a singular light, and a mighty 110
 Storm-cloud seemed from the eastern horizon to run o'er the heavens,
 Choirs of Ida as well: then an awful voice on the breezes
 Falls, and it fills the Rutulian hosts, and the hosts of the Teucrans:
 "Be not, ye Teucrans, in haste to defend, as in danger, my shipping;
 Arm not your hands for the rescue; 'twill sooner be granted that Turnus 115
 Burn up the seas than my sacred pine-trees. Go ye unhampered,
 Go, O ye nymphs of the ocean, your mother enjoins you." And forthwith
 Burst they each from the banks the respective fetters that bound them,
 And in the manner of dolphins, with beaks submerged, to the deepest
 Waters betake them, from whence they—a marvellous wonder—as mermaids 120
 Issue as numerous faces, and thence are away on the broad deep
 Borne, as had brazen prows there previous stood on the sea-shores.

Stunned were the minds of Rutulians: even Messapus was frightened;
 Startled his steeds in a stampede; pauses the stream in its current,
 Hoarsely resounding, and back Tiberinus recalls his foot from the deep sea. 125
 But his audacity failed not then the redoubtable Turnus;
 Promptly he rallies their souls by his words, and upbraids them as promptly:
 "Yonder prodigies aim at the Trojans: e'en Jove of his wonted
 Aid hath deprived them; no weapons of theirs, no counter combustions
 Wait the Rutulians: therefore the seas are foreclosed to the Teucrans, 130
 Hope of escape there is none; one half their resources is reft them:
 Still in our hands is the land: of Italia's myriad nations
 Thousands are arming against them. None of the deities' fateful
 Omens appal me, howe'er for themselves the Phrygians swagger:
 Fates have allotted sufficient to Venus in letting the Teucrans 135
 Land on the meadows of fertile Ausonia. I, too, have counter
 Fates of my own, with steel to destroy the nefarious nation,
 Robbed of my consort! That grievance comes home not only to Atreus'
 Sons, and to marshal in arms is the lot of Mycenæ not only.
 'But 'tis enough to have suffered once!' Then should it suffice them 140
 Once to have trespassed, detesting, and well nigh utterly, woman
 Kind. This presumption of theirs is the width of a stockade,
 Stoppages merely of trenches, but slight separations from ruin,
 Give them their courage. But have they not seen the defences of Troja,
 Wrought though they were by the hand of a Neptune, crumble to embers? 145

But, O ye veterans, who is now ready to storm their entrenchment,
 Sword in hand, and with me to attack their embarrassed encampments ?
 Not of the armor of Vulcan, nor yet of a thousand flotilla,
 Am I in need for the Teucrans. Forthwith let all the Etruscans
 Join them as allies: they need not of gloom, and Palladium's stupid 150
 Robbery fear, when the guards of the uppermost castle were butchered;
 Nor in the darksome paunch of a horse will we hide, but in open
 Daylight I am determined with flames to encircle their ramparts.
 I will have made them to know they are dealing no longer with Danaï,
 Nor with Pelasgian striplings, whom Hector defied till the tenth year. 155
 So now, seeing the better part of the day has been acted,
 What there is left of it, cheerily, after your noble achievements,
 Care for your bodies, my men, and be ready awaiting a battle.
 Meanwhile the charge is assigned to Messapus to block by alternate
 Sentries the enemy's gates, and their ramparts girdle with watch-fires. 160
 Two-times seven Rutulians picked were to guard the invested
 Walls with a picket; but closely on each of them follow a hundred
 Warriors, crested with crimson, and gleaming in golden equipment.
 Scouts are patrolling, and taking their turns, or are stretched on the green grass
 Quaffing their wine, and inverting their goblets of bronze at a banter; 165
 Brightly the camp-fires shine, and the sentries surrender the long night
 Sleepless to gaming:—

Down from the palisade Trojans are gazing on these, and in armor
 Holding the heights; and, though trembling in dread, they no less are inspecting
 Closely the gates, and connecting together the bridges and outworks, 170
 Wearing their weapons. Alert are Mnestheus and dauntless Sergestus,
 Chieftains, whom father Æneas, should any emergency summon,
 Over the warriors set, and to be of affairs the directors.
 Through the entrenchments the legion entire, allotting the danger,
 Watches, and each man serves in his turn in what needed protection 175

Nisus was guard of the gateway, a veteran valiant in armor,
 Hyrtacus' son, whom Ida, the huntress had sent as Æneas'
 Comrade, expert with the dart, and expert with the feathery arrow;
 And at his side as his mate was Euryalus: none of Æneas
 Fairer than he, nor was any who carried the armor of Troja; 180
 Beardless his cheeks, as denoting a boy in his earliest manhood.
 One was their love, and side by side were they rushing in battles;
 Both of them, too, were then guarding the gate by a common assignment.
 Nisus exclaims: "Do the gods, Euryalus, fire with this ardor
 Minds ? Or does each one's direful desire as a deity serve him ? 185

Long is my mind on a drive to engage in a fight or in something
 Grand in achievement: it is not contented with listless inaction.
 Thou discernest what confidence yonder Rutulians have in their fortunes .
 Thinly their watch-lights shine; they drunk have in slumber and wassail
 Sunk, and the spaces around are in silence. Perceive, for the nonce, then, 190
 What I surmise, and what now in my soul is the purpose arising.
 All, both the people and fathers, demand that Æneas be summoned
 Home, and that men be dispatched to report him the facts as occurring.
 If they will promise thee only what I demand—for the service
 Glory suffices for me—methinks I can easy by yonder 195
 Mound find a way to the walls and the ramparts of Pallantëum.”
 Stunned was Euryalus, smitten with longing intense for a hero's
 Honors, and thus at once he addresses his ardent companion:
 “Dost thou, then, shun to associate me in thy highest achievements,
 Nisus? And shall I now send thee alone into imminent perils? 200
 Thus did my father, Opheltes, himself, too, accustomed to warfare,
 Never instruct me amid the Argolican horrors, and Troja's
 Hardships trained: nor as messmate of thee have I ever thus acted,
 Since I have followed the noble Æneas and fates the extremest;
 Here it is, here is a soul that despises the light, and believes that 205
 Honor to which thou aspirest, if life-bought even, is well bought.”
 Nisus to these: “I had verily no such fears of thy courage;
 No, it were impious: So may back to thee bring me triumphant
 Jupiter mighty, or whoso regards these with eyes of benigance:
 But if there any—thou seest the hazards in such an adventure— 210
 If to adversity any misfortune or deity doom me,
 I would have thee to survive me; for worthier life is thy boyhood,
 Let there be one to consign me, if taken in battle and ransomed,
 Low in the ground; or who may, if fortune, as wonted forbid this,
 Give me a funeral, even though gone, and with sepulchre grace me. 215
 Let me not cause so oppressive a grief to thy sorrowing mother,
 Who of the numerous mothers, my boy, alone in the venture,
 Follows thee hither, nor cares for the ramparts of mighty Acesta.”
 He however: “In vain thou entwinest thy futile dissuasives;
 Still is my purpose unshaken, nor yields it its place for a moment. 220
 Let us be off,” he exclaims; and at once he awakes his alternate
 Guards who relieve him, and watch in their turn, and he, leaving his station,
 Trips the attendant of Nisus, and haste they in quest of the regent.
 Other animate creatures all over the earth were in slumber
 Soothing their cares, and their hearts were oblivious wholly of labors: 225

Prominent leaders of Teucrans, and pick of the warriors round them,
 Anxious were holding a council on highest affairs of the kingdom,
 What they should do, or who should be messenger now to Æneas.
 They on their long spears leaning, and wearing their shields for emergence,
 Stand in the central space of the camp. Then Nisus, and with him 230
 Also, Euryalus presently earnestly pray for admittance,
 Saying the case is important, and worth the delaying: Iulus
 Welcomes them first in their flurry, and orders that Nisus address them.
 Then thus Hyrtacus' son: "O listen, ye men of Æneas,
 Listen with minds impartial, nor be the proposal we bring you 235
 Judged by our years. The Rutulian drunk have in slumber and wassail
 Now become hushed: we have seen for ourselves that a place for a sally
 Lies at the forks of the road of the gate that is nearest the sea-side.
 There are the watch-fires broken, and dark is their smoke to the lone stars
 Rising. If you will permit us to take the advantage of fortune, 240
 So as to hasten in quest of Æneas and ramparts of Pallantëum,
 Soon shall you see us returning hither with spoils, and a mighty
 Slaughter accomplished: nor does the journey misgive us in going;
 For we have caught from the darksome valleys a glimpse of the city
 Often in hunting excursions, and know the whole of the river." 245

Here then Aletes, encumbered with years and mature in his judgment:
 "Gods of our country, beneath whose protection forever is Troja,
 Surely ye do not intend to entirely abolish the Teucrans;
 Since of their youth ye have souls so heroic produced and such dauntless
 Bosoms." So saying, he eager of both was the shoulders and right hands 250
 Grasping, and bathing with tears his visage and features exclaiming:
 "Heroes, what worthy requitals for such a commendable emprise
 Can I imagine accorded? The noblest the gods and your conscience
 Foremost of all shall bestow, and the rest will the pious Æneas
 Render anon; and Ascanius, who has the whole of his manhood 255
 Yet in the future, can never be mindless of merit so matchless!"
 "Yes, I whose only salvation depends on my father's returning,"
 Tenders Ascanius, "I, by our mighty Penates, O Nisus,
 I, by the Lar of Assaracus, yea, and the shrine of the silvery Vesta,
 Swear to you both, that whatever my fortune, whatever my credit, 260
 All I ungrudgingly place in your laps: but recall me my parent;
 Bring him but back to my sight, and receiving him naught shall be grievous
 Yes, I will give thee a couple of elegant goblets of silver,
 Roughened with figures, which father retained from the sack of Arisba;
 These, and a couple of tripods, two ponderous talents of pure gold; 265

Also an antique chalice, the gift of Sidonian Dido.
 But, if Italia it chance to be mine to subdue, and its sceptre
 Sway as a victor at length, and by lot to apportion the booty—
 Thou didst behold what a charger that Turnus was riding, the gilded
 Armor he wore—that charger, and buckler, and plumage of crimson, 270
 I will exempt from the lot; they are, Nisus, already thy prizes.
 Further, my father will twice six exquisite persons of matrons
 Give thee, and captives, and each one's armor entire as thy portion;
 Added to these the domain which the monarch Latinus possesses.
 Thee, however, whom mine own age in still nearer approaches 275
 Follows, reverable boy to my whole heart warmly I welcome
 Now, and embrace thee as bosom companion in every emergence.
 Ne'er in my future achievements shall glory be courted without thee,
 Whether in peace or in wars I engage, for achievements and counsels
 Trust shall in thee be supreme." Euryalus counter bespeaks him 280
 Thus: "No day shall hereafter to any so daring adventures
 Prove me unequal, if only this seemingly favoring fortune
 Fall not adversely. But O, I, above all other bestowments,
 One thing entreat of thee: there is my mother from Priam's primeval
 Peerage, whom wretched, forsaking it with me, the Ilian home-land 285
 Kept not, nor yet did the ramparts of monarch Acestes detain her;
 Her I now leave unaware of this peril, whatever it may be—
 Leave her without an affectionate farewell. Night and thy right hand
 Witness that I am unable to bear the tears of my parent;
 But I entreat thee to soothe her in need, and relieve her forsaken: 290
 Let me but have this assurance from thee, and I bolder will venture
 On into every hazard." With minds overcome with emotion
 Sons of Dardanus wept, and especially lovely Iulus;
 But the resemblance seen of his father's devotion his spirit
 Nerved: then thus he bespeaks him:— 295
 "Pledge to thy heart, then, all that is worthy the grandest achievements,
 For that mother shall be as my mother, the name of Creüsa
 Only excepted; nor slight are the thanks for so noble an offspring
 Due her: whatever contingencies follow this act, I unshrinking
 Swear by this head—by the oath which my father was used to before me— 300
 All that I promise to thee, if returning with efforts successful,
 Still shall continue the same to thy mother and mother's relations."
 So he with weeping exclaims; and at once he unbuckles his gilded
 Sword from his side, which the Gnosian artist Lycæon, with wondrous
 Skill had fashioned and fitted its delicate ivory scabbard. 305

Mnestheus proffers to Nisus the skin and the coat of a shaggy
 Lion; the trusty Aletes with Nisus exchanges his helmet.
 Straightway accounted they sally, and all the assembly of chieftains,
 Young and old, as they go escort them as far as the gateway,
 Breathing their vows for their welfare. Moreover, the comely Idlus, 310
 Who had a soul in advance of his years, and the prudence of manhood,
 Many a mandate gave to be borne to his sire; but the wild winds
 Scatter them all, and consign them anon to the clouds in abortion.

Pass they, emerging, the trenches, and on through the gloom of the midnight
 Tramp to the camps of the foemen, yet destined to be a destruction 315
 Shortly to many. Around on the grass they in slumber and wassail
 See stretched bodies promiscuous, chariots tipped on the sea-beach,
 Men in the midst of the harness and wheels, and together lay huddled
 Armor and wine-cups. First thus Hyrtacus' son from his mouth spake:
 "Risk is, Euryalus, due at our hands; the occasion now summons: 320
 This is the way. Do thou, lest a troop might possibly on us
 Rise in the rear, stand guard, and keep a look out in a distance;
 These I will render a havoc, and open before thee a wide path."
 So he rehearses, and hushes his voice, and at once with his broad-sword
 Charges on insolent Rhamnes, who lay, as it happened, on cushions 325
 High upraised, and from all of his bosom was snoring out slumber,
 Monarch himself, and to Turnus a monarch the favorite augur;
 But by his augury could he not parry the doom that befel him.
 Three slaves near him he smites in the midst of their weapons at random
 Lying, and armor-bearer, and charioteer of Remus, 330
 Finding them close by their steeds, and with sabre he severs their drooped necks;
 Then he the head of their master lops off, and the trunk in its own blood
 Gurgling he leaves, and the earth, made warm by the flow, and the couches
 Drip with the black gore. Lamyrus also, and Lamus, and with them
 Youthful Serranus, who noted for beauty, had many a raffle 335
 Played that night, and o'ercome by inordinate bumpers to Bacchus,
 Lay with his limbs outsprawled. O happy, if he had continued his pastime
 Steadily on through the night, and protracted it even till day-light.
 Just as a famishing lion, when prowling through plentiful sheep folds—
 For an inordinate hunger induces him—craunches and mangles, 340
 Dumb in their terror, the delicate flock, and roars with his gory
 Mouth. Not less was Euryalus' slaughter, as he, too, impassioned
 Raves through the camp, and comes, in its midst, on a numerous nameless
 Rabble, to Fadus, Herbesus, and Rhœtus, and Aharis, likewise
 All unawares, though Rhœtus awake, and a witness of all things; 345

But in alarm he was skulking behind a ponderous wine-crock:
 Full in his opposite breast, as he rose, he aiming at close range
 Buried his sword to its hilt, and withdrew it with copious blood-shed.
 Spews he his crimson life, and in dying he vomits the wine-draughts
 Mingled with blood; on presses he, flushed with his stealthy achievements. 350
 Now he was nearing Messapus' associates; there he the last lone
 Watch-fires flickering saw, and the horses, all properly tethered,
 Quietly grazing the herbage, when thus, but in brevity, Nisus,
 For he perceived they were carried too far in their craving for carnage:
 "Let us desist," he exclaims, "for at hand is the treacherous daylight; 355
 Vengeance enough has been taken; a way has been made through the foemen."
 Armor abundant of heroes, in solid silver perfected,
 Leave they behind them, and wine-crocks also, and beautiful carpets.
 Eager Euryalus seizes the trappings of Rhamnes, his baldric
 Studded with golden embossing, the presents which formerly wealthy 360
 Cædicus sent to Tiburtian Remulus, when he, though absent,
 Plighted alliance: he dying bequeathed it in tail to his grandson;
 After his death the Rutulians won it in war and by conquest.
 These he purloins, and adapts them in vain to his chivalrous shoulders:
 Then he Messapus' adaptable helmet, with plumage bedizzen, 365
 Dons. They depart from the camps and betake them to places of safety.

Meanwhile the cavalry, sent in advance from the town of Latinus,
 While on the plains the rest of the legion in order of battle
 Tarries, were posting and bringing responses to Turnus the monarch,
 Shielded, three hundred strong, and in charge of their officer, Volcens. 370
 They were now nearing the camps, and approaching the line of entrenchments,
 When at a distance they notice them turning aside to the left hand
 Pass, and the helmet betrayed, in the glimmering shadows of midnight,
 Thoughtless Euryalus, bright as it shone in the opposite moonlight.
 Nor is it bootlessly sighted; for Volcens shouts out from the vanguard: 375
 "Halt men! What is the cause of your way? Or who are you in armor?
 Where are you holding your journey?" They nothing returned him in answer,
 But they quickened their flight to the woods, and relied on the darkness.
 Foemen now station themselves at the well-known forks of the highways
 Hither and thither, and crown each available point with a sentry. 380

There was a wildwood widely bristling with brambles and sombre
 Holly, and thickly on all sides fills it a tangle of briars:
 Here and there through its intricate trails there was lighting a footpath;
 Darkness withal of the branches above, and his cumbersome plunder
 Hinder Euryalus; fear, too, misleads in the trend of the highways. 385

Nisus escapes, and had heedless already evaded the foemen,
 When at the groves, which since have in honor of Alba been titled
 Alban; then monarch Latinus had there his imperial stables.
 So, as he paused, and in vain looked back to discover his lost friend;
 "Hapless Euryalus!" cries he, "and where have I thoughtlessly left thee?" 390
 How shall I follow thee, tracking the whole of the dubious journey
 Back of the treacherous woods?" And at once he retraces the way-marks
 Noted, and back through the brambles in silence he hurriedly wanders;
 Hears he the horses, and hears, too, the racket and signs of pursuers.
 Brief is the time in the interval, ere on his ears there a loud shout 395
 Peals, and he sees Euryalus, whom now bewildered the whole band,
 Caught in the trap of the place and the darkness, and dazed by the sudden
 Tumult, seize, as he often and vainly attempts to elude them.
 What can he do? And how can he by force and with armor the young man
 Venture to save? Shall he, reckless of life, in the midst of the sabres 400
 Fling him, and rashly precipitate glorious death by their gashes?
 Quick with his back-drawn arm, he a light lance poising in posture,
 Glancing above to the lofty moon, he implores her assistance:
 "Do thou, O goddess of night, be present and second my effort!
 O thou pride of the stars, and Latona's guard of the woodlands, 405
 Grant me, if ever my father Hyrtacus brought to thine altars
 Presents; if ever I added my own from the chase, or suspended
 Spoils in thy dome, or affixed to thy consecrate ceilings my trophies,
 Let me confound this troop, and direct thou my shafts on the night air!"
 Spake he, and straining with utmost exertion he hurls the unerring 410
 Steel; and the flying spear, as it sunders the shadows of midnight,
 Speeds to the back of the opposite Sulmo, and there it is broken
 Short, and, though shivered its handle, it pierces his innermost vitals.
 Over he rolls, and the warm stream vomiting forth from his bosom,
 Cold and stark he with long gasps beats on his loins as he welters. 415
 Wildly they stare around. But the fiercer become by this issue,
 Lo! from the tip of his ear he balanced another projectile,
 Whilst they are wildered: the spear through both of the temples of Tagus
 Whizzingly hurtled, and blood-warmed stuck in the brain it had burrowed.
 Raves the exasperate Volcens, but nowhere discovers the weapon's 420
 Hurler, nor where he may wreck, in the heat of his anger, his vengeance.
 "Thou, however, the meanwhile, thou shalt for both with thy warm blood
 Pay me the penalty's forfeit," he cries. And at once with his drawn sword
 Went for Euryalus. Then in a tremor of frenzy, and maddened,
 Shouts out Nisus; nor could he conceal himself in the darkness 425

Longer, nor yet was he able to bear such a torturing anguish:
 "Me, me, 'tis I who have done it; on me centre your sabres,
 O ye Rutulians; mine is all the offense, for he dared not,
 Could not, have done it. Yon heaven and planets in consciousness witness,
 That he his luckless friend hath only too lovingly cherished." 430
 Thus was he venting his words: but the sword has, with energy driven,
 Passed through his ribs, and is rending his spotless bosom asunder.
 Over Euryalus rolls in death, and the gore o'er his beautiful members
 Trickles, and, sinking collapsed, his neck falls back on his shoulders:
 Just as a crimson flower, when rudely cut down by a plowshare, 435
 Languishing dies; or as poppies on wearied neck have enfeebled
 Drooped their heads, when perchance by the rain they are heavily weighted.
 Nisus now rushes on right in their midst, and aiming at Volcens
 Only through all, and on Volcens only concentrates his efforts;
 Round him the enemy, massing on this side and that, in a close fight, 440
 Thrust him aside, but he presses the more, and around him his flashing
 Falchion swings, till he buried it deep in the mouth of the loudly
 Ranting Rutulian, and dying has taken the life of his foeman:
 Then on his lifeless friend, he flung him, by many a death-wound
 Pierced, and there he in death in serenity finally rested. 445

Fortunate pair! If in aught my verse can avail to effect it,
 No day hence to remembering time shall ever exempt you,
 Long as the house of Æneas shall dwell on the Capitol's moveless
 Rock, and the father of Rome shall possess the control of the Empire!

Victors and owners of booty and spoils, the Rutulian horsemen, 450
 Weeping to camp were conveying the lifeless body of Volcens:
 No less sore was the mourning in camp on discovering Rhamnes
 Dead, and so many a champion slain in promiscuous slaughter;
 Yea, and Serranus, and Numa. Immense is the throng by the ghastly
 Corpses and half-dead men, and the spot still warm with the recent 455
 Carnage, and copious streams of the frothy blood of the victims.
 Know they the plunder among them, Messapus' resplendently gleaming
 Helmet, and trappings of Rhamnes, recovered with many a sweat-drop.

Now was the early Aurora bestrewing the lands with the new-born
 Glimmer of dawn, and forsaking the saffron couch of Tithonus: 460
 Now, with the sun-light bathed, now with objects unveiled to the day-light,
 Turnus arouses his soldiers to arms, and in armor his own self
 Girding, he marshals his brass-mailed ranks in the order of battle,
 Each of them whetting his own fierce wrath by the various rumors;
 Nay, they on upright lances affixing those heads—an unsightly 465

Spectacle ! carry in front, and they follow, with many an insult,
 Heads of Euryalus ghastly and Nisus:—

Firm have Æneans in turn on the left-hand flank of the breastwork;
 Marshalled in battle-array—for the right was enclosed by the river—
 Bravely they man the extended trenches, and stand on the lofty 470
 Watch-towers sad, for the faces but too well known of their comrades,
 Flaunted, and streaming with sickening gore, were making them wretched.

Meanwhile, flitting aloof through the horrified city, is Rumor
 Pin'iony speeding the news, and alights at Euryalus' mother's
 Ears. But the glow of a sudden has quitted the bones of the lorn one; 475
 Shook from her hands is her shuttle, in tangle her warp is unraveled;
 Hies she unhappy abroad, and with dolorous feminine wailing
 Tearing her hair, she at once in her haste to the walls and the front-ranks
 Frenziedly flies, disregardful alike of the soldiers and danger and bristling
 Weapons; and thence fills heaven throughout with her doleful complainings. 480
 "Such, O Euryalus, do I behold thee? And couldst thou, the only
 Cheer of my old age, leave me alone, in this bitter bereavement,
 Cruelly? When thou wast sent on so risky and bootless adventures,
 Was there not granted thy sorrowing mother the boon of a farewell?
 Ah! on an unknown strand thou art lying the prey of the Latin 485
 Dogs and the vultures; nor have I, thy mother, for burial laid thee
 Out, nor have closed thine eyes, nor have washed thy wounds in enshrouding
 Thee in the winding sheet, which I day and night was unwearied
 Weaving, the web with which I was soothing the cares of my dotage!
 Where shall I follow? What land is now thy dismembered and mangled 490
 Limbs, and thy lacerate carcass, possessing? Is this of thyself, son,
 All thou returnest me? This what o'er land and sea I have followed?
 Stab me, if aught of compassion is yours, ye Rutulians: all your
 Weapons centre on me, me first with the scimitar slaughter!
 Or, O thou father supreme of the deities, pity and down this 495
 Odious head into Tartarus hurl with a shaft of thy lightning,
 Since I can sever this cruel life by this medium only!"

Thus by her tears were their spirits unnerved, as the wail of her anguish
 Thrills through them all, and their energies palsied are torpid for battles.
 Hence, as she kindles their sorrow, Idæus and Actor, by order 500
 Prompt of Ilioneus sad, and abundantly weeping Iulus,
 Take her between their hands, and replace her again in her dwelling.

But on its resonant brass hath the trumpet its terrible larum
 Sounded afar; a clamor ensues and the welkin rebellows;
 Onward the Volsci are charging abreast, 'neath a shelter of bucklers, 505

Pressing to fill up the trenches, and open a breach in the breastwork;
 Part of them seek the approach, and the walls to ascend with their ladders—
 There where the line is the thinnest, and light gleams bright through the circle
 Not yet closed by the soldiers. The Teucrans are pouring against them
 Every species of weapons, and thrusting them down with their hard poles, 510
 • Trained from of old by a long-waged war in defending entrenchments.
 Rocks of a ruinous weight they were rolling adown, if by any
 Means they may shatter their shield-roofed ranks: yet though every hazard
 Glad to endure, the assaulters are, under the screen of their bucklers,
 Still insufficient; for where the stupendous array is converging, 515
 There a prodigious mass are the Teucrans rolling and tumbling,
 Which hath Rutulians strewn round widely and crumbled their armored
 Screen, nor do daring Rutulians care to contend with the war-god
 Blindfolded longer; but strive to dislodge the besieged from their breastwork
 Merely with missiles:— 520

There, in a different part, was Mezentius, horrid of aspect,
 Waving a Tuscan pine, and applies the fumiferous fire-brand;
 While Messapus, the trainer of horses, and offspring of Neptune,
 Breaches the breastwork, and clamors for ladders to mount to the ramparts.

You, O Calliopé chiefly, I pray now inspire me in singing, 525
 What were the slaughters and havocs, that then, and there, with his broadsword,
 Turnus achieved: what hero each champion hurried to Orcus,
 Come ye, and with me unroll the voluminous files of the warfare,
 For you remember, ye muses, and you have the power to recall them.

There was a tower of marvellous height, and with bridges as lofty, 530
 Standing in sightly position, which all the Italians, with utmost
 Effort, were striving to storm, and with utmost stretch of exertion
 Raze: while the Trojans against them essayed to defend it with boulders,
 Hurling the meanwhile thickly their darts through its circular loopholes.
 Foremost hath Turnus a blazing flambeau flung at the beetling 535
 Tower, and it fastened its flame on its side, which, by plenteous breezes,
 Caught in the timbers, and clung to the charred and inflammable door-posts.
 Wildered the inmates trepidant shrank, and in vain from their perils
 Fain would have made their escape. As they huddle together, and backward
 Crouch in the part that is free from the scourge, lo! the tower, by their dead weight,
 Sagged of a sudden, and all of the firmament rings with the crash of its tumble.
 Half-dead down to the earth, with the great mass falling upon them,
 Pierced by each other's weapons, and gored in their breasts by the rigid
 Splinters, they come down headlong. Only Helénor and Lycus
 Barely escaped, and of these in his youthful prime was Helénor, 545

Whom to Mæonia's monarch his vassal Licymnia furtive
 Bore, and had sent him, though under prohibited armor, to Troja;
 Light was he armed with a naked sword, and unblazoned his white targe:
 He, when he saw himself there in the midst of the thousands of Turnus,
 Saw, too, standing on this side and that the array of the Latins; 550
 Just as a wild beast, thickly beset with a circle of hunters,
 Raves at the weapons that gird him, and fully aware of his death-doom,
 Plunges upon, and is borne at a bound o'er the spears of the huntsmen;
 So does the young man, certain of death, in the midst of the foemen,
 Rush, and advances wherever he sees that the weapons are thickest. 555
 Lycus, far fleetest of foot, through the midst of the foe and their armor,
 Dashing, the meanwhile scuds to the walls, and endeavors to seize fast
 Hold of their lofty eaves with his hand, and to reach his associates' right hands
 Turnus pursuing him, equal in pace on the run, with his weapon,
 Taunts him as conqueror thus: "And dost thou then, simpleton, haply 560
 Hope to escape from my hands?" And at once he remorselessly grabs him
 Dangling, and dashes him back with a plentiful part of the bulwark;
 Just as when Jupiter's armor-bearer, with talony clutches
 Swooping has carried aloft a hare, or a swan with its snow-white
 Form; or a wolf of Mars has purloined from the stables a tender 565
 Lamb by its mother with piteous bleating bemoaned. There on all sides
 Rises a clamor: they charge, and the trenches fill up with embankment;
 Others are tossing the blazing torches aloft on the roof-tops.
 Stretches Ilioneus low with a rock, and a piece of a mountain
 Massy, Lucetius, just as he enters the gate and is swinging a firebrand: 570
 Liger Emathion levels, Asilas beheads Corynæus,
 One an expert with the javelin, the other with arrow at long range:
 Cæneus dispatches Ortygius, Turnus smites Cæneus the victor,
 Turnus slays Itys, Clonius, Dioxippus, Promolus,
 Sagaris also, and Idas, while standing in front of the high towers; 575
 Capys dispatches Prinerus, whom erewhile the lance of Themilla
 Slightly had grazed, and he recklessly throwing away his envelope,
 Covered the wound with his left hand, and hence on its pinions an arrow
 Speeding, his hand to his left side pinned, and embedded within them
 Burrowed the vents of his breath by the deadly wound it inflicted: 580
 Near there was standing in gorgeous equipment the offspring of Arcens,
 Decked with a needle-embroidered mantle, and bright in Hiberian
 Purple, of splendid appearance, whom Arcens his father had sent forth,
 Reared in the grove of his mother around the Symæthian streamlets,
 Where are the reeking and placable altars of patron Palicus. 585

Dropping his lances Mezentius himself, as he saw him, a whizzing Sling whirled thrice by its tight thong round his head and discharging Point blank, right in the middle, his temples in twain with the molten Bullet divided, and stretched him sprawled on the ample arena.

Then did Ascanius first in a battle, a feathery arrow 590
 Aim, it is stated—before he was wont to intimidate wild beast
 Timidly fleeing—and felled with his hand the intrepid Numanus;
 Remulus once was his name, and he lately had wedded a younger
 Sister of Turnus, and so was allied by the tenure of marriage.
 He, in the fore-front ranks, words fit and unfit to be uttered, 595
 Bawling aloud, was, inflated in heart by his recent dominion,
 Strutting about and by clamor attesting his mighty importance :
 “ Are n’t you ashamed to be once more cooped by a siege in entrenchments,
 Twice caught Phrygian captives, to screen you from death by your breastworks ?
 See now the heroes who sue for themselves our espousals by warfare ! 600
 Who is the god, or what madness has on to Italia urged you ?
 Here are no sons of Atreus, nor crafty-of-speaking Ulysses;
 Hardy by nature our race, and our sons we at once to the rivers
 Carry at birth, and inure them to bitterest cold in their waters;
 Brisk are our boys in hunting, and weary the forests in practice, 605
 Managing horses and shooting their shafts from the bow is their pastime;
 Patient of toil are our braves, and accustomed to suffer privation,
 Tilling the soil with their mattocks, and garrisons shaking in warfare.
 All our life-time is frittered with steel, and we goad with inverted
 Lances the backs of our bullocks, nor ever does indolent old age 610
 Weaken the force of our soul, nor diminish our vigor of manhood.
 We with the helmet our gray locks press, and it ever delights us
 New-found plunder to carry away, and we live by our rapine.
 Yours is a vesture embroidered with saffron, and gleaming in purple;
 Sloth is the joy of your heart; ye delight to indulge in the dances, 615
 Aye, and your tunics have sleeves ! and your bonnets have ribbons ! O downright
 Phrygian women ! for Phrygian men ye are not; to your lofty
 Dindyma go, where the pipe plays a two-toned tune to the wonted.
 There Berecynthian timbrels, and lute of your Idæan mother
 Summon you; leave then armor to men and surrender the sabre.” 620

Him thus ranting bravadoes, and chanting such infamous insults,
 Brooked not Ascanius; turning around he a shaft on his horse-hair
 Bowstring leveled upon him, and stretching his arms to the utmost,
 Paused, and in supplicance first he to Jupiter prayed with a votive :
 “ O omnipotent Jupiter nod to my daring adventure; 625

I in thy temples will willingly offer thee solemn oblations,
 Yea, and will station in front of thine altars a bullock with gilded
 Forehead, unblemished, and bearing his head on a par with his mother;
 One that now butts with his horns, and that scatters the sand with his fore-feet."
 Listened the father of heaven, and thundered assent from the tranquil 635
 Sky on the left : in a twinkle there twanged the fatiferous bow-string.
 Sped, with a horrible whizzing, the back-drawn feathery arrow;
 Right through Remulus' head it came, and his sockety temples
 Pierced with its steel. "Go, bluster at valor in insolent railing!
 'Twice caught Phrygians back to Rutulians send these responses."
 'This much Ascanius answers : the Teucrans with deatening plaudit 635
 Shout in exhilarant glee, and their spirit exalt to the planets.

Then, as it chanced, from the regions of æther, the crested Apollo
 Down on Ausonia's battle-array, and the city was gazing,
 Perched on a cloud, and thus he addresses the victor Iulus : 640
 "On in thy new-won valor, my boy ; so the way to the stars goes,
 Deity-born, to become a begetter of gods ! It is fitting
 All wars destined to come should be under Assaracus' peerage
 Peacefully settled : no Troja confines thee." He, soon as he spake this,
 Plunges from loftiest æther, and cleaves through the whispering breezes, 645
 Seeking Ascanius. Then he is changed in the form of his features
 Into the elderly Butes, who late was the Dardan Anchises'
 Armor-bearer, and before was the trusty guard of his thresholds :
 'Then had his father assigned him to be as Ascanius' escort.
 Just, like the old man was, in his voice and complexion, Apollo 650
 Marching with hoary locks, and his armor of ominous rattle,
 And he in these terms sagely addresses the ardent Iulus :
 "Let it suffice thee, O son of Æneas, that safe hath Numanus
 Died by thy weapons : this early distinction the mighty Apollo
 Kindly accords, nor envies thee even competitive armor : 655
 Cease, boy, longer to meddle with war." So saying Apollo
 Started, and left in the midst of his speech the observance of mortals,
 Vanishing far from their eyes, on the thin and intangible breezes.
 Veteran sons of Dardanus knew both the god and his god-like
 Weapons, and heard, in his flight, the portentous clank of his quiver. 660
 Therefore, o'erawed by the words and the presence of Phœbus, though eager
 Still for the fight, they Ascanius check ; they themselves in the contests
 Enter again, and adventure their lives in the obvious hazards.

Shouts on the battlements boom through the whole extent of the breastworks ;
 Bend they their powerful bows, and hurl their adjustable sling-darts. 665

Strewn is the whole soil thick with the weapons : then bucklers and hollow
 Helmets resound with the whacks, and uproarious rises the combat;
 Just as the rain, as it comes from the west in the time of the rain-kids,
 Lashes the ground, and precipitous down, are, with many a hail-stone,
 Swooping the clouds on the depths, and appallingly Jove by his south-winds 670
 Hurls the watery tempest, and ruptures in heaven the cave-mists.
 Pandarus, meanwhile, and Bitias—sons of Alcanor of Ida,
 Whom in Jupiter's grove brought forth Iæra the wood-nymph,
 Warriors lofty as pines, and as tall as their national mountains—
 Open the portal assigned them by order express of their leader, 675
 Trusting their armor, and boldly the foemen invite in the ramparts.
 They though within on the right and the left, like towers are standing
 Armored in steel, and their tall heads sparkling with glittering plumage,
 Just like a pair of ærial oaks, that around by the flowing
 Streams, or the banks of the Po, or along by the Athesis lovely 680
 Rise; and, uplifting their unshorn heads in defiance to heaven,
 Nod, as they wave in the breeze, with their summits sublimely exalted.
 In burst free the Rutulians, soon as they see the approaches thrown open.
 Instantly Quercens, and chieftain Aquicolus, brilliant in armor,
 Tmarus the reckless of soul, and with them, Mavortian Hæmon, 685
 Either have turned with their whole brigades their backs and retreated,
 Or they have laid down life on the very sill of the gateway.
 Then in the combatants' souls are increasing intenser resentments;
 Yea and the Trojans collected already are massed at the same point,
 Battling hand to hand, and they venture to sally beyond it. 690
 Soon to the champion Turnus, in rage in a different quarter
 Putting the heroes to rout, is the news conveyed that the foemen
 Glow with a recent slaughter and offer a wide open gateway.
 Prompt he abandons his effort, and, roused by a savage resentment,
 Rushes away to Dardania's gate, and the insolent brothers: 695
 And he Antiphates first, for he first was careering to meet him,
 Born of a Theban mother, the natural son of exalted Sarpédon,
 Felled by a quick hurled dart: forth flits the Italian cornel,
 Blithe through the yielding air, and, infixed in his stomach, it passes
 Deep in his breast, and the den of the dark wound renders a frothy 700
 Wave, and the steel in his transfixed lungs grows warm in its passage.
 Then does he Meropes, Erymans fell by his hand, then Aphidnus;
 Then fells Bitias fiery of eye and of furious spirit,
 Not with a dart, for he would not have yielded his life to a javelin,
 But there comes a contorted, and mightily whizzing falaric 705

Launched, like a thunderbolt, forth, which not two impervious bull's hides,
 No, nor his trusty mail with its duplicate plating and gold-work,
 Even could stand; and, collapsingly tumble his lumbering members,
 Earth gives a groan as his buckler ponderous thunders upon him
 Such as on Bææ's Euboican sea-beach a break-water rocky 710
 Sometimes sinks, which constructed of monstrous masses beforehand,
 Workmen embed in the deep: just so it moreover a ruin
 Downward sweeps, as it settles submerged deep down in the waters:
 Seas are embroiled, and the dark sands upward are borne from the bottom:
 Then with a roar steep Prochyta quakes, and Inarime's crusty 715
 Bed on Typhæus imposed by Jupiter's sentencing mandate.

Here the armipotent Mars to the Latian heroes a spirit
 Added, and, deep in their bosoms, applying his irritant rowels,
 Sends forth Panic, and grim-faced Fear in the midst of the Teucrans.
 Crowd they on all sides, since there is granted them plenty of fighting: 720
 And on each soul is alighting the war-god:—

Pandarus, as he descries, in the sprawling carcass, his brother,
 And in what posture is fortune, what jeopardy threatens their welfare.
 Now by a powerful effort, the gate on its pivoted hinges
 Swings, as he pushes with brawny shoulders, and many a townsman 725
 Leaves outside of the walls, and exposed to the arduous contest:
 But he includes with himself, and receives as they hurry in, others;
 Fool! that he did not behold the Rutulian king in the column's
 Centre intrushing, and shut him, as if by design, in the city,
 Just like a ravenous tiger amid pusillanimous cattle. 730

Instantly new light flashed from his glistening eyes, and his armor
 Horribly rattled: the blood-red plumes on the cone of his helmet
 Tremble, and out of his buckler he launches irradiant lightnings.
 Suddenly smitten with fright, the Æneans distinguish his hated
 Face and enormous limbs. Then giant Pandarus forward 735

Leaps, and ablaze with intensest wrath at the death of his brother,
 Speaks out: "This is no dowered palace of queenly Amata!
 This is not Ardea's midst that may hold in the walls of his country
 Turnus: thou seest the enemy's camp, and no power to depart hence!"
 Scornfully smiling upon him with bosom immovable Turnus: 740

"On, if there's aught of a man in thy soul, and encounter this right hand!
 So shalt thou tell it to Priam, that here thou hast found an Achilles!"

Spake he: the former his spear, all gnarled with knots and with crude bark,
 Hurls, and he bends to the effort with all his available vigor:

Breezes have caught it; the oncoming wound hath Saturnian Juno 745

Parried aside, and his spear hangs fixed in the opposite gate-way.

“But thou shalt not so escape from this weapon which firmly my right hand
Wields, for the owner of weapon and source of its wounds is another.”

So he exclaims, and uprises aloft on his elevate broad-sword,

And with its keen steel, right in the centre between his temples, his forehead 750

Cleaves, and with hideous gash as it passes dissevers his beardless

Cheeks: there arises a crash, and the earth with his lumbering weight shook:

Dying he sprawls on the ground, his collapsing joints and his armor

Spattered with brains, and in equal divisions his head, as it rolled back,

Hither and thither hung down unsightly on each of his shoulders. 755

Turning now scatter the Trojans in trepidant panic asunder;

Yea, and had promptly the fortunate thought have occurred to the victor,

Then to have sundered the bars with his hands and admitted his comrades,

That might have proved as the terminal day of the war and the nation;

But his impetuous fury, and maddening craving for carnage, 760

Drove him ablaze on the foemen:—

He at the outset catches Phaleres, and with him the ham-strung

Gyges: hence seizing the spears of the fugitive soldiers, he plies them

Sharp in their rear; for Juno supplies him with vigor and valor:

Halys he adds as an escort, and Phegeus, pierced through his buckler. 765

Then unawares on the walls, as they rally their troops for the onset,

Slays he Alcander, and Halius, slays, too, Noëmon, Prytanis.

Lynceus, rushing to meet him, and calling aloud on his comrades,

He, as he dexterous leans from the breastwork, with his brandishing broadsword

Slashes; his head, by a single stroke of the weapon at close range, 770

Cast off afar with his helmet lay. Then the waster of wild beasts,

Amycus, also he slaughters, than whom no other was apter

Known in anointing a weapon, and arming its steel with a poison.

Clytius, Æolus' son, too, and Cretheus, a friend to the Muses,

Cretheus a mate of the Muses, whose sonnets and harp were forever 775

Dear to his heart, and he tuning its strings to melodious measures,

Ever was singing of steeds, and of arms and the battles of heroes.

Teucran commanders at length, as they hear of the slaughter of allies,

Gather together; and Mnestheus, and dauntlessly eager Sergestus,

See their associates pallid with fright, and the foeman admitted. [rades:] 780

Mnestheus: “Where, at length, where are ye bending your flight,” says he, “com-

Have ye still other defenses, still further ulterior ramparts?

Say, shall a single foeman, O citizens, hedged all round by your breastworks,

Thus with impunity, make through your city such horrible havoc?

Shall he dispatch so many an eminent hero to Orcus? 785

O, for your suffering country, your gods, and the mighty Æneas,
Have you, ye cowards, no shame and no sense of dishonor within you ?

Fired by such chidings they halt, and, amassing together in column,
Rally. By little and little now Turnus retires from the contest,
Seeking the stream, and the quarter begirt by its sheltering billow. 790

Fiercer the Teucrans, with boisterous clamor are pressing upon him:
Cluster around him a legion; as when on a savage lion a rabble
Steadily close with inimical weapons; he, frightened and goaded,
Wrathfully glowering, backward retreats, and neither his wrath nor his prowess
Let him exhibit his back; nor, however desirous to venture, 795

Has he the courage to press through the weapons and hunters around him:
Just so Turnus, as hesitant, slowly his measuring footsteps
Backward withdraws, though his mind is intensely a boil with resentment.

Nay, but he twice did make an assault on the midst of his foemen;
Twice did he, turning, drive back to the walls their scattering columns. 800

But the entire reserve quick crowd from the camps in a body,
Nor does Saturnian Juno dare to supply him with needful
Armor and vigor, for Jupiter down from the heavens beforehand
Iris hath sent to convey no gentle commands to her sister,
Should not Turnus withdraw from the lofty redoubts of the Teucrans. 805

Therefore the champion could not, either with buckler or right hand,
Cope with such odds; he is so by the weapons projected from all sides
Whelmed. With a ceaseless tinkle, around his sockety temples
Rattles his helm, and its solid brass by their cobbles as battered. [810

Down from his forehead were stricken his plumes, and the boss of his buckler
Bides not the blows; with their lances the Trojans and thundering Mnestheus
Wrathful redouble their thrusts. From the whole of his body the sweat-drops
Stream, and the pitchy flow—for he has not the power to recover
Breath—pours down, and a laboring panting quivers his wracked limbs.

Then he at length, by a headlong leap, with the whole of his armor 815
Plunged in the current: it free on its yellowish eddies receives him
Coming, and bearing him tenderly off on its lenient billows.
Sent him, all washed from his carnage, exultingly back to his comrades.

BOOK X.

Council of gods in Olympus : the battle's renewal, and Pallas
Slaughtered by Turnus; Mezentius slain and his son by Æneas.

MEANWHILE is thrown wide open the home of almighty Olympus,
Whither the father of gods, and the sovereign of mortals, a council
Calls to his starry throne, whence he gazes sublime on the landscapes
All, and afar on the camps of the Dardans, and tribes of the Latins:
They in the two-front halls take seat, and he opens the conclave: 5

“Mighty indwellers of heaven, from whence hath the sentiment in you
Changed for the worse, that ye quarrel thus only in partizan spirit?
I had not willed that Italia engage in a war with the Teucrans;
What is this wrangle against my bëhest? or what fear hath persuaded
These, or those to take arms, and provoke a resort to the sabre? 10
Time for legitimate fighting will come---and do not forestall it—
When on the Roman castles imperious Carthage hereafter
Mighty destruction shall launch, and shall open the Alps in invasion:
Then will your struggle in malice, and scramble for issues be licit:
Now let it be, and accordantly sanction a peaceful alliance.” 15

Jupiter thus much briefly; but not so briefly the golden
Venus replies:

“Father eternal, thou sovereign disposer of men and of empires,
Thou—for what else can there be, or who now can we sue for assistance?—
Seest how insolent now the Rutulians are, and how Turnus 20
Haughtily rides through the midst with his steeds, and how flushed with successful
Mars he careers! No longer do closed walls shelter the Teucrans;
Nay, they inside of their portals, and e'en on the mounds of their breastworks
Mingle in fights, and the trenches around are o'erflowing with carnage.
Then, too, Æneas, unknowing, is absent: and wilt thou, then, never 25

Let them be free from investment? Again does an enemy threaten
 New-born Troja's defences; again does an army attack them.
 Once more, too, on the Teucrans upstarts from Ætolian Arpi
 Tydeus' son. I presume that my wounds at his mercy abide me: 30
 Aye, and that I thine offspring must wait the assaults of a mortal!
 If have without thy concurrence and sovereign permission, the Teucrans
 Sought for Italia, let them atone for the trespass, and aid them
 Not by thy succor; but if they have followed so many responses,
 Which both supernals and ghosts have imparted, why now can there any
 Agency thwart thy commands, and establish new destinies for them? 35
 Why here repeat how their shipping was burned on the sea-beach of Eryx?
 Why, too, refer to the monarch of storms, and the furious tempests,
 Roused in Æolia, or Iris dispatched on the clouds with a message?
 Now, too, she even infernals—that yet unattempted remaining
 Set of contingencies—musters, and loose hath Allecto in upper 40
 Realms, as a Bacchanal, raved through the midst of Italian cities.
 Naught am I influenced now by supremacy—that we expected
 While there was fortune: let those thou preferest should conquer now conquer.
 If there is any retreat, which thy rigorous spouse to the Teucrans
 Offers, I, even by desolate Troja's smouldering ruins, 45
 Father, adjure thee, O let me Ascanius send from the conflicts
 Safely away, and my grandson allow to survive the disaster.
 Let, if it need be, Æneas be tossed on the unknown waves of the ocean;
 Let him pursue thus whatever direction his fortune affords him:
 This one O let me protect, and withdraw from the terrible combat. 50
 There is my Amathus, there is my Paphus, and lofty Cythéra,
 There my Idalian homes: there let him, his armor abandoned,
 Spend an inglorious life. Bid Carthage in grinding oppression
 Burden Ausonia: nothing from him shall the Tyrian cities
 Thwart. What delights can it be to escape from the scourge of a warfare? 55
 What to have fled through the midst of Argolic burnings in safety?
 What to have weathered so many a peril of land and the vast sea,
 While the Teucrans are Latium and renovate Pergamus seeking?
 Were it not better to squat on the last ash-heap of their country,
 But on the soil where their Troja hath been? O restore to the outcasts, 60
 Father, I pray thee, their Xanthus and Samois: grant that the Teucrans
 Roll through their Ilian hazards again." Then imperial Juno,
 Stirred by a violent frenzy: "Why force me to break the profoundest
 Silence, and so to divulge in expression my smothered resentment?
 Who, pray, of men, or of gods, has compelled thine Æneas to take up 65

Arms, and to thrust himself as a foe on the monarch Latinus ?
 He, by the guidance of fate, hath Italia sought ! Be it rather
 Prompted by warnings of crazy Cassandra. And did we advise him
 Then, to abandon his camps, and his life to commit to the wild winds ?
 Aye, and to trust the event of the war and his walls to a stripling ? 70
 Yes, and unsettle Tyrrhenian faith, and the quieted nations ?
 Tell me, what god, or what rigorous potence of ours on the mischief
 Drove him ! Where's Juno, or Iris dispatched on the clouds in this case ?
 So it is base for Italians with flames to environ the new-born
 Troja ! and base, too, for Turnus to dwell in the land of his fathers ! 75
 Turnus, whose grandsire's Pilumnus, whose mother the goddess Venilia !
 What, is it naught that the Trojans with dark torch threaten the Latins,
 Plowing with alien yoke their fields, and sequestering plunder ?
 Naught to choose fathers-in-law, and betrothed brides wrest from the bosoms,
 Suing for peace with the hand, and displaying their armor on ship-sterns ? 80
 Thou from the grasp of the Grecians hast power to withdraw thine Æneas,
 Aye, and instead of a man to proffer a mist, and intangible vapor !
 Yes, and transform his fleet to as numerous nymphs of the ocean:
 But for us to afford the Rutulians succor is awful !
 Absent, unknowing Æneas ! Unknowing then let him be absent ! 85
 There are thy Iaphus, Idalium; there, too, thy lofty Cythéra !
 Why then attempt a belligerent city, and hearts that are dauntless ?
 We, to its base are essaying to raze, then, Phrygia's crumbling
 State ! Is it we ? or he who has thrust on the Archives his outcast
 Trojans ? And what was the reason, forsooth, that Europe and Asia 90
 Marshalled in arms, and dissolved, through perfidious theft, their alliance ?
 Guided by me did the Dardan adulterer battle with Sparta
 Once ? Did I furnish him arms, or by lechery foster the warfare ?
 There it behooves thee to fear for thy darlings, but now thou belated
 Risest, and wrongfully wrangling, bootlessly bandiest banter !" 95

Such was the pleading of Juno, and all the indwellers of heaven
 Murmured in varied approval, as when the incipient cyclones
 Rumble, as pent in the forests they roll their indefinite murmurs
 On, and afar to the mariners signal the gathering tempests.

Then the omnipotent father, whose sway of affairs is the highest, 100
 Speaks, and the lofty home of the gods grows still at his speaking;
 Earth to its centre has trembled, and loftiest æther is silent;
 Then, as the zephyrs have hushed, and the deep held quiet its surges:
 "Take hence into your souls, and infix my behests in your bosoms;
 Since it is not to Ausonia granted to join in a friendly 105

League with the Teucrans, and this your contention admits of no ending:
 What is the fortune of any to-day, or whatever of hope each
 Carves, though Rutulian or Trojan he be, I unbiased will hold it,
 Whether the camps are invested in siege by the fates of the Latins,
 Or by Troja's unlucky mistake, and unfortunate warnings. 110
 Nor do I free the Rutulians: each one's venture shall yield him
 Labor and fortune; for Jupiter portions impartial to all men:
 Fates will discover the way." By the streams of his Stygian brother,
 Yea, by the banks that o'erflow with a pitchy, caliginous whirlpool,
 Nods he approving, and trembled Olympus throughout as he nodded. 115
 This was the end of the parley. Then Jupiter steps from his golden
 Throne, and the dwellers in heaven escort him in state to his palace.

Meanwhile around each gate are Rutulians pressing to prostrate
 Foemen in slaughter, and girdle with flames their enemy's ramparts.
 But the Æneans' legion is holden blockaded with breastworks: 120
 Hope there is none of escape. They are standing forlorn on the lofty
 Towers, and in vain have environed their walls with a scattering picket.
 Asius, Imbrasmus' son, and as well Hicetaön's Thymœtes,
 Both the Assaraci also, and elderly Thymbris with Castor,
 Marshal the van, and attending upon them are both of Sarpédon's 125
 Brothers, and Clarus, and Themon withal from the Lycian highlands.
 Straining in all of his body to lift it a ponderous boulder—
 No small part of a mountain—upheaves the Lyrnisian Acmon,
 Not less strong than his father Alytius, and brother Menestheus.
 These with their javelins, and those with boulders essay to defend them: 130
 Others to kindle a bonfire, and arrows adapt to the bowstring.

Lo ! in their midst, the Dardanian boy, the deservedly cherished
 Darling of Venus himself, with his beautiful forehead uncovered,
 Gleams like a gem that divides the yellowish gold in its setting,
 Ornament meet for the neck, or the head, or as ivory carving, 135
 Set by artificer's skill in box, or Orician plane-wood,
 Glittering shines: his luxuriant locks in profusion his milk-white
 Neck receives, and a circlet of delicate gold as a fillet entwines them.
 Thee, too, magnanimous nations, O Ismarus, saw, as an archer,
 Aiming thy arrows vulnific, and arming their reeds with a poison, 140
 Noblemen in thy Mæonian home, where the yeomanry culture
 Fertilized meads, and Páctolus irrigates even with gold-dust;
 There, too, was champion Mnestheus, whom previous glory of driving
 Turnus away from the mound of the walls is sublimely exalting:
 Capys, too—hence is descended the name of Campania's city. 145

Thus they among themselves had engaged in the strifes of relentless
 War, while Æneas was cleaving the shadowy Tiber at midnight;
 For he, as charged by Evander, on reaching the Tuscan encampments,
 Hies to the monarch, and states to the monarch his name and extraction;
 What he requires, and what he proposes; what forces Mezentius 150
 Wins to himself, and adduces how violent also is Turnus'
 Bosom, and warns him how little reliance in human contingents
 Vests, and immingles entreaties: no dallying follows; but Tarchon
 Joins his resources, and forms an alliance. Unhampered by faith then,
 Lydia's clan, at the deities' orders, embarks in a squadron 155
 Led by a foreign commander. Æneas' imperial flag-ship
 Pilots in front, with its figure a couple of Phrygian lions;
 Ida, so welcome to exiled Trojans, is pendent above them.
 There sits mighty Æneas, and pensively ponders within him
 Varied events of the war: while close by the champion's left side 160
 Seated is Pallas, now asking of stars, and the way in the dusky
 Midnight; and now of the hero's disasters on land and the ocean.
 Open, ye goddesses, Helicon now, and awaken my numbers;
 Tell me what troop in the meantime follows Æneas from Tuscan
 Shores, and its vessels equip, and is wafted away on the high seas. 165
 Massicus cleaves, with his brazen Tiger, the waters as vanguard;
 'Neath him a troop of a thousand warriors, who have the ramparts
 Quitted of Clusus, and city of Cosæ; their weapons are arrows:
 Light on their shoulders they carry their sheaths and letiferous cross-bows:
 With them is glowering Abas, whose whole host glittered in brilliant 170
 Armor, and sparkled the stern of his ship with a gilded Apollo.
 Him had his native domain, Populonia, given six hundred
 Warriors, trained for the war: but Ilva had furnished three hundred—
 Ilva an island which teems with exhaustless deposits of iron.
 Third that Asilas, the deities' prophet to mortals, to whom were 175
 Subject, as augur, the fibers of victims and planets of heaven—
 Subject the language of birds, and the ominous flashes of lightning—
 Hurries a thousand in crowded array, with their horrible halberts.
 Pisa Alpheän in origin, but in its glebe an Etruscan
 City, bids these obey him. There follows the beautiful Astyr— 180
 Astyr so proud of his steeds, and his armor of various colors:
 Join him three hundred; one mind in them all is to follow their leader:
 Those whose abode is in Cære, and they who on Minio's low-lands
 Dwell, and in primitive Pyrgi, and those from unhealthy Gravisçi.
 Nor would I pass thee unnoticed, in battle Liguria's bravest 185

Champion, Cinyras, no, nor thee, fewly attended Capavo,
 Perched on whose helmet the feathery plumes of a swan are arising.
 Love is your crime, and your father's form is your fitting escutcheon;
 For they relate that, in grief for his favorite Phaethon, Cynus,
 While he amid the poplar boughs, and the shade of his sisters, 195
 Warbles and soothes by his plaintive muse his lugubrious amour,
 Growing hoary with delicate plumage extended his old age,
 Leaving the lands, and with melody soaring away to the planets.
 Proudly his son in the squadron, attended by equal detachments,
 Onward with oars his enormous Centaur propels, while its horrid 195
 Self stands over the water, and threatens the waves with a monstrous
 Rock, as with long keel deeply it furrows the fathomless waters.

Yes, and yon Ocnus musters a host from the bounds of his country,
 Son though he was of the prophetess Manto and Tiber, the Tuscan
 River, who gave thee, O Mantua, walls and the name of his mother— 200
 Mantua rich in thine ancestry; but are not all of a single
 Lineage: triple her clans, in each clan are four separate peoples:
 Still is she head of the peoples: from Tuscan blood is their vigor.
 Hence too, against himself though, Mezentius arms the five hundred,
 Whom, by Benacus its father enveloped in mantle of sea-green 205
 Sedge, on its tide was the Mincius leading along in a war-ship.
 Heavy Aulestes proceeds: with a hundred oars he, uprising,
 Lashes the billows: the depths are afoam, and the marble is rippled:
 Triton, the monster, is wafting him on, and appears with a conch-shell
 Frighting the deep-blue seas; and his shaggy front, as he skims them, 210
 Seems like a man to the waist; in a porpoise is ended his belly:
 Foamingly gurgles the billow beneath his anomalous bosom.

Such were the numerous notable chiefs, who were bound in their twice ten
 Ships, and, for succor of Troja, with copper were cleaving the salt-plains.

Now had the day from the heavens departed, and bright in her night-run 215
 Chariot fostering Phœbus was tramping the midst of Olympus.
 Wakeful Æneas—for trouble allows him no rest in his members—
 Seated is holding the tiller, and tending in person the mainsails;
 But in the midst of the voyage, behold, an array of his former
 Intimates meet him, the nymphs, whom cherishing Cybelé lately 220
 Kindly had bidden divinity don, and become from original vessels
 Nymphs, were now swimming abreast and were cleaving the billows, as many
 Even as bows of bronze that had recently stood on the sea-shores.
 They at a distance their sovereign knew, as they gambol in chorus,
 Cymodocœa, who mid them all was the readiest speaker, 225

Following after him, steadies his stern with her right, as she looms up
High in the rear, and with left-hand paddles the murmurless billows.
Then she addresses him thus in his ignorance: "Watchest, Æneas,
Scion of deity? Watch thou, and loosen the ropes of thy canvas.
We are the pines that of late, on the sacred summit of Ida, 230
Grew, now nymphs of the ocean, thy fleet! As perfidious headlong
Late the Rutulian pressed us with sabre and flames, we reluctant
Severed thy hawsers asunder, and over the waters are seeking
Thee. In compassion, our mother hath furnished this form as thou seest:
Yea, and hath let us be goddesses, passing our lives on the billows. 235
Still is the youthful Ascanius held, in his trenches and breastworks,
Safe in the midst of the weapons, and Latian's bristling for battle.
Now the Arcadian cavalry, joined with the daring Etruscan,
Hold their appointed positions. To thrust his battalions between them,
Lest they combine with the camps, is the desperate purpose of Turnus. 240
Come, then, rise, and betimes thine associates bid, at the coming
Dawn, be summoned to arms, and assume thine invincible buckler,
Which the Ignipotent gave thee, and bordered its edges with gold-work.
If meanwhile thou regardest my words a delusion, the morrow's
Light shall gaze on prodigious heaps of Rutulian slaughter." 245
Spake she, and, as she departed, his towering stern with her right hand
Pushed, for she well knew how, and away it careers o'er the waters,
Swifter than dart, or the arrow which rivals in fleetness the breezes.
Others then quicken their speed. Amazed is the wondering Trojan,
Son of Anchises, but comforts his soul with the marvellous omen. 250
Gazing aloft on the canopy o'er him, he supplicates briefly:
"Ida's kind mother of gods, unto whom is thy Dindyma precious,
Turreted city, and lions in couples submit to thy bridles;
Be now my lead in the fight, and the augury graciously render
Nigh, and to Phrygians, goddess, be present with favoring footstep." 255
Thus much spake he; and meanwhile uprolling its curtain, the perfect
Day was already advancing in light, and had routed the midnight:
He at the outset issues his comrades orders to follow his signals,
But to accoutre their souls with arms, and prepare themselves for an onset.
Now was he fully in sight of the Teucrans and all their encampments 260
Standing aloft on the stern, when he thereupon high on his left hand
Lifted his glittering shield! A shout to the stars from the ramparts
Raise the Dardanians: hope superadded arouses their resentment:
Weapons in hand they uptoss; as beneath a caliginous storm-cloud
Often Strymonian cranes give signals, and far o'er the æther 265

Sail with a racket, and hie with hilarious shout on the South-wind.

But to Rutulian prince and Ausonian chieftains it wondrous
Seemed, till they, looking back, notice the sterns in a line to the sea-beach
Turned, and the whole sea seemingly gliding away from the squadrons.

Blazes the cone on his helmet, and crested the flame on its summit 270

Streams, and immense fires belch from the golden boss of his buckler;

Just as at times, there lugubrious glare in the calmness of midnight

Blood-red comets; or just as the blaze of the Sirian dog-star,

Boding a withering blight and diseases to suffering mortals,

Rises, and saddens the heavens with gloom by its ominous glimmer. 275

Nevertheless the trust of audacious Turnus recoiled not

From prepossessing the beach, and preventing the comers from landing:

Promptly he rallies their souls by his words, and as promptly upbraids them:

“What ye have craved in your prayers is present, to crush them by main force;

Mars is himself in your hands, men; now as a hero let each man 280

Think of his wife and his home; now let him recall the heroic

Deeds and renown of his sires; with a will let us on to the billows,

While in disorder embarking they stagger in taking their first steps;

Fortune assists the courageous:—”

Thus he exclaims, and reflects with himself, as to whom he against them 285

Safely can lead, and to whom to entrust the beleaguered entrenchments.

Meanwhile Æneas is landing his trusty allies from the lofty

Sterns by the gangways: many the reflux surf of the ocean

Watch as it ebbs, and commit themselves at a bound to the shallows:

Others by aid of their oars. But Tarchon, surveying the sea-beach, 290

Not where the billows are heaving, and battering breakers are booming,

But where the sea unobstructedly glides in a gathering ground-swell,

Shoreward turns of a sudden his prow, and appeals to his comrades:

“Now, O chosen command, with your stout oars bend to the effort;

Lift, bear onward your galley, and yonder inimical landing 295

Split, and let even the keel for itself plow open a furrow;

Nay, I begrudge not to shatter the ship in so risky a roadstead,

If we can only land.” As soon, then, as Tarchon had spoken

Thus, his associates rose to a man at the oars, and with feathered

Blades, right cheerily spurted their foamy crafts to the Latin 300

Meads, till their beaks are aground on the dry land set, and are stranded

All of the keels innocuous—all but thy galley, O Tarchon:

For as she dashed on the shallows, she hangs on a treacherous surf-crest

Doubtfully balancing long, and, abortively breasting the billows,

Crumbles to pieces, and tumbles the men in the midst of the surging 305

Surf, whom the fragments of oars, and the floating benches, impeding
Clog, and the reflux wave at the same time carries their feet back.

Sluggish inaction detains not Turnus, but eager he hurries
All his command on the Teucrans, and hálts them in line on the sea-beach.
Sound they the signals : Æneas the first has assaulted the rustic 310
Squads, as an omen of battle, and scattered the Latins around him,
Slaughtering Theron, who tallest of heroes Æneas abruptly
Seeks: but the chief with his scimitar, right through his coppery breastplate,
Right through his mantle of spangled gold, drinks deeply his opened
Side; then dispatches he Lychas, a waif of his mother in dying, 315
Sacred to thee, O Phœbus, because he evaded in childhood
Haply the perils of steel. He the sturdy Cisseüs, and giant
Gyas not far off thence, as they scatter the ranks with their war-clubs,
Stretches in death. Ah! naught does Herculean armor avail them,
No, nor their sinewy hands, nor Melampus, their father, though comrade 320
He of Alcides as long as the earth afforded them toilsome
Labors. Behold, while he boastfully bandies his idle bravado,
Hurling he pickets a dart in the mouth of the clamorous Pharus!
Thou, too, unfortunate Cydon, e'en while thou wast Clytius courting,
Florid with earliest down on his cheeks, and thy recent attachment, 325
Thou by the Dardan's right hand slain, regardless of lovers
Who of the young were forever thine, hadst, miscreant, fallen,
Had not a thick set cohort of brothers confronted him, Phorcus'
Offspring, and seven in number, who at him are septuple weapons
Launching at once; though a portion rebound from his helmet and buckler 330
Harmless: a part of them, grazing the champion's body, the kindly
Venus deflected. Æneas addresses the faithful Achates:
" Hand me my weapons; against the Rutulians none shall my right hand
Hurl unavailing, which have in weltering bodies of Grecians
Stood on the Ilian plains. He then, seizing a ponderous war-spear, 335
Flings it: it fluttering sheer through the brass of the buckler of Maön
Whisks, and, at one and the same time, pierces his breast and his breastplate.
Rushes his brother Alcanor, and steadies his staggering brother
Up with his right hand: right through his steadying arm does the driven
War-spear fly, and it reeking with gore keeps on in its tenor; 340
While from his shoulder his right arm hung by its ligaments lifeless.
Then from the corpse of his brother, Numitor, snatching a javelin,
Aimed it direct at Æneas; but it was not fated, though point-blank
Tilted, to pierce, and it grazed o'er the thigh of the mighty Achates.
Here in his body in youth's prime trusting, the Curian Clausus 345

Comes, and at long range smites down Dryops with rigorous war-spear,
 Thrust home heavily under his chin, and suppresses the speaker's
 Voice and his life at a stroke by the stab in his throat; but he, falling,
 Thrashes the earth with his forehead, and clotted the blood from his mouth sp-
 Next, three Thracians, sprung from Boreâ's eminent peerage, 350
 Three, too, whom Idas their father and fatherland Ismara sent forth,
 Fells he in various plights. Halsæus uprims, and Auruncan
 Troops, and in turn, too, advances Messapus, the offspring of Neptune,
 Noted as trainer of horses. Now these, and now those, to their utmost,
 Struggle to baffle each other; the contest is waged at the very 355
 Door of Ausonia; just as when various winds, in the mighty
 Æther contending, arise in their wrath, and, with energies equal,
 Neither will yield to the other, nor clouds, nor the sea will surrender;
 Long is the skirmishing dubious, all of them obstinate standing;
 So do the ranks of the Trojans, and ranks of the Latins opposing 360
 Battle, and cling close, foot to foot, and hero to hero.

Now in a different part, where a torrent had driven at random
 Rolling rocks, and the shrubbery, torn from the banks of the river,
 There, unaccustomed to forming a column as infantry, Pallas
 Saw his Arcadians turning their backs on their Latin pursuers; 365
 Since the intractable lay of the land had induced them to send off
 Rashly their horses, he—which was his only resort in the crisis—
 Now by entreaty and now with upbraidings enkindles their valor: [ments;
 "Comrades, where are you bound? By yourselves, and your gallant achieve-
 Aye, by the name of Evander your chief, and the battles he won you; 370
 Nay, by my hope, which is emulous now of the fame of my father, [men
 Trust not your feet! With your swords must a way be straight through the foe-
 Hewn, and where yonder battalions of men are amassing the thickest,
 There does your glorious country expect you, and Pallas your leader!
 Now no divinities press; we mortals are urged by a mortal 375
 Foe, and our lives and our hands are as many as theirs for the issue.
 Yonder the deep, by the sea's unlimited barrier, bars us;
 Land, too, is wanting for flight; are we seeking the ocean as Troja?"
 So he exclaims, and bounds in their midst on the thick of the foemen.
 Lagus is first to encounter him, led in his daring by luckless 380
 Fate, and he, hurling a shaft, as he grapples a ponderous boulder,
 Pierces him through on the median line, where the spine a division
 Forms with the ribs, and deep in his bones he receives the embedded
 Spear; nor over him caught unawares, does Hisbo surprise him,
 Though he was hoping indeed to effect this, for Pallas, as rushing 385

Recklessly on him, he raves at the cruel death of his comrade,
 Wary receives him, and buries his scimitar deep in his swollen
 Lungs; he then Sthenelus seeks, and Anchemolus, sprung from the peerage
 Ancient of Rhœtus, who dared to dishonor his step-mother's chambers.
 You, too, Larides, and Thymber, the twins, on Rutulian meadows 390
 Fell, the descendants of Daucus, so closely resembling each other,
 That the mistake was perplexing to friends and amusing to parents:
 But now Pallas assigns you at length a revolting distinction;
 For thy head, O Thymber, the sword of Evander dissevered,
 Whilst thy dismembered right hand, thee as its owner, Larides, 395
 Sees, as the quivering fingers twitch, and clutch at the sabre.
 Fired by his chiding, and seeing the glorious deeds of the hero,
 Mingled grief and shame the Arcadians arm on the foemen.
 Just then Pallas, as Rhœteus flees in his vehicle by him,
 Stabs him. This space and this only of respite was granted to Ilus, 400
 For while afar he at Ilus had aimed his powerful war-spear,
 Rhœteus, coming between, intercepts it, O excellent Teuthras,
 Fleeing from Tyres, thy brother, and thee: from his chariot rolling
 Lifeless, he sprawlingly kicks with his heels the Rutulian meadows.
 Then as a shepherd, when coveted breezes arise in the summer, 405
 Launches a conflagration diversely abroad in the forests,
 Spots intermediate suddenly catching, at once is the awful
 Army of Vulcan deployed in array on the limitless prairies;
 Seated as victor he gazes aloof on the rampant combustion:
 So does the valor of comrades, all in a body collecting, 410
 Aid thee, moreover, O Pallas. But eager for battle Halæsus
 Charges upon them direct, and envelops himself in his armor.
 Butchers he Ladon and Pheres, Demodocus too, and with flashing
 Falchion slashes Strymonion's right hand off, as he raised it
 Up to his throat: with a boulder he batters the features of Thoäs, 415
 Strewing the bones immingled with gore-smeared brains on the meadow.
 Boding this issue his father had hid in the forests Halæsus:
 But when in death the old man loosened his whitening eye-balls,
 Destiny, fixing its grasp on his son, to the shafts of Evander
 Doomed him. Him Pallas attacks, thus praying beforehand: 420
 "Grant me now, father Thybris, O grant to the lance, that I missive
 Level, a prosperous trip through the breast of the doughty Helæsus;
 Then shall thy oak hold trophied the armor and spoils of the hero."
 Listened the god to his prayer, Helæsus, while shielding Imaön,
 Lucklessly bared his unarmored breast to Arcadia's weapon. 425

But by the slaughter so sad of a champion Lausus, a leading
 Part of the battle, permits not his ranks to be frightened: he slaughters
 First his antagonist Abas, the knot and the stay of the combat.
 Welter Arcadia's progeny; welter as freely Etruscans,
 You ye Teucrans, as well, whose bodies escaped from the Grecians !
 Hosts are encountering hosts, with their leaders and forces equated;
 Ranks in the rear are besetting those front, and the thronging allows not
 Weapons, or hands, to be moved. Here Pallas is charging and urging:
 Here to confront him is Lausus, their ages not greatly unequal;
 Noble in form are they both, but unfeeling had Fortune denied them
 Each to their home a return: yet the ruler of mighty Olympus
 Suffered them not to engage with each other in mortal encounter;
 Soon do their own fates wait at the hand of a mightier foeman.

Meanwhile his guardian sister admonishes Turnus, whose flying
 Chariot plows through the host, to repair to the rescue of Lausus.
 Then, as he sighted his comrades: " 'Tis time to desist from the conflict:
 Singly I venture on Pallas; to me, too, singly is Pallas
 Due, and I would that his parent were present to witness the combat."
 Thus he exclaims, and his comrades retired from the level as ordered.
 Wondering now at retreat of Rutulians, then at the haughty
 Order, the champion marvels at Turnus, his eyes o'er his huge form
 Rolls he, and distant surveys him throughout with a look of defiance.
 Then he undaunted in these words answers the words of the tyrant:
 " Now shall I either be lauded for winning superior laurels,
 Or for a glorious death, and resigned is my father to either allotment:
 Bandy not threats." He spake, and proceeds to the midst of the level.
 Cold in the hearts of Arcadians curdles the blood as they see him;
 Down from his chariot Turnus has leapt, and on foot for a close-hand
 Struggle prepares. As a lion, when he, from a lofty position,
 Sees on the plains in the distance a bull stand thinking of battles,
 Bounds off: just like his is the image of Turnus advancing.
 Then, when Pallas believed he had reached to as near as a spear's cast,
 Ere the encounter, if happily fortune would favor the venture
 In the unequal engagement, he thus on the limitless air speaks:
 " O by the friendship and board of my father, at which thou a stranger
 Satest, I pray thee, Alcides, befriend my Herculean effort !
 Let him now see me tear from his half-dead person his gory
 Arms, and the dying glances of Turnus endure me as victor."
 Listened Alcides anon to the hero, and deep in his great heart
 Stifles a groan, as he pours forth tears unavailingly o'er him.

Then the compassionate father his child thus kindly addresses:

"Each has his definite day, and life's is a brief and returnless
Season to all; but to spread and establish a fame by achievements,

This is the service of valor; 'neath 'Troja's imperial ramparts

Many an offspring of deities' fell: nay even Sarpédon,

470

Mine own progeny, weltered. His fates are summoning Turnus,

Too, and he soon shall arrive at the goal of his limited life-time."

So he exclaims, and withdraws his eyes from Rutulian meadows.

Pallas, however, at Turnus, with mighty exertion, his war-spear

Launches, and draws from its hollow scabbard, his glittering broad-sword.

475

That as it flies, where the uppermost coverings rise of the shoulder

Lights, and, in forcing its way through the bordering rims of his buckler,

Grazed in its passage at length e'en the muscular body of Turnus.

Thereupon Turnus his oak-shaft, mounted with keenest of steel-point,

Levels, though poising it long, at Pallas, and thus he bespeaks him:

480

"See, if this weapon of ours be of any more penetrant power!"

Spake he; but right through his shield, through so many a coating of plated

Steel and of brass, and so oft though oppose it the compassing bull's hide,

Right through the centre it whisks, and with stroke of the quivering spear-head

Passes the stays of his corselet, and pierces his bosom enormous.

485

Warm from the wound does he pluck, though all unavailing, the weapon;

Forth from the self-same avenue issue the blood and his spirit:

Down on the wound he collapses, and over him rattles his armor:

Dying he gnashes, with gore-stained mouth, the land of the foemen.

Turnus thus, standing above him:—

490

"Ho! ye Arcadians, these my dispatches remember to carry

Back to Evander, that such as his due, I restore him his Pallas;

Honor, if any, of burial; solace, if aught, of entombing

I as a favor bestow: not slight shall his cheer to Æneas

Cost him." And having thus spoke, on the lifeless remains with his left foot

495

Stamped, as he snatches the wonderful weight of the champion's baldric,

Blazoned an outrage—the self-same night of a wedding a youthful

Company murdered, and reeking with gore the connubial chambers;

Clonus, Eurytus' son, had in gold in profusion embossed it:

Over this spoil now Turnus exults, and gloats on its winning.

500

Ah! how unconscious the human mind is of fate and its future

Lot, and to keep within bound when elated with brilliant achievements!

Time will to Turnus accrue when he gladly would purchase at great price

Ne'er to have meddled with Pallas, and rue both these spoils and the day he

Won them! However, with many a groan and tear his companions

505

Following carry, upborne on his buckler, the weltering Pallas.
 O thou a grief and a glory immense to return to thy parent !
 Thee hath this first day booned to the war, and the same is removing !
 Since thou hast still left monstrous heaps of Rutulian corpses !

Now of disaster so sad no report, but a surer informant 510
 Hies to Æneas to tell him his troops are in danger of utter
 Rout; it is time that he haste to the aid of the wavering Teucrans.
 Ranks that are nearest he mows with his falchion down, and a wide swath
 Sweeps with his blade through the host, and seeking, O Turnus,
 Thee in thy recent slaughter exulting; and Pallas, Evander, 515
 All are absorbing his vision, the tables at which as a stranger
 Then for the first he hath sat, and their right hands pledged in alliance.
 Here four striplings, the offspring of Sulmo, as many whom Ufens
 Nurtures he seizes to offer alive to the shade of the fallen
 Hero, and surfeit the flames of his pyre with the blood of the captives. 520
 Then he at distance at Magus had aimed his inimical war-spear;
 Deftly he cravenly stoops, and the dread spear quivering o'er him
 Flies, and he, clasping his knees, thus pleads as a suppliant with him:
 " O by the ghost of thy father, and hope of Iulus, thy rising
 Heir, I entreat thee to spare me this life for the son and the father ! 525
 Mine is a sumptuous home, and within it there lie in concealment
 Talents of silver and gold; there are masses of wrought and of unwrought
 Gold of my own. Not here is the victory surely of Teucrans
 Pivoted, nor will a single life yield such an importance."
 Thus had he spoken; and, counter, Æneas thus renders him answer: 530
 " Talents of silver and gold—the many thou boasted of having—
 Keep for thy children. Such traffic of war hath Turnus beforehand
 Taken away, just then when Pallas was brutally murdered:
 So thinks the ghost of my father Anchises, and so does Iulus."
 Thus having said he, with left hand, grasping his helmet, and backward 535
 Bending the neck of the suppliant, plunges his sword to the handle.
 Not far off was Hæmonides, Phœbus' and Trivia's high-priest;
 Rich was the mitre, with sacred fillet, adorning his temples.
 Sparkling throughout in his vesture and radiant armor his person.
 Meeting he drives him afield, and when fallen, he over him standing 540
 Slays him, and buries him deep in the shadows. Serestus his gathered
 Armor removes on his shoulders, thy trophy, O sovereign Gradivus.
 Cæculus, sprung from the lineage noble of Vulcan, and Umbro,
 Coming from Marsian mountains, the battle array are renewing:
 Rages the Dardan against them. With scimitar keen he had Anxur's 545

Left hand lopped with its steel, and the whole round orb of his buckler:
 He had been swaggering loud, and believed there would be, in his swagger,
 Force, and as braggart he doubtless was lifting his spirit to heaven;
 Yea, and had promised himself gray hairs, and many a long year.
 Tarquitus onward in glittering armor exulting to meet him— 550
 He whom the wood-nymph Dryopé bore to Faunus the woodman—
 Thrust himself in the way of the ravager. He with his back-drawn
 War-spear cripples his corselet, and cumbersome load of his buckler.
 Then, as he vainly entreats, and is cravenly ready to utter
 Many a prayer, he tumbles his head to the earth, and the warm trunk 555
 Rolling along, he thus over it speaks from his merciless bosom:
 “ There now, lie, thou alarmer ! No cherishing mother shall lay thee
 Low in the ground, and adorn thy limbs for ancestral sepulture:
 Thou shalt be left to the carrion kites, or the billows shall toss thee
 Sunk in their surges, and famishing fishes shall nibble thy gashes !” 560
 Straightway thence he pursues Antæus, and Lucas, the vanguard
 Columns of Turnus, and valorous Numa, and Comers, the swarthy
 Son of magnanimous Volcens, who then was the richest in grain-fields
 Counted of all the Ausonian nobles, and reigned in the silent Amyclæ;
 Just as Ægeön, of whom they affirm that he wielded a hundred 565
 Arms, and a hundred hands, and had fifty mouths, and as many
 Bosoms, from which blazed fire, as he, braving Jupiter’s thunder,
 Rattled as numerous bucklers, and brandished as numerous broadswords:
 So o’er the whole of the plain went storming the victor Æneas,
 Soon as his scimitar grew once warm. But lo ! on the four-horsed 570
 Team of Nipheüs, and right on the breasts of his horses he charges;
 They, as at distance they sighted him stalking and fearfully storming,
 Backward wheeled, and, wildly rushing in panic stampede,
 Threw out their driver, and dashed with the chariot off to the sea-shore.
 Meanwhile Lucagus offers himself in the midst, with his snow-white 575
 Span, the brother of Liger; the brother, however, his chargers
 Guides with the reins, while Lucagus flourishes fiercely his broadsword.
 Brooked not Æneas the sight, as they rage in such vehement fury;
 On them he rushed, and he loomed up large with his lance in position.
 Liger bespeaks him:— 580
 “ Thou no Diomede’s chargers beholdest, no car of Achilles
 Here, nor the plains of Phrygia: now in these lands shall be given
 End to the war, and thy life, too !” Such are the words from the hair-brained
 Liger that flutter aloof: but the hero of Troja no counter
 Bluster essays; for in answer he launches a dart at the foeman. 585

Forward as Lucagus, leaning in plying the lash, with his weapon
 Goaded his span, and whilst he, in act of projection his left foot.
 Braces himself for the onset, enters the spear through the nether
 Rims of his glittering buckler, and burrows its way through his left groin:
 Pitched from his chariot, writhing in death, he is rolled on the meadows. 590
 Him then the pious Æneas addresses in bitter invectives:

"Lucagus, that was no sluggish escape of thy steeds, that betrayed thy
 Chariot's loss, nor have vain shades turned them aside from the toemen:
 Thou, in o'erleaping the wheels, hast abandoned thy team!" As he spake thus,
 Seized he the span, and the brother in anguish was stretching his unarmed 595
 Palms, as he cringingly slipped from the self-same chariot, pleading:
 "O by thyself, by thy parents who bore thee so noble an offspring,
 Hero of Troja, O spare me this life and pity me praying."
 More he had plead, but Æneas: "Not such was thy language a moment
 Since; then die, and be not a brother deserting a brother!" 600
 Then with his blade he lays open the spirit's recesses, his bosom.

Such was the havoc which, over the plains, the Dardanian chieftain
 Wrought, as he on like a torrent of waters, or ebony whirlwind,
 Rampantly rages. At last outrush, and forsake their encampments,
 Youthful Ascanius leading, and warriors vainly beleaguered. 605

Meanwhile Jupiter opens a parley with Juno abruptly:
 "Sister of mine, and moreover my very agreeable consort,
 Just as thou reckonest, Venus—thy judgment is never mistaken!—
 Favors the forces of Troja, whose champions rally no right hands
 Lively in battle, no spirits ferocious, and patient in peril." 610
 Juno submissively: "Why, my exceedingly beautiful husband,
 Trouble me when I am sick, and am dreading thy saddening mandates?
 Would that my love had the power that it formerly had, and it ever
 Ought to possess; for then thou wouldst never refuse me thy favor,
 O thou almighty; but I could have leave to withdraw from the conflict 615
 Champion Turnus, and keep him in safety for Daunus his parent.
 Now he must perish, and pay to the Teucrans the forfeit of pious
 Blood; although he deduces his name from our lineage, claiming
 Justly Pylumus as fourth in the line of his fathers, and oft hath
 Loaded thy courts with a bountiful hand, and with many oblations." 620

Promptly the sovereign of airy Olympus thus briefly bespeaks her:
 "If there a respite be craved from immediate death for the ill-starred
 Youth, and if really thou understandest me thus to ordain it,
 Rescue, then, Turnus by flight, and reprieve him from imminent present
 Fate: thus far is indulgence allowable; but, if beneath thine entreaties 625

Further immunity lurk, and thou thinkest to baffle the warfare
 Wholly, and have it arrested, thou nursest a futile reliance."
 Juno then, weeping: "But what if thou shouldst, what thou verbally grudgest,
 Mentally grant, that this life might remain vouchsafed unto Turnus?
 Now there awaits him, though guiltless, a grievous disaster, or I am 630
 Grandly mistaken. O that I were rather deluded by idle
 Fear, and that thou, who art able, would change for the better thy purpose."

When she has these words uttered, from lofty heaven she forthwith
 Plunged, and begirt with a tempest, and driving a storm on the gusty
 Air, made straight for the Ilian lines and Laurentian camp-grounds. 635
 Then from a hollow vapor, the goddess a shadowy, brawnless
 Wraith in the guise of Æneas—to view a remarkable wonder!
 Decks with Dardanian weapons, and fashions a buckler and crested
 Helmet adorning its god-like head, and endows it with spectral
 Words, and a mindless voice, and assigns it the gait of the chieftain: 640
 Just like the spectres that flit, as the story is, after a death-scene;
 Or like illusory dreams that disport with the slumbering senses.
 Now does the image, exultingly leaping in front of the vanguards,
 Challenge the hero with weapons, and banter him even to insult.
 On drives Turnus upon it, and hurls at a distance his whizzing 645
 War-spear; turning its back the illusion retraces its footsteps.
 Turnus then truly believed that Æneas has turned, and as coward
 Skulked, and tumultuous drank in his soul the delusive assurance.
 "Whither art fleeing, Æneas? Desert not thy plighted espousals;
 Land long sought o'er the billows by this right hand shall be granted!" 650
 Thus he vociferous follows the phantom, and flashes his naked
 Sabre, nor does he perceive that the breezes are wafting his raptures.
 There, as it happened, was standing a vessel adjoining a lofty
 Granite ledge, with its planking adjusted, and ready its gangway;
 In it was monarch Osinius borne from his Clusian confines. 655
 Thither the trepidant wraith of the seemingly fleeing Æneas
 Dashes in hidden retreats, nor less slowly does Turnus pursue it.
 Leaps he o'er every obstruction, and bounds o'er the towering bridges:
 Scarce had he reached to the prow, when Saturnia, snapping the hawser,
 Hurries the unmoored galley away o'er the reflux waters. 660
 Meanwhile Æneas demands him, though absent, for personal combats;
 Sends he to death, as they meet him, full many a champion's body.
 Then for retreats no longer now searches the shadowy image,
 But hath, sublimely up-vaulting, immingled itself in a black cloud:
 While in the meantime the tide bears Turnus away to mid ocean. 665

Back as he looks unaware of the facts, he, ungrateful for safety,
 Stretches his doubled-up hands with his voice to the planets entreating:
 "O thou omnipotent father, and didst thou regard me deserving
 Crime so disgraceful? And couldst thou impose such a penalty on me?
 Where am I wafted? Whence came I? What flight can return me, and how, too 670
 Shall I behold once more the Laurentian walls and encampments?
 What of the bands of the men who have followed both me and my standards!
 All of them—shameful desertion!—I left to unspeakable slaughter!
 Now methinks I can see them, all scattered, and hear their expiring
 Groans! O what shall I do? And what earth can sufficiently deeply 675
 Yawn to engulf me? O pity me rather, ye winds of the ocean;
 Carry me back on the crags, on the ledges—for Turnus adores you
 Heartily—launch me adrift on the pitiless shallows and quicksands,
 Where the Rutulians never, and never can cognizant gossip pursue me!"
 Thus in rehearsing, now hither, now thither, he wavers in spirit, 680
 Whether to coffin himself with his blade for so base a dishonor
 Madly, and thrust to the hilt through his ribs his unscabbarded broadsword;
 Or in the midst of the billows to fling him, and steer for the winding
 Shores as a swimmer, and sally again on the arms of the Teucrans.
 Thrice he attempted each method, and thrice the imperial Juno 685
 Checking restrained him, and pitying thwarted the youth in his purpose.
 Glides he, cleaving the depths on the favoring billow and current,
 Till he is borne to the primitive city of Daunus his parent.

But in the meantime by Jupiter's warnings, Mezentius ardent
 Enters the fight, and attacks the exultantly jubilant Teucrans: 690
 Round him Tyrrhenian forces centre, and all in a body
 Press on the single hero with rancor, and clustering weapons;
 He, like a rock that projects in the boundless expanse of the waters,
 Meeting the furious rage of the winds, and exposed to the breakers,
 Breasts their united force, and the threats of the sky and the ocean, 695
 Standing itself immovable. Down on the ground Dolichaon's descendant,
 Hebrus, he stretches, and Latagus with him, and fugitive Palmus:
 But he anticipates Latagus, for with a boulder, and fragment
 Huge of a mountain, he batters his mouth and his face as he fronts him;
 Whilst he the hamstrung Palmus lets sluggishly roll, and his armor to Lausus 700
 Tenders to have on his shoulders, and fasten the crests on his helmet.
 These, and Evanthes the Phrygian-born, and the Ilian Mimas,
 Equal in age and attendant of Paris: Theano in one night
 Brought him to light to his father Amycus, and Cisseis' queenly
 Daughter, conceiving a torch, bears Paris, who lies in his native 705

City entombed; the Laurentian shore holds Mimas unnoted.

Just as yon boar, that is forced by the bite of the hounds from the lofty Mountains, whom many a year puniferous Vesulus erewhile Shelters, and many a year the Laurentian fen and the reedy Forest has pastured, has, when he is caught in the toils of the hunters, 710
Halted at bay, and ferociously squealed and bristled his withers;
None has the pluck to be angry or valor to nearer approach him,
But at a distance they pelt him with darts and innocuous shoutings—
Such is Mezentius also; though just is their anger against him,
Yet not a soul of them dares with unscabbarded steel to engage him; 715
But from afar with their missiles and clamorous shouting harass him:
He though undaunted still leisurely paces in every direction,
Gnashing his teeth, as he parries their spears on the hide of his buckler.

Acron had come from the limits primeval of Corythus' city,
Grecian the man, and a fugitive leaving his marriage unfinished: 720
Soon as at distance the hero beheld him confusing the main-lines,
Crimsoned with feathers and purple, the gift of his covenant consort:
Just as a famishing lion at times, as he roams through the stately
Stalls—for a maddening hunger incites him—exults, if he haply
Notice a straggling goat, or with towering antlers a roebuck; 725
Gaping ferocious, he bristles his mane, and over his victim's
Vitals he crawlingly crouches, till shockingly hideous gore-drops
Smear his insatiate mouth:—

So does the eager Mezentius rush on the enemy's thick ranks.
Low the unfortunate Acron is laid, and, expiring, the dark ground 730
Thumps with his heels, and with blood-spurts spatters the splintering weapon.
But the assailer disdained to lay the escaping Orodes

Sprawling, nor would he deliver a wound in the dark with his tilted
Lance, but encounters him face to face, and as hero to hero
Meeting engaged him, no better by stealth but by dint of his armor. 735
Then o'er his prostrate foe, as he leaned on his spear with his foot braced:
"Comrades, no trivial part of the battle, the lordly Orodes
Lies !" And associates, following, shout their huzzahs to the victor.

He, though expiring: "Whoever thou art who as victor exultest,
Long unavenged I remain not; thee also in turn are awaiting 740
Similar fates: thou shalt tenant ere long these inimical meadows !"
Scornfully smiling, immingling malice, Mezentius answers:

"Die now ! the father of gods, and the sovereign of mortals will duly
Look after me." So saying he plucked out the spear from his body.
Hard is his rest, and of steel is the slumber that presses his eyeballs 745

Down, and his eyelids are closed in the gloom of perpetual midnight.
 Cædæus butchers Alcathous, Sacrator slaughters Hydraspes;
 Rapo dispatches Parthenius, and sturdily vigorous Orses;
 Clonius Messapus then slays, and Lycaön's son Ericetes,
 One as he lay on the earth by a slip of his mettlesome charger, 750
 That one on foot as a footman. And Lycian Agis had onward
 Sallied, yet Valerius, never deficient in valor ancestral,
 Fells him; but Salus Thronius, Neacles Salus, Neacles
 Famed for his skill with the javelin, and long-ranged wildering arrow.

Now was the grievous Mavors apportioning mourning, and murders 755
 Mutual. They were retreating by turns, and by turns they were charging,
 Victors and vanquished, for flight was unknown to the one or the other.
 Gods, in the mansions of Jupiter meanwhile pity the fruitless
 Rancor of both, that to mortals are meted such terrible hardships:
 Venus is watching on this, and Saturnian Juno on that side; 760
 Pallid Tisiphoné furious raves in the midst of the thousands.
 But still Mezentius, shaking defiant his ponderous war-spear,
 Wrathfully stalks o'er the plain; in appearance as grand as Orion,
 When he on foot o'er the fathomless depths of Nereüs marches,
 Cleaving his way, and surmounts by a shoulder the crests of the billows; 765
 Or as he, bearing a veteran ash from the tops of the mountains,
 Stalks on the ground, and away in the mist-clouds buries his forehead:
 Such does Mezentius seem, as he struts in his lumbering armor.
 Boldly Æneas prepares, as he watched him along the extended
 Column, to go and encounter him. He, unaffrighted, expectant 770
 Waits his magnanimous foeman, and stands in his stature a giant:
 But, as he measured the space with his eyes, as enough for a spear's cast.
 "Right hand, deity mine, and the weapon I poise as a missile,
 Stand by me now! And I vow it, my Lausus, that thou in the plunder,
 Stripped from the corse of yon brigand Æneas, shalt be as a trophy 775
 Personal garnished." He spake, and afar he his stridulous war-spear
 Hurl'd; but it flitting was shook from the shield, and away in the distance
 Pierces between his flank and his bowels, the noble Antores,
 Hercules' comrade, Antores, who had, though embarking from Argos,
 Clung to Evander, and in an Italian city had settled: 780
 He, as he luckless is felled by a wound for another intended,
 Looks up to heaven, and dying remembers his favorite Argos.

Then does the pious Æneas his war-spear hurl: through the rounded
 Orb of the triple brass, through its layers of linen, and on through
 Fabric inwoven with three bull-hides it traversed, and deeply 785

Sunk in his groin; but it through it its impetus carried not: quickly
 Thrilled by the sight of Tyrrhenian blood does Æneas his broadsword
 Snatch from its sheath, and aglow on his trepidant enemy hurry.
 Heavily Lausus, in loving regard for his cherishing father,
 Groaned as he saw it, and tears rolled down on his agonized features. 790
 Here I the fate of thy rigorous death and thy noble achievements,
 Will not, if warrants the future belief in so filial a service,
 No, nor thyself, O illustrious warrior, bury in silence!
 Backward withdrawing his foot was Mezentius, crippled and hampered,
 Yielding, and trailing his enemy's shaft as it hung on his buckler. 795
 Bounded the youth to the front, and immingled himself with the hero's
 Armor; and just as Æneas was rising and bringing the death-blow
 Down with his right hand, came right under the blade, and by staying
 Parried the stroke: his associates follow with boisterous plaudits;
 And while the father, protected by targe of his son, was retiring, 800
 Weapons unitedly fling, and were thrusting the foe with their missiles
 Off; but Æneas is raving, and shielded maintains his position:
 Just as whenever the clouds, surcharged with a deluge of hailstones,
 Headlong tumble, and every plowman and every farmer
 Flees from the plains, and the traveler hides in a sheltering stronghold 805
 Under the banks of a river, or under the arch of a high rock,
 While it is raining on earth, that as soon as the sun is unshrouded,
 They may accomplish their day's work; so by the weapons on all sides
 Pelted Æneas the war-cloud, till it had thundered its utmost,
 Stems, and upbraidingly challenges Lausus, and menaces Lausus: 810
 "Whither art rushing to perish, and risking too much for thy vigor?
 Filial devotion incautious deludes thee." He still as a madman
 Blusters: and now the Dardanian champion's merciless vengeance
 Loftier rises. The destinies now are for Lausus the last threads
 Gathering in; for Æneas his powerful scimitar ruthless 815
 Drives through the midst of the youth, and buries it wholly within him.
 Right through the menacer's targe, and his delicate armor, the keen blade
 Passed, through the tunic his mother had woven in tissue of gold thread
 For him, and blood filled all of his bosom: then life on the breezes
 Mournful withdrew to the shades, and abandoned his body untimely. 820
 But as the son of Anchises in truth on the visage and features
 Gazed of the dying—the features becoming amazingly pallid—
 Pitying deeply he sighed, and instinctively tendered his right hand,
 Fresh as the image recurred to his mind of regard for a father:
 "What to thee now, O pitiable boy, for these laudable efforts, 825

What shall the pious Æneas, befitting such nobleness, render ?
 Keep it—thine armor, in which thou rejoicest, and I to thy parents'
 Shades and their ashes, if this can be any requital, remit thee:
 Yet thou in this, though unlucky, canst solace thy sorrowful exit,
 That by the hand of the mighty Æneas thou fallest." Abruptly 835
 Chides he his faltering comrades, as gently from earth he uplifts him,
 Soiling his ringlets with blood, that were combed in the comeliest fashion.
 Meanwhile his father was down by the wave of the stream of the Tiber
 Staunching his wound with its waters, and resting his body, reclining
 Close by the trunk of a tree. At a distance his coppery helmet 835
 Hangs on its boughs, and at rest on the sod is his cumbersome armor:
 Standing around are his warriors chosen; he sickly and panting
 Eases his neck, as his out-combed beard streamed down on his bosom;
 Often he asks after Lausus, and many a messenger sends he
 Back to recall him, and bear him his sorrowful parent's injunctions: 840
 But on his armor his comrades were weepingly bearing the lifeless
 Lausus away—a hero o'ercome by the wound of a hero.
 Well from afar did his mind, presaging the evil, their moaning
 Know; he besprinkles his gray locks freely with dust, and his folded
 Palms uplifting to heaven, he clings to the body exclaiming: 845
 " Did there possess me so shameless a longing for life, as to let thee,
 Whom I begat, in protection of me, on the enemy's right hand
 Recklessly sally ? And am I through these thy wounds, as a father
 Saved by thy death alive ? Ah ! now my unfortunate exile
 Renders me wretched at last ! Now deeply the wound is inflicted ! 850
 Yes; and, my son, I have tarnished thy name by my heinous offences;
 Banished in envious hate from the sceptres and throne of my fathers,
 Had I the penalty paid to my country and wrath of my subjects,
 I should have yielded my soul as deserving of every death-pang:
 Now, though I live, and have not yet quitted mankind and the daylight; 855
 But I will quit them !" So saying, at once he himself on his crippled
 Thigh upraises, and though from the deep wound falters his vigor,
 Cowed not, he orders his steed to be brought him, for he was his glory,
 He was his comfort: on him he, as victor, in all of his battles,
 Proudly had rode. He addresses him saddened, and thus he bespeaks him: 860
 " Rhæbus, we long, if anything long is belonging to mortals,
 Long we have lived; but to-day thou shalt either in triumph yon gory
 Spoils, and the head of Æneas return, and of Lausus's distresses
 Be the avenger with me, or, if no resort can a passage
 Open, shalt die at my side: for, my gallant, I ween thou wilt never 865

Brook the commands of another, nor cringe to the tyrannous Teucrans."
 Spake he, and mounting his back, he adjusted his limbs in his wonted
 Fashion, and loaded his two hands full of the sharpest of javelins;
 Flashing in brass was his forehead and shaggy with plumage of horse-hair.

Thus in their midst did he rapid give chase. There surges a mighty 870

Shame in his single heart, and a madness immingled with sorrow,

Love, too, goaded by furies and conscious possession of valor.

Thrice did he, then and there, with a loud voice challenge Æneas;

But not in vain, for Æneas accepted, and prays for it gladly:

"So may the father of gods, and the lofty Apollo ordain it; 875

Thou shalt begin the engagement:—"

Thus much spake he, and opposite starts with inimical war-spear;

He though: "Why, thou unmerciful wretch, since stealing my offspring,

Frighten me? This was thine only possible way to destroy me.

We have no horror of death, and we spare no deity either! 880

Cease, for I come with intention of dying, and these are the gifts I

Bring thee before it!" So saying he hurled at the foeman a weapon,

Then he another besides, and another infixes, and round in a mighty

Circuit he flits; but the golden boss is sustaining the onset.

Thrice he around his antagonist rode to the left in a circle, 885

Launching the shafts from his hand, and thrice does the hero of Troja

Bear with him round on his target of brass the anomalous thicket;

Then, when tired of so many delays, and of plucking so many

Darts, and when pressed in contending in such an unequal encounter,

Pondering much in his soul, he now at length from his covert 890

Springs, and between the war-steed's sockety temples his spear hurls.

Bolt upright the animal rears, and the air with his fore-feet

Thrashes, and throwing his rider, and following over him tangled

Pins him, and tumbles head foremost with shoulder outsprawling upon him.

Trojans and Latins set all heaven ablaze with their shouting: 895

Rushes Æneas upon him, and, snatching his sword from its scabbard,

Over him thus: "Where now is thy daring Mezentius? Where that

Desperate vigor of soul?" The Tyrrhenian counter, as upward

Glancing to heaven he drew in a breath and recovered his senses:

"Bitterest foeman, why chide me and menace with death as a terror? 900

Naught is thy crime in my slaughter; not thus did I come to the combat;

Nor did my Lausus for my sake make such a covenant with thee.

This one I crave, if to vanquished foes there is any indulgence,

Suffer my corpse to be buried in earth; for I know that relentless

Hate of my subjects surrounds me: I pray thee protect from their fury; 905

Grant me but this, and assign me a grave by the side of my offspring,"
Thus he bespeaks him, and, consciously yielding his throat to the broadsword,
Pours out his life in the gore that is flooding inundant his armor.

BOOK XI.

**Trophy erected, an armistice granted, the mourning for Pallas ;
Cavalry fight, and Camilla the Amazon fatally wounded.**

MEANWHILE Aurora, arising, already hath quitted the ocean:
And though anxieties prompt him to grant for interring his comrades
Time, and his mind is disturbed by their funeral, still was Æneas
Paying, as victor, his vows to the gods at the earliest day-break.
Trimming the branches on all sides off of a sizable oak-tree, 5
Planted he it on a mound, and adorned it with glittering armor,
Chieftain Mezentius' relics, devoted to thee as a trophy,
Patron of war; he attaches the plumage, all reeking with clotted
Blood, and the shattered shafts of the hero, and hit in a dozen
Places his shattered cuirass, and his buckler of bronze on its left hand 10
Fastens, and hangs from its neck his scimitar ivory-hilted.

Then he exhorts his jubilant comrades—for all the attendant
Throng of his chieftains were closing around him—beginning on this wise:
“ Heroes, our mightiest work is accomplished: be every misgiving
Banished for what is remaining; for these are the spoils, as the first fruits, 15
Won from the insolent king: here Mezentius lies by our own hand !
Now for us clear is the way to the monarch and walls of the Latins:
Armor provide for your souls, and with hope be forecasting the warfare.
Lest, when supernals at length shall assent to our plucking the standards,
And to our leading the troops from the camps, a delay may impede us, 20
Caught unawares, or a palsyng feeling of panic retard us.
Meanwhile let us consign to the earth our unburied companions'
Bodies: the only respect that in Acheron deep is allowed them.
Go,” he exclaims, “ and the notable souls, who have bought with their life-blood
For us this land as our country, befittingly honor with farewell 25

Presents; and first, though, away to the sorrowful town of Evander
 Let brave Pallas be sent, whom, never in valor deficient,
 Off hath the dark day taken and whelmed in a bitter removal."

So he in weeping exclaims, and retraces his step to the thresholds,
 Where the elder Acetes was tenderly guarding the laid out 30
 Body of lifeless Pallas: he once the Parrhasian Evander's
 Armor-bearer had been, but was then with not equally happy
 Auspices going as escort assigned to his favorite darling.
 All his attendant slaves were around, an assemblage of motley
 Trojans and Ilian matrons with tresses as wonted disheveled. 35
 But as Æneas presented himself at the towering gateways,
 Loud from their beaten breasts is the moaning they raise to the starry
 Orbs, and the palace reverberant echoes with dolorous wailing.
 There as he gazed on the pillowed head and the features of Pallas,
 Snow-white now, and the gaping wound of Ausonian spear-head 40
 Deep in his delicate bosom, with tears upwelling he thus speaks:
 "Could then Fortune, lamentable boy, when she greeted me gladsome,
 Envy me thee, that thou never shouldst gaze on our glorious kingdom?
 Never, as victor, be borne to the welcoming home of thy fathers?
 No such promise had I, at our parting, thy parent Evander 45
 Given of thee, when embracing me kindly he hopefully sent me
 Bound for a mighty dominion; and, fearing the issue, forewarned me
 There would be valorous heroes, and fights with a rigorous nation.
 Now, in the shadowy hope of thy coming, he, greatly enraptured
 Doubtless, is making his vows, and is loading the altars with presents; 50
 Whilst with an empty pageant we mournful attend on the lifeless
 Youth, who now is for nothing indebted to any celestials.
 Thou shalt unhappy the sorrowful funeral see of thine offspring!
 Ah! and are these our returns and expected triumphal processions?
 This my so mighty assurance! Yet thou shalt behold him, Evander, 55
 Thrust by no infamous wounds; nor as father shalt covet a direful
 Death for thy son as survivor. Ah me! how great a protection
 Hast thou, Ausonia, lost, and how great, too, hast thou, my Illus!"

When he has ended his weeping, he orders the pitiful body
 Borne to its home, and, select from the whole of his army, a thousand 60
 Heroes he sends as an escort to render funereal honors,
 And to take part in the tears of the father—a meagre condolence,
 In so exceeding a sorrow, but due to the agonized parent.
 Others unweariedly weave him a wicker-work hurdle, and lithesome
 Bier of the sprigs of the trailing arbutus and pliable oaken 65

Twigs, and o'ershadow the upraised couch with an awning of garlands.
 Here, on the rustic litter aloft they the warrior peaceful
 Lay, as a beautiful flower just plucked by the thumb of a maiden,
 Either a violet soft, or a languishing hyacinth's blossom,
 While not its brightness, nor beauty peculiar as yet have departed; 70
 Though, as its mother, earth feeds and supplies it with vigor no longer.

Then brought forward Æneas a couple of vestments with stiffened
 Golden and purple embroidery, which the Sidonian Dido,
 Priding herself on the labors, had for him once with her own hands
 Wrought, and had woven its stripes with a delicate tissue of gold-thread. 75
 Sadly the warrior he with the former for burial service
 Robes, and enshrouds, as a pall, with the latter his cremable ringlets;
 Further he many a prize, won from the Laurentian combat,
 Masses, and orders the spoils to be borne in extended procession:
 Horses he adds, and the weapons of which he had plundered the foemen. 80
 There he had pinioned behind them the hands of the prisoners whom he
 Sent for the shades of the hero, to sprinkle the flames with the their slaughterer's
 Blood; and he bids the commanders themselves to carry the tree-trunks
 Clad in the enemy's armor, with the names of the foemen appended.
 There, too, unhappy Acœtes, encumbered with age, is conducted 85
 Beating his breasts with his fists, and with finger-nails marring his features:
 Grovels he low, and is sprawled on the earth with the whole of his body.
 Lead they the chariots also, besmeared by Rutulian slaughter:
 After these comes, too, stripped of his gorgeous trappings, his war-horse
 Æthon, weeping and drenching his visage profusely with great drops ! 90
 Others are bearing his helmet and spear—for the rest is the victor
 Turnus possessing. Then follow—a sorrowful phalanx—the Teucran
 Troops, and Tyrrhenians all, and Arcadians, trailing their armor.

After the whole long line of attendants had passed in procession,
 Halted Æneas, and thus with a deep-drawn sighing he added: 95
 "Hence do the self-same horrible fortunes of war unto fresh tears
 Beckon us on. All hail for me ever, illustrious Pallas !
 Hail, and forever farewell !" He, saying no more, to the lofty
 Walls was advancing, and wending his steps to the camp grounds.

Here had already ambassadors come from the Latian city, 100
 Veiled with the boughs of the olive, and asking a special concession,
 That he restore them the corpses that lay by the scimitar scattered
 Over the plains, and permit them to sink to repose in an earth-mound.
 That there no longer be strife with the vanquished, and heroes of æther
 Reft, and to spare those formerly reckoned his hosts and relations. 105

Whom the benignant Æneas, they asking for nothing obnoxious,
 Grants the concession, and this to their words in addition adduces:
 "Tell me, ye Latins, what fortune unworthy in such a disastrous
 War hath involved you, to make you abandon our friendly alliance?
 Is it a truce for the lifeless, and those who are lost in the chance-like 110
 Havoc of Mars, that ye seek? I would fain to the living concede it:
 I had not come, if the Fates had not granted me place and a homestead;
 I am not waging a war on your nation: your king has our friendship
 Left, and hath rather entrusted himself to the armor of Turnus.
 It had been fairer for Turnus this death to encounter in person: 115
 If he were ready to finish the war, and to banish the Teucreans
 Hence by his hand, it behooved him to meet me with weapons in combat;
 He should have lived then to whom had assigned it his god or his right hand
 Go now, and beneath your bewailable citizens kindle a bonfire!"

Thus had Æneas spoken: they stood in amazement in silence, 120
 Glancing their eyes at each other, and holding their features embarrassed.
 Then does Drances the aged, and always with spites and invectives
 Hostile to champion Turnus, responsively thus in attempted
 Utterance answer: "O great in renown, and yet greater in armor,
 Hero of Troja, with what due praise shall I laud thee to heaven? 125
 Shall I admire thine integrity first, or achievements in battle?
 Gratefully will we assuredly carry these messages back to our native
 City, and join thee in league with our monarch Latinus, if fortune
 Grant us a way, and let Turnus seek out for himself an alliance.
 Nay, it will be our delight to unite in upraising its destined 130
 Masses of walls, and upbear on our shoulders the ashlar of Troja."
 Thus had he spoken, and all were with one voice shouting the same thing:
 They have a twelve days' armistice settled, and under its pending
 Truce, through the forests, impunely immingled, the Latins and Teucreans
 Rambled the ridges. The ash trees ring with the strokes of the two-edged 135
 Axes: they level the pines that upshoot to the stars, and incessant,
 Cleaving the oaks and the odorous cedar with beetle and wedges,
 Carry the wild-ash timbers away in their lumbering wagons.

Rumor already is flitting, the herald of sorrow so crushing,
 Filling Evander, and homes and walls of Evander with mourning— 140
 Rumor that late was in Latium telling of Pallas as victor.
 Forth to the gates have Arcadians rushed, and in primitive fashion
 Seized their funereal torches: the highway gleams with the long bright
 Row of their flambeaus, and lights up widely the neighboring meadows.
 Opposite coming the throng of the Phrygians join with the wailing 145

Columns. As soon as the matrons have seen them approaching the royal
Mansions, they set in a blaze by their clamors the sorrowing city.
Now can no possible influence stay the impatient Evander;
But in their midst he comes. He, as soon as the bier can be lowered,
Prostrate has fallen on Pallas, and clings to him weeping and moaning ! 150
Scarcely at length, in his grief, is a passage for utterance opened:
“ Thou hadst not given these promises, Pallas, as due to thy parent,
That on unmerciful Mars thou wouldest more cautiously venture:
I was not unaware of a novice's glory in armor,
And how entrancing the glamour would be of the earliest onset. 155
Wretched are youth's first fruits, and the rudiments stern of approaching
War ! And by none of the gods have my vows and petitions been kindly
Heard; and, my holiest spouse, thou art happy indeed in an early
Death ! thou hast not been kept for the pang of this terrible sorrow;
I, though, by living, have thwarted my fates, and surviving I lonely 160
Linger as father ! O would that Rutulian weapons had whelmed me,
Joining the friendly alliance of Teucrans, that I had my own life
Given, and homeward this pageant were me, and not Pallas, escorting !
But, O ye Teucrans, I censure not you, nor our league, nor the right hand
Which we hospitably plighted: it was an allotment to old age 165
Due. And what if untimely death was awaiting my offspring !
Yet it will cheer to remember that thousands of Volscians weltered,
Ere he had fallen in leading on Latium bravely the Teucrans !
Nay, I can deem thee not worthy, my Pallas, of funeral honors
Other than those which the pious Æneas, than Phrygian nobles, 170
Aye, the Tyrrhenian chieftains, and all the Tyrrhenian army award thee!
Grand are the trophies they bring me of those whom to slaughter thy right hand
Dooms: and thou, too, O Turnus, in armor hadst stood an unsightly
Trunk, if by reason of years had been equal his age, and his strength been
Even. But why am I hapless detaining the Teucrans in armor? 175
Go ye, and back to your monarch remember to carry these mandates;
Tell him I linger a loathsome existence since Pallas is taken,
But that the cause is thine own right hand, which owes, as thou seest,
Turnus to child and to parent: and this is the only position
Left for thy merits and services now: life's pleasure I do not 180
Crave, it were wrong, but to carry the news to my child in the deep shades.”

Meanwhile Aurora had lifted for suffering mortals the genial
Daylight, bringing again the renewal of toils and of labors.
Father Æneas, and Tarchon, already away on the winding
Shore have constructed funereal pyres, and the corpses of comrades 185

Each in the mode of his fathers, hath brought, and beneath them the dark fires
 Thrust; and the lofty sky by the smoke is enshrouded in blackness.
 Three times round the enkindled piles they have, girded with gleaming
 Armor, paraded; and three times round the funeral's mournful
 Fire, have on horse-back trailed, and vociferous uttered their warnings. 190
 Earth is besprinkled with tears, and besprinkled their radiant armor;
 Echo to heaven the clamor of men and the clangor of trumpets.
 Hence on the fire some are flinging the spoils stripped off of the slaughtered
 Latins, the helmets, and splendidly mounted swords, and the gilded
 Bridles, and glittering wheels; while a portion are bringing the well known 195
 Presents, their own spurned bucklers, and weapons accounted unlucky.
 Many around are the bodies of oxen devoted to slaughter,
 Bristly swine, and the cattle sequestered from all the adjacent
 Pastures they butcher and throw on the flames. They then on the whole shore
 Gaze on their burning companions, and carefully treasure the half-charred 200
 Embers, nor can they yet tear themselves thence, till the moistening midnight
 Hour hath inverted the heavens, bestudded with glittering star-lights.

No less, too, in a different part have the sorrowing Latins
 Builded innumerable pyres; and they many a warrior's body
 Bury, a part in the earth, and a part to the neighboring meadows 205
 Carry, and lifting them tenderly send them away to the city:
 While they the rest, a prodigious stack of promiscuous carnage,
 Numberless, honorless, burn; then on every side the immense fields
 Rivalrous, each with the other, are shining with clustering bonfires.
 When had the third day scattered from heaven the shivering shadows, 210
 Sad they were raking a high ash-heap, and confusedly mingled
 Bones on the hearths, and with warm earth-barrow uploading the relics.
 Now, though, is heard in the dwellings and city of wealthy Latinus
 Special explosion, and there is the mightiest part of protracted
 Mourning: there mothers, and sorrowing daughters-in-law, and the loving 215
 Bosoms of sisters, and boys who had been bereaved of their parents,
 Curse the detestable war, and the odious nuptials of Turnus;
 Bid they himself by his armor, himself with his sabre decide it,
 Who for himself claims Italia's realm, and her principal honors.
 Rancorous Drances increases these murmurs, attesting that Turnus 220
 Only is summoned, and challenged alone to a personal combat:
 Still there are many opinions, in varied and counter expressions,
 Favoring Turnus: the great name, too, of the queenly Amata
 Screens, and the ample renown of his meriting trophies sustains him.

Mid these commotions anon, in the midst of the ebullient tumult, 225

Lo! in addition, the saddened ambassadors bring from the mighty
 City of Diomede answers, that nothing by all their expended
 Arduous toils was effected; that naught had their presents availed them,
 Nothing their gold, and their urgent entreaties; that Latins to other
 Arms must resort, or must seek for a peace from the sovereign of Troja. 230
 Monarch Latinus himself succumbs to inordinate sorrow:
 For, that Æneas is fatedly brought by their manifest sanction,
 Deities wrath, and the new-made graves in their presence, admonish;
 Hence an imposing council of state, and the chiefs of his subjects
 Cited by edict, he gathers within his imperial thresholds. 235
 They have assembled and stream through the thronging street to the royal
 Mansions. Latinus, their primate in age, and with sceptre their sovereign,
 Takes his seat in their midst with no joyousness lighting his forehead.
 But he the embassy, lately returned from Ætolia's city,
 Bids state what they reported in brief, and demands the responses 240
 Each in their order. Then, after the tongues have been hushed into silence,
 Venulus thus, the injunction obeying, begins the recital:
 "Citizens, yes, we have Diomede seen, and the camps of the Argives,
 Measured the journey throughout, and surmounted its every hazard;
 Yea, and have touched that hand by which Ilian sovereignty crumbled. 245
 He, as a victor, was founding the city Argyripa, titled
 Thus from his national clan, in the fields of Iapygian Garganus.
 Ushered, and after permission was granted of speaking before him,
 Duly we proffer our presents, and tell him our name and our country;
 Who had assailed us in war, and what errand had drawn us to Arpi. 250
 So when heard, he thus with a placid expression responded:
 'O ye fortunate nations, and kingdoms befriended by Saturn,
 Ancient Ausonians, tell me what fortune it is that disturbs your
 Quiet, and prompts you to hazard the risk of a dubious warfare.
 All of us, who have polluted the Ilian plains with the sabre— 255
 Those dire miseries suffered in warring beneath those majestic
 Walls, and the heroes whom Samoïs whelmed, I omit—have encountered
 Sufferings untold in the world and all penalties paid for offenses,
 Nay, are a band to be pitied by Priam: Minerva's unlucky
 Star is aware, and the cliffs of Eubœa, and vengeful Caphereus. 260
 On, from that long campaign, we were scattered to different seaboards,
 Atreus' son, Menelaüs, as far as to Proteüs' pillars,
 Wanders in exile: Ulysses hath gazed on the Ætnean Cyclops.
 Shall I to Neöptolemus' realm, and Idomeneus' wasted
 Homesteads refer, or to Locrians dwelling on Libya's seacoasts? 265

Even the prince of Mycenæ, the chief of the mighty Achæans,
 Just as he entered his home, by the hand of his treacherous consort,
 Perished, and low the adulterer crouched for his Asian conquest !
 How, too, the deities grudged my return to my national altars,
 Grudged me my coveted marriage, and beautiful Calydon seeing ; 270
 Now even portents of horrible aspect unceasingly haunt me ;
 Yea, and my lost companions on pinions have mounted to heaven,
 Or by the rivers are roaming as birds ! Ah ! shocking my comrades'
 Miseries—filling the crags with their tearfully dolorous voices !
 These were the issues indeed that I might have already expected, 275
 On from that time when I madly with sabre assaulted celestial
 Forms, and abused with a wound the hand of the beautiful Venus.
 Do not, I beg you, O do not impel me to any such conflicts :
 I have no war with the Teucrians—not any since Pergamus' downfall :
 Nor do I ever recall or rejoice in their former disasters. 280
 Presents intended for me, which ye bring from the shores of your country,
 Take to Æneas: we once have withstood his redoubtable weapons ;
 Once we contended together; and knowing by trial, believe me,
 How on his buckler he rises, with what a tornado his war-spear
 Hurls! If the region of Ida had only contributed two such 285
 Heroes, at pleasure had Dardanus on to Inachian cities
 Come, and Grecia had finally mourned the reverse of her fortunes!
 What of detention there was at the ramparts of obstinate Troja,
 'Twas by the prowess of Hector and hand of Æneas that Grecian
 Victory lingered, and on to the tenth year tarried its footsteps: 290
 Both were in spirits, and both in preëminent armor distinguished,
 This one in piety prior. Then let in alliance your right hands
 Join where allowed; but beware of encountering armor with armor.
 Thus hast thou heard, and at once, O excellent sovereign of sovereigns,
 What are his answers, and what is his view of this ominous warfare." 295

Scarce had the embassy uttered these words, and a various murmur
 Ran through the wavering throng of Ausonians: just as when ledges
 Choke the impetuous torrents, a rumble is heard in the pent up
 Flood, and the neighboring banks resound with the dash of the surges.
 Soon as their spirits were calmed, and their turbulent mouths were quiescent, 300
 Praying to deities first, thus commences the king from his high throne:
 " I could have wished it, and it had been better, ye Latins, beforehand
 To have decided on matters of moment, and not at a time like
 This to assemble a council, when foes are besetting our ramparts.
 Citizens, we are but waging untimely a war on a god-sprung 305

Race, and at strife with invincible heroes, whom never a battle
 Wearies, and who, though conquered, can never refrain from the sabre.
 Hope, if ye any have had in Ætolia's federate armies,
 Banish; for each one now is a hope to himself, and ye see how
 Meagre this is—in what ruin lie scattered our other resources— 310
 All are before your eyes and within your hands to consider:
 Yet I accuse no one, for our valor hath done to its utmost
 All that it could: we have striven with all the strength of the kingdom.
 Now will I therefore unburden before you the views of my puzzled
 Mind, and will briefly—apply your attention—explain my opinions. 315
 I have a section of primitive country, adjoining the Tuscan
 River afar to the West, and beyond the Sicanian confines
 Even; Auruncans and Rutuli sow it, and furrow its rock-bound
 Hills with the plowshare, and pasture their flocks on the ruggedest of them.
 Let now the whole of this glebe, and the pine-clad range of its lofty 320
 Mountains be ceded in fee to the Teucrans, and let us accord them
 Mutual terms of a league, and invite them to share in the kingdom:
 Let them there settle, if such they desire, and establish them ramparts;
 But if their mind is to gain them another domain, and another
 Nation, and they are disposed to depart from our soil on the ocean, 325
 Let us in amity twice ten ships of Italian live-oak
 Build them, or more if able to fill them; for all of the timber
 Lies by the water, and they can the number and size of the vessels
 Order, and let us supply them with money and hands and equipments.
 Further, to bear our dispatches, and ratify duly the treaties, 330
 I should be pleased, if a hundred first-class Latian envoys
 Go, and extend in their hands the branches of peace for alliance,
 Carrying presents, and talents of gold and of ivory with them;
 Yes, and the chair, and the robe, and the badges of state of our kingdom:
 Calmly consult for our weal, and relieve our embarrassed condition." 335

Then the inimical Drances—the same whom the glory of Turnus
 Ever was goading with squint-eyed envy, and bitter incentives;
 Free with his money and freer with tongue, but his hand was in warfare
 Frigid, and yet he in counsels was counted no futile adviser;
 Potent in faction, his mother's nobility gave him exalted 340
 Rank, though the rank he derived from his father was doubtful—
 Rises, and loads him with taunts, and intensifies rancor against him:
 "Generous sovereign, the subject on which thou demandest our counsel
 Is an enigma to none, and in need of no voicing: all own they
 Know what the weal of the people may warrant, but shrink to express it. 345

Let him allow us a freedom of speech, and give over his bluster,
 Prompted by whose unfortunate prestige and sinister conduct—
 Yes, I will speak, though he threat me with armor and extermination—
 See we how many a light of our leaders hath set, and how all this
 City is sitting in mourning, while he is assaulting the Trojan 350
 Camps, yet trusting to flight and is frightening heaven with armor.
 One gift more with the rest, which thou biddest be hence to the Dardans
 Sent and announced; there is one that thou shouldest, O excellent sovereign,
 Add, and allow the malignance of none to prevent thee, as father,
 Giving—thy daughter, in worthy espousals, at length to a noble 355
 Son-in-law, and cementing this peace in eternal alliance.
 But, if so craven a terror possesses our minds and our bosoms,
 Let us entreat him, and beg this indulgency of him, to kindly
 Yield, and surrender this privileged right to his sovereign and country
 Why dost so often in open perils thy pitiful townsmen 360
 Plunge? On to Latium, thou who art head and the cause of these evils!
 Safety is not in the war: we all in a body, O Turnus,
 Sue thee for peace, for its only inviolate pledge we entreat thee;
 Chiefly do I, whom thou countest a foe—and I shirk not to be so—
 Lo! as a suppliant come, and implore thee to pity thy kinsmen; 365
 Check thy emotions, and beaten retire. We defeated have witnessed
 Carnage enough, and have wasted enough of our bountiful grain-fields:
 Or, if renown is thy motive, if such is the vigor thou deemest
 Lodged in thy breast, if thy heart is so set on a dowered palace,
 Venture, and offer unshrinking thy bosom in facing the foeman. 370
 Must we, forsooth, that a royal bride may be given to Turnus,
 Must we be strewn on the plains, vile souls, an unwept and unburied
 Rabble? Do thou, if indeed thou hast any ability in thee;
 If thou hast aught of ancestral Mars, go look on the foe who
 Challenges:—” 375

Fiercely, at such words, kindled the violent passions of Turnus;
 Heaves he a sigh, as he vents these retorts from his innermost bosom:
 “Ample, O Drances, in speaking indeed is thy fluency always;
 Then, when wars are demanding the troops, and the fathers are summoned,
 Thou art there first! but this court is not to be filled with invectives, 380
 Flitting superbly to thee unharmed, while the mound of our breastworks
 Hinders the foe, and the trenches are not overflowing with carnage,
 Thunder away with thine eloquence then, as accustomed; and, Drances,
 Chargest thou me with timidity, when hath devoted thy right hand
 Such huge heaps of weltering Teucrans, and widely with trophies 385

Blazoned the fields? What vivacious valor can do it is easy
 For thee to test; for we need not assuredly far for the foemen
 Search: they are standing in every direction around our entrenchments.
 March we against the assailants! Why lingerest thou? Will thy martial
 Spirit be always in blustering tongue, and in feet that are only
 Fleet in a flight?— 390

Am I then beaten! or who, thou contemptible varlet, can justly
 Argue me beaten, who soon will behold the intumefied Tiber
 Flushing with Ilian blood, and the house of Evander completely
 Prostrate, its issue extinct, and Arcadians stripped of their armor? 395
 Bitias did not thus, nor did stalwart Pandarus find me;

Nay, nor the thousands to Tartarus I in a day, as a victor,
 Sent, when enclosed in their walls, and hemmed in the enemy's breastworks.
 'Safety is not in the war?' Go, simpleton, chant to the Dardan
 Chief and thy cliques such strains: and cease not hence to unsettle 400
 All things round by an ominous dread, and the strength of a twice-whipped
 Nation extol, and disparage against them the arms of the Latins!

Tremble the Myrmidon champions now at the Phrygian armor!
 Tremble now also Tydides, and the Larissæan Achilles!
 Back, too, the river Aufidus flees from the Adria's surges! 405
 Else when this scamp of a schemer pretends he against my reproaches
 Quailed, he the charge was embittering only by dastardly terror.
 Never shalt thou such a soul by this right hand—do not be frightened—
 Lose; let it dwell with thee still, and remain in thy cowardly bosom.

Now I return, O father, to thee, and thy weighty discussions. 410
 If on the strength of our arms thou no longer reposest reliance;
 If we are so forlorn, and because a battalion has once been
 Worsted, are utterly prostrate, and fortune has never a back-step,
 Then we will sue for a peace, and defenselessly tender our right hands:

Though, O would there were some of our wonted valor remaining! 415
 He, methinks, in his labors is lucky and noble of spirit,
 E'en above others, who ere he hath seen such a shame has already
 Fallen in death, and hath bitten the ground with his mouth at the same time.

But if resources are ours, and our warriors yet are undaunted,
 If, too, Italia's cities and tribes are surviving to aid us; 420
 Aye, and if glory has come to the Trojans with copious bloodshed—
 Funerals have they of theirs, and o'er all there hath hurtled an equal
 Tempest—then why do we cravenly quail at the outermost threshold?
 Why does a tremor pervade our joints ere the trumpet is sounded?
 Days, and the changeable labor of varying time has converted 425

Many a lot to a better; and many a man hath alternate
 Fortune beguiled and again revisiting settled on firm ground.
 True the Ætolian chieftain and Arpi no aid will afford us;
 But Messapus will aid, and Tolumnius lucky, and all these
 Chiefs whom so many a tribe has sent; nor shall trivial glory 430
 Follow the chosen from Latium's realms, and from Laurentine lowlands.
 There from the Volscian's notable clan is the maiden Camilla
 Leading her cavalry corps, and her squads efflorescent in copper.
 But if the Teucrans demand me alone to determine the contest,
 And if it please you, and I am so blocking the good of the public, 435
 Victory surely has not so abhorrently fled from my clutches,
 That I should shrink to attempt what presents so inviting a prospect:
 Bold I against him will go, though he rival the mighty Achilles,
 And he equip him in like arms wrought by the hands of a Vulcan.
 I have devoted this life to you and to father Latinus, 440
 I even Turnus, in valor a second to none of the ancients.
 Does, then, Æneas challenge me only? I beg him to challenge!
 Let not Drances, however, should this be the deities' vengeance,
 Pay it with death, or, if valor and victory, bear off the laurels."

Thus they among themselves were contentiously dealing with doubtful 445
 Points, while Æneas was moving his camps and his lines for a battle:
 Lo! through the royal mansions, in haste with a clamorous uproar,
 Rushes a messenger, filling the city with ominous terrors,
 Stating that Teucrans have marshalled in line at the stream of the Tiber,
 And all over the plains the Tyrrhenian troop is descending. 450
 Instantly then were their spirits perturbed, and the breasts of the rabble
 Startled, and wrath is awakened by nowise gentle incentives:
 Armor at hand they excited demand; for their armor the soldiers
 Storm, and the fathers disconsolate weep and demur. Here a mighty
 Clamor on all sides rings on the air from their varied dissensions, 455
 Just as perchance in a lofty grove, when a cluster of wild fowls
 Settle, or when by the fish-stocked streams of Padusa the hoarse-voiced
 Swans on the chattering pools give vent to their dissonant racket.
 "Certainly, citizens," Turnus exclaims, as he seized the occasion,
 "Summon your council, and loud be your praises of peace in your session" 460
 Let them in armor rush over your realms!" He parleyed no more, but
 Started abruptly, and hastily left the imperial mansions:
 "Volusus, order the Volcian companies armed for the onset:
 Marshal," says he, "the Rutulian troops; and Messapus and Coras,
 Scatter in armor your cavalry over the plains with your brothers: 465

Let part guard the approach to the city, and mantle the turrets;
 Let the remaining troop bear armor with me where I bid them."

Presently all through the town there is hurrying off to the breastworks:
 Father Latinus himself the council of state, and his mighty
 Projects abandons, and, troubled, adjourns in the gloomy emergence; 470
 Much he accuses himself that he did not receive with a welcome
 Dardan Æneas, and take him as son-in-law into the city.
 Some dig trenches in front of the portals, and boulders and piling
 Heave for a palisade. Hoarsely the bugle its signal of carnage
 Sounds for the battle. Then matrons and boys, in a motley assemblage, 475
 Girdled the battlements: all does the final catastrophe summon.
 Further the queen to the temple and heights of the castle of Pallas
 Stately is borne, with a numerous cortège of women around her,
 Bringing her gifts, and the maiden Lavinia near, as attendant,
 Cause of such ominous evil, her fair eyes sadly dejected. 480
 Matrons bring up the procession, and, fuming the temple with incense,
 Suppliant pour out their dolorous strains from the gorgeous threshold:
 "Goddess armipotent, patron of war, O Tritonian Virgin,
 Shiver the shaft in the hand of the Phrygian bandit, and lay him
 Prone on the ground, and sprawl him a corpse in the towering gateways." 485
 Turnus himself in his fury is primly accoutred for battle:
 Hence he was now, in his armor, equipped with Rutulian breastplate
 Bristling with coppery scales, and his legs he had booted in gold-work:
 Naked his temples as yet, to his side he had buckled his broadsword;
 Golden he shone, as he hurries adown from the heights of the castle, 490
 Flushed he exults, and in prospect already he grapples the foeman:
 Just as when, bursting his fetters a stallion escapes from the stables
 Rampant at last, and possessing the limitless plain in his freedom,
 Gallops away to the pastures, and herds of the mares in the meadows,
 Or, as his wont, to be bathed in the well-known current of water, 495
 Leaps he aloft, and erecting his arched-neck lofty he whinnies
 Wanton, and plummy his mane plays over his neck and his withers.

Onward to meet him, escorted by Volscian forces, Camilla
 Canters, and close up under the portal, the queen from her charger
 Sprightly dismounted, and all her brigade, imitating her movement, 500
 Leaving their horses, slid down to the earth; then thus she bespeaks him:
 "Turnus, if any reliance is justly the due of the dauntless,
 Take I the risk, and propose to encounter the mounted Æneän
 Squads, and alone to advance and engage the Tyrrhenian horsemen:
 Let me essay with a novice's hand the exposures of battle; 505

Station the infantry here by the walls, and defend thou the ramparts."
 Turnus at these words, fixing his eyes on the marvellous maiden,
 Answer: "Italia's glory, O maiden, what thanks can I render?
 How can I hope to repay thee? But now, inasmuch as that spirit
 Rises o'er every requital to share with me in the struggle; 510
 Ruthless Æneas, as rumor, and scouts who were sent to observe him
 Bring me assurance, has forward his light-armed cavalry troopers
 Sent to infest the plains, while he himself through deserted
 Heights of the mountain, scaling the ridge, is approaching the city.
 I, by a stratagem, am, in an intricate trail of the forest, 515
 Planning to block, with a well-armed soldiery, each of its gorges.
 Do thou, collecting the standards, engage the Tyrrhenian lancers;
 With thee the daring Messapus, and Latian squads, and Tiburtine
 Troops will co-operate: take thou the charge of the corps as commandant."
 So he exclaims, and in similar phrases addresses Messapus 520
 Brief and his fellow commanders, and marches at once on the foemen.

There is a vale in a winding ravine, adapted for ambush
 Masked, and the ruses of arms, and with densest foliage darkly
 Presses its either flank; while through it a dubious pathway
 Leads, and its gorges are narrow, its exits are perilous passes. 525
 Back of this glen on the heights, on the loftiest crest of the mountain,
 Lies an unnoticed plateau, and retreats that are perfectly sheltered,
 Whether thou wishest on right or on left to engage in a skirmish;
 Or from the ridge to harass, and to roll down ponderous boulders.
 Hither the champion rides by the well-known route of the highways, 530
 Seized the position, and lay in wait in the treacherous forests.

Meanwhile Diana was, far in the mansions supernal, the fleet-winged
 Opis, one of her virgin companions, and sacred attendants,
 Friendly addressing, and these were the strains that Latonia mournful
 Whispering uttered: "Camilla, my fairy, is marching to cruel 535
 War, and alas! she is girded in vain with our armor for battle;
 Dear above others is she to my heart: for this comes to Diana
 Not as a new love, pulses my soul with no sudden emotion.
 Metabus, when, from his kingdom for envy and insolent bearing
 Banished by force, he had quitted his primitive city Prinærum, 540
 Took her an infant, escaping amid the encounters of warfare,
 Comrade and cheer of his exile; and so, from her mother Casmilla,
 Changing but slightly the name for the purpose, he called her Camilla.
 Bearing her thence in his arms, he was wending his way to a distant
 Ridge of the lonely wildwoods; cruel were weapons on all sides 545

Pressing, and Volscians hovering round with encompassing soldiers.
 Lo ! in the midst of his flight, Amasenus was frothing its highest
 Banks with a freshet: so great had the rain-storm been that had lately
 Burst from the clouds. In preparing to swim, he is stayed by paternal
 Love for his infant, and fears for his precious charge: as he ponders 550
 All by himself in his straits, this expedient suddenly strikes him.
 Huge was the weapon the warrior chanced to be then in his strong hand
 Carrying, solid with knots, and of oak that was thoroughly seasoned:
 On it he fastens his daughter, enclosed in the bark of a sylvan
 Cork, and attaches her, light as she was, to the spear at the centre, 555
 Which in his powerful right hand poising, he thus on the air speaks:
 "O thou kindly Latonian virgin, thou huntress in wild-woods,
 I now, her father, devote this handmaid to thee: as a novice,
 Grasping thy shafts, on the breezes she suppliant flees from the foemen:
 Take her, O goddess, I pray thee as thine, who is now to the doubtful 560
 Breezes committed." He spake, and contorted the lance from his bent arm
 Launches: the billows reëchoed, and over the hurrying river
 Speeds the unhappy Camilla away on the whizzing projectile.
 Metabus though, as a mighty array is now pressing upon him,
 Plunges himself in the stream, and triumphant the spear with the maiden 565
 Plucks from the grassy mead, a bestowment to Trivia given.
 There no cities received him, none bade him to dwellings and ramparts
 Welcome, nor had he extended his hand in his wildness to any.
 Passed he his life as a shepherd in lonely retreats of the mountains:
 Here he was nursing his child in the brakes, in the midst of the horrid 570
 Haunts, from the paps of a herded mare, and the milk of the wild brute,
 Pressing the teats himself to the lips of the delicate suckling.
 Soon as on tottering feet the infant had steadied her footsteps,
 He with a shepherd's javelin accoutred her palms as a huntress;
 Hung from the toddler's shoulders suspended her bow and her arrows; 575
 Whilst for gold in her hair, for a trailing mantle's investure,
 Down from her head on her back there dangles the skin of a tiger;
 Nay, even then in her delicate hand did she level her childish
 Weapons, and twirling a sling round over her head by a thin thong
 Felled the Strymonian crane, or the milk-white swan of the forests. 580
 Many a mother in vain has through fortified towns of Tyrrhénium,
 Sought her as daughter-in-law; but contented with only Diana,
 She an eternal attachment for weapons and virginal chasteness
 Fosters untainted: I would she had never been caught, and untimely
 Tangled in such a campaign, nor attempted to challenge the Teucrans. 585

Dear had she been to me now as attendant and one of my maidens.
 But come, since she is urged by unmerciful destiny onward,
 Glide thou, my nymph, from the zenith, and visit the Latin confines,
 Where, by an omen unlucky the sorrowful battle is waged.
 Take these weapons, and draw from the quiver an arrow of vengeance: 590
 With it let him, whosoever by wound shall disfigure her sacred
 Body, Italian or Trojan, repay me the forfeit in life-blood !
 Afterwards I in a hollow cloud will her pitiful body
 Bear, of its armor unspoiled, to the tomb and her country restore it."
 Spake she, and down on the breezes of heaven the messenger lightly 595
 Buzzed, and surrounded her form as she sped with an ebony whirlwind.
 But in the meantime nigh to the walls are approaching the Trojan
 Troops, and Etruscan commanders, and all of the cavalry army,
 Marshalled by number in companies. Prancing each galloping charger
 Whinnies all over the plain, and impatiently chafes at the close-checked 600
 Reins as he caracoles hither and thither: then widely with lances
 Bristles the steel-clad field, and the plains with the lifting of armor
 Glitter. Messapus no less and the spirited Latins against them,
 Coras as well with his brother, and corps of the maiden Camilla
 Fronting appear on the plain, and they far back drawing their right hands 605
 Forward extend their lances, and menacing brandish their javelins.
 Hot is the charge of the heroes, and loud is the neighing of horses.
 Each side had now, when advanced to within the discharge of a weapon,
 Halted: then suddenly dash they with shout, and their maddening chargers
 Urge to their speed, at the same time shower they their weapons on all sides, 610
 Thick as the drifting snow, and the heavens are shrouded in shadows.
 Presently, poising their lances Tyrrhenus and daring Aconteus
 Recklessly charge on each other, and ruinous rout in the onset
 Bring with a terrible crash; for their animals' battering bosoms,
 Bosom to bosom, collide; from his saddle unseated Aconteus 615
 Shot like a thunderbolt forth, or a ponderous shaft from an engine:
 Headlong he falls at a distance, and scatters his life on the breezes.
 Quickly the columns were thrown in confusion; the Latians wheeling
 Sling up their bucklers behind them, and turn their steeds to the ramparts.
 Trojans pursue them: Asilas ahead is conducting the vanguards. 620
 They were already approaching the gates, and again are the Latins
 Raising a shout, as they check up the flexible necks of their chargers.
 These now retreat, and are borne back, slacking the reins to the utmost:
 Just as the ocean, when onward careering in billows alternate,
 Rushes anon to the land, and its lathery breakers the sea-cliffs 625

Mantle with foam, and it floods with its surges the farthestmost sea-beach:
 Then it as rapidly back, yet, absorbing the rocks in its rolling
 Eddy, escapes and abandons the shore in its refluxent ebbing.
 Twice did the Teucrans pursue the Rutulians back to their ramparts;
 Twice they, repulsed, look back protecting their backs with their armor; 630
 But when they met in the third encounter they mixing have tangled
 All of their ranks in each other, and hero selected his hero.
 Then are there verily groans of the dying, and, rolled in the deep blood,
 Armor and corpses, and mingled alike with the slaughter of heroes,
 Wallow the half-dead horses: the battle exasperate surges. 635
 Stealthy Orsilochus, since he was loath to attack him in person,
 Tilted a spear at the charger of Remulus, leaving the spear-head
 Under his ear: at the blow, high rearing, the canterer raving
 Tosses with upright bosom his shanks, by the wounding impatient:
 Remulus rolls unhorsed to the ground. Catillus Iöllas 640
 Fells, and the mighty in spirit and mighty in body and armor,
 Giant Herminius also, whose brown locks wave on his naked
 Head, and his shoulders all naked, as wounds are no longer a terror:
 Such his exposure in armor. The spear, shot right through his brawny
 Shoulders, quivers and doubles, transfixing the hero in anguish. 645
 Black is the gore that is streaming around: they are dealing with sabre
 Havoc in earnest, and seeking by wounds for a glorious exit.

But, in the midst of the fray, is the Amazon chieftain Camilla
 Bounding with one breast bare, and begirt with a quiver, to battle.
 Now with her hand she scattering launches her pliable javelins, 650
 Now in her right hand wields she unwearied a powerful pole-axe:
 Rattles a golden bow on her shoulder, the arms of Diana,
 So that, if ever repulsed and compelled to retreat to the rearward,
 Turning her bow on the foeman, she aims at them fugitive arrows.
 But her exhilarant escorts are round her, the maiden Larina, 655
 Tulla, and, waving a hatchet of bronze, the intrepid Tarpeia,
 Maids of Italia whom, as her glory, the goddess Camilla
 Chose on her staff as her ministers worthy in peace and in warfare;
 Just as the Thracian Amazons, when o'er the Thermodon's frozen
 Rivulets tramping, or warring in gorgeously decorate armor, 660
 Either around their Hippolyté, or when in chariot martial
 Penthesileä returns, while round her, with boisterous yelling
 Tumult, her feminine squadrons exult in their lunated targes.
 Whom with thy weapon dost first, whom last, O redoubtable maiden,
 Fell, or how many a dying body dost stretch as thy victims? 665

First she Euneis, whose father was Clyteus, right through his mailless
 Breast as he faces her, whips with her long irresistible fir-lance.
 Tumbles he, vomiting rivers of blood, and he gnashes the gory
 Ground, and in dying in agony writhes on the wound she had dealt him.
 Then did she Liris, and Pegasus also, one off of his gutted 670
 War horse roll, while he is collecting the reins, and the other
 Whilst he is coming and stretching his unarmed hand to the fallen: '
 Headlong together they tumble. To these she annexes Amastrus,
 Hippotus' son, and pursues bent on him, afar with her war spear
 Tereus, Harpalyceus, too, and Demophoön also, and Chromis; 675
 Yea, and for every dart from her hand which the maiden discharging
 Leveled, a Phrygian warrior fell. In his singular armor
 Huntsman Ornytus far on his Iapygian war-horse
 Gallops: a rawhide, stripped from a bullock, invested the fighter's
 Brawny shoulders; the gaping mouth and the jaws of a gray wolf 680
 Grinning with ivory teeth, as a helmet, enveloped his massive
 Head, and a rustic hunting-pike arms his hands. Through the squadron's
 Midst he careers, and he towers by a whole head even above them.
 Him she surprising impales, for, no effort it was with his column
 Routed, and over him thus from inimical bosom bespeaks him: 685
 "Thou didst, Tyrrhenian, think thou wast chasing the beasts of the forests;
 Ah! but the day is at hand for refuting your taunts by a woman's
 Armor; and yet thou shalt herald no trivial name to thy father's
 Shades, but report that thou fellest in death by the hand of Camilla."
 Slays she Orsilocho straightway, and Butes, two of the stoutest 690
 Forms of the Teucrans; but Butes she stabbed with her barb, as he wheeled on
 From her, between his helmet and mail, where the neck of the rider
 Shines out clear, and unpoised on his left arm dangles his buckler.
 Feigning a flight she Orsilocho foils, till chased through an ample
 Circuit, she gaining the inside circle pursues her pursuer: 695
 Then in her saddle uprising, she right through the champion's armor,
 Right through his skull, although often entreating and begging, she pounds her
 Powerful hatchet: the wound bedrenches his face with his warm brains.
 Chances upon her, and, awed by her sudden appearance, instinctive
 Halted the warrior-scion of Aunus, an Appenine ranger, 700
 Not of Ligurians least, while the fates were letting him palter:
 He, when he sees he can now by no running evade an encounter
 With her, or baffle the queen, as she charges impetuous on him,
 Boldly advancing to practice a ruse by adroitness and cunning,
 Thus interposes: "Why is it so noble, if thou as a woman 705

Trustest thy spirited charger? Abandon escape, and at close hand
 Meet me on equable ground, and begird thee on foot for a combat:
 Now shalt thou see to whom blustering glory will tender the prizes."
 Spake he; but she in a fury aglow with the keenest indignance,
 Hands an attendant her steed, and on foot stands back, as in equal 710
 Armor, unawed, with unscabbarded sabre, and merely a buckler.
 Now did the warrior deem he had won by his ruse, and away he
 Instantly flits, and reversing the reins as a fugitive gallops
 Off, and with roweled heel he belabors his cantering race-horse.
 "Foolish Ligurian, vainly by insolent passions elated, 715
 Thou unavailingly triest the slippery arts of thy country;
 Fraud will not carry thee safely away to the treacherous Aunus."
 Thus does the maiden bespeak him, and fired, on unwearying footsteps,
 Passes in racing his courser, and seizing the bridle confronts him
 Face to face, and the penalty takes in the blood of her foeman, 720
 Easy indeed as a falcon—a sacred bird—that from lofty
 Pinnacle chases a dove in the clouds, as it soars on its pinions,
 Clutching he holds, and with talony claws disembowels his victim;
 Then are the plucked out feathers and gore clots falling from æther.
 But with no casual eye is the father of men and immortals 725
 Watching these scenes, as sublimely he sits on the heights of Olympus.
 Soon the Tyrrhenian Tarchon the sire to the murderous combat
 Urges, infusing a wrath in his soul by no gentle incentives.
 Hence, in the midst of the carnage and wavering regiments, Tarchon
 Rides on his steed, and his cavalry rallies by varied addresses, 730
 Calling on each by name, and emboldens the beaten in battles.
 "What an alarm! O ye never ashamed! Ye Tyrrhenian dastards
 Always! What marvellous cowardice now has come over your spirits?
 Even a woman disperses in panic, and scatters these columns! [hands?
 Wherefore the steel, or why wear we these weapons for naught in our right 735
 Nay, but ye never are laggards on Venus and nightly carousals!
 Or when the curved pipe signals a call to the Bacchanal dances,
 Bidding prepare for the banquets and cups of a bountiful table!
 Such is your hanker, and such your desire till the favoring augur
 Heralds the rites, and the fat-feasts call to the groves on the hill-tops." 740
 Thus having spoken, he desperate onward his steed to the mid-space
 Spurs, and on Venulus, riding to meet him, impetuous charging,
 Twitches him off his horse, and embracing the foe in his right hand,
 Bears him before him by main force off in his lap on a gallop.
 Up goes a shout to the welkin, and all of the Latins together 745

Turned their attention. Away o'er the plain flits Tarchon like lightning,
 Armor and hero conveying; then breaking the steel from his own spear's
 Summit, he feels for the open parts, whereat he may haply
 Deal him a deadly wound: but the captive against him contending,
 Parries his hand from his throat, and baffles him, effort to effort; 750
 Just as when soaring sublimely a tawny eagle is bearing
 Captive a dragon, it tangles her feet, but she fast with her talons
 Clings; but the serpent, though wounded and writhing its sinuous foldings,
 Bristles with scales erect, and with mouth it hisses defiance,
 Lifting itself up tall; none the less does the eagle the struggler 755
 Pelt with her crooked beak, as she lashes the air with her pinions:
 Even so Tarchon his prey from the wildered Liburtian column
 Carries triumphant. Abetting their chieftain's success and example,
 On his Mæonians charge. Then doomed by the destinies Arruns
 Headlong, with javelin and many an art, the careering Camilla 760
 Circuits, and tries what fortune may easiest answer his purpose:
 Whithersoever the furious maid in the midst of her squadron
 Rode, there Arruns is stealing, and silently tracking her foot-steps:
 Where she returns victorious, bringing the spoils from the foemen,
 Thither the warrior stealthily twitches his reins on a gallop, 765
 Trying now these and now those approaches, and every circuit
 Wanders around, and relentlessly waves his infallible war-spear.
 Just then Chlorens, sacred to Cybela lately her high-priest,
 Gaily was gleaming, conspicuous far in his Phrygian armor,
 Riding his mettlesome lathery steed, whom the skin of a wild beast, 770
 Quilted in coppery scales in a plumage of gold, was investing:
 Brilliant was he in attire of exotical russet and purple,
 Shooting from Lycian buck-horn bow his Gortynian arrows;
 Golden the bow that resounds on his shoulders, and golden the prophet's
 Helmet; and then he his saffron mantle, and folds of its rustling 775
 Linen, had tastefully gathered in yellowest gold in a bow-knot,
 Neatly embroidered with needle his tunic and hosen barbaric—
 Him was the maiden, either to fasten in front of the temple
 Trojan arms, or array herself in the gold of the captive,
 Him alone as a huntress from every strife of the battle, 780
 Blindly pursuing, and recklessly chasing through all of the squadron,
 Ever aglow with a woman's devotion for booty and plunder;
 When from an ambush at length, by seizing the opportune moment,
 Arruns upraises his weapon and loudly thus prays to supernals:
 "Highest of deities, warden of holy Soracté, Apollo, 785

Whom we especially serve, in whose honor the blaze of the pine-wood
 Feeds on a heap, and whose worshippers we, in our piety trusting,
 Footprints plant through the midst of the fire on many a burning
 Coal, O father omnipotent grant that this shame may be blotted
 Out by my armor; no trophy I seek, and no spoils of the vanquished 790
 Maiden, nor plunder at all; for my other achievements will bring me
 Glory: provided this direful pest but fall by my wounding,
 I will betake me inglorious back to my national cities."
 Phœbus hath heard, and that part of his prayer should issue successful
 Mentally granted; but part he dispersed on the volatile breezes: 795
 That by a violent death he should prostrate the baffled Camilla,
 He to the pleader assents; that his proud land see him returning,
 Granted he not, and the hurricanes wasted his voice on the south-winds.
 Hence as his spear when discharged from his hand gave a hum on the breezes,
 All of the Volscians turned their attention and lifted their eager 800
 Eyes to the queen, But alas! she is mindful in naught of the breezes,
 Naught of the ominous hum, or the weapon oncoming from æther,
 Till, as it glided, the spear hath beneath her protuberant nipple
 Clung, and deeply indriven hath drunk of the gore of the maiden.
 Round her her frightened associates run, and support their collapsing 805
 Mistress. Away in advance of them all is the terrified Arruns
 Fleeing with mingled delight and alarm: he no longer is anxious
 Now to rely on his spear, nor dares to encounter the arms of a maiden:
 But like a wolf, that before the inimical weapons pursue him,
 Instantly out of the way has hid him in loftiest mountains, 810
 Skulking because he has murdered a shepherd or sizable bullock,
 Conscious of doing a dastardly deed he has sneakingly thrust down
 Under his belly his quivering tail, and has steered for the forests:
 So did the trepidant Arruns withdraw from the eyes of observers,
 Where he, content with escape, has immixed in the midst of the army. 815
 She with her own hand wrenches, though dying, the shaft; but its steel-tipped
 Blade is within her bones, set fast to her ribs in the deep wound.
 Bloodless she swooningly sinks, and cold in death are her eye-balls
 Sinking; her recently crimson hue has abandoned her features.
 Then she, expiring, addresses these words to one of her compeers, 820
 Acca, who only, above all others, was true to Camilla;
 Wont was she ever to share in her cares. So thus she bespeaks her:
 "Acca, my sister, thus far has my vigor availed; but the bitter
 Wound now enfeebles me, black grows everything round me in darkness;
 Speed thou away, and convey this message—my last—unto Turnus; 825

Let him succeed me in battle, and force from the city the Teucrans.
 Now—Farewell !” As she spoke these words she was letting the reins drop,
 Sagging reluctantly down to the earth. Then cold from her whole frame
 Little by little she loosened herself, and reclined her relaxing
 Neck and her head surrendered in death, disregarding her armor. 830
 Life with a moan disdainfully flees to its home in the shadows.
 Then of a truth an immense shout surgingly booms to the golden
 Stars; for Camilla once fallen the fight grows frightfully cruel;
 Densely are charging at once the forces entire of the Teucrans,
 All the Tyrrhenian chiefs, and Evander’s Arcadian allies. 835

Long in the meantime, loftily perched on the tops of the mountains,
 Trivia’s sentinel, Opis, unawed is observing the combats:
 But, as afar she espies, in the midst of the clamor of raging
 Warriors, doomed to a sorrowful death, the expiring Camilla,
 Tenderly sighing she uttered these words from her innermost bosom: 840
 “ Ah ! thou hast paid, O maiden, a cruel, alas ! but too cruel
 Penalty for thy attempting to challenge in battle the Teucrans.
 Naught has it ever availed thee as lonely recluse in the brambly
 Wilds to have courted Diana, or worn on thy shoulder our armor;
 Yet has thy queen not left thee of honor hereft in this final 845
 Hour of thy death, nor shall thy decease be an utterly nameless
 Scene to the nations, nor shalt thou the infamy suffer revengeless;
 For whosoever hath sullied thy form by a wound shall the forfeit
 Pay by a merited death.” There stood just under a lofty
 Mount the imposing tomb of Dercenus, an ancient Laurentian 850
 Monarch—an earth-built mound and embowered by a shadowy holm-oak.
 Here does the beautiful goddess, from rapid exertion in flying,
 Early alight, and aloft on the barrow she watches for Arruns.
 Then, as she saw him refulgent in armor and pompously swelling:
 “ Why,” says she, “ dost in seclusion retire ? Wend hither thy footsteps; 855
 Hither, O doomed one, come that thou mayest receive for Camilla
 Worthly awards: and shalt thou, too, die by the shafts of Diana ?”
 Spake she, and keen as a Thracian she drew forth a feathery arrow
 Out of her gold-wrought quiver, and bending her bow with a vengeance,
 Stretched she it wide, till its curvated tips had by tension together 860
 Met, and her left hand now had at rest, with her hands on a level
 Reached to the edge of the steel, and her right on the string at the nipple.
 Instantly Arruns the whiz of the shaft, and the whirl of the breezes
 Heard at the self-same time as the steel stuck fast in his body.
 Him there expiring, and moaning his last, his oblivious comrades 865

Leave unlamented to die on the unknown dust of the lowlands:

Opis is wafted away on her pinions to airy Olympus.

First flees, reft of its mistress, the light brigade of Camilla;
 Routedly flee the Rutulians, flees the intrepid Atinas;
 Scatter at random the chieftains, and companies, basely deserted, 870
 Seek for a shelter, and wheeling their horses they scud to the ramparts.
 None by resort to his weapons is able to cope with the Teucrans,
 Charging and dealing out death, or even to rally against them;
 But, as they sling up their unbent bows on their languishing shoulders,
 Hoof of the quadrupeds quivers the mouldering plain in their stampede, 875
 On to the walls is the dark dust, turbid in ebony blackness
 Rolled, while the matrons disconsolate, beating their breasts on the watch-towers,
 Raise to the planets of heaven the clamor of feminine wailing.
 Those who were first in the stampede dashed in the opening gateways:
 On them is pressing, with column disordered, the enemy's rabble; 880
 Neither escape they a pitiful death, but there at the threshold,
 Right in the walls of their country, and even within their protected
 Homes, they are breathing their lives out: some, too, in closing the portals,
 Dare not open a passage to comrades, nor into the ramparts
 Welcome the earnest entreaters. There follows a sickening slaughter, 885
 Both of those guarding the entrance, and those who are rushing on armor.
 Barred out, before the eyes and the faces of sorrowing parents,
 Some are precipitant into the trenches to imminent ruin
 Rolled; while others, with reins thrown loose, and excited to frenzy,
 Batter the gates, and the barred and impregnable door-posts. 890
 Even the matrons aloft on the walls, in the height of the conflict—
 Genuine love for their country incites—as they gazed on Camilla,
 Trepidant hurl from their hands the projectiles, and even with hard oak
 Timber, and billets, and stakes that were hardened by charring, they reckless
 Rival the steel, and the foremost are burning to die for their country. 895

Meanwhile, in wait in the forests, the cruelest tidings are filling
 Turnus, as Acca reports to the chieftain the terrible tumult:
 “Riddled and crushed is the Volscians' van, and Camilla has fallen!
 Foemen are wrathfully charging the lines, and, with Mars in ascendance,
 Carrying all, and already the panic is reaching the ramparts.” 900
 He in a fury—so Jupiter's ruthless divinities will it—
 Quits the blockaded hills, and abandons the intricate wildwoods.
 Scarce had he gone out of sight, and was holding his way to the lowlands,
 When, on the open wood-lawns marching, the father Æneas
 Scales unmolested the ridge, and escapes from the darkening forests. 905

So they are both borne rapidly on to the walls in unbroken
Column; nor are they many a pace apart from each other:
Aye, and as soon as Æneas abroad looked out on the lowland
Smoking with dust, he beheld the Laurentian column, and Turnus
Recognized also the ruthless Æneas in arms, and distinctly 910
Heard, too, the tramp of advancing feet and the snorting of horses.
Straightway they would engage in encounters and hazard the combats,
Were not his tired steeds now in Iberia's surges the rosy
Phœbus immersing, and ushering night with decline of the daylight—
Pitch they their camps in front of the city and strengthen the ramparts. 915

BOOK XII.

Breach of the truce: how Æneas is wounded and healed by his mother:
Final encounter of champions: Turnus is slain by Æneas.

TURNUS, as soon as he sees that the Latins are utterly worsted,
Shattered by adverse Mars; that his promises now are remanded,
Sees he is marked by their eyes, self-prompted implacably kindling,
Rouses his wrath. As a lion at bay in the fields of the Punics,
Gored in his breast by a grievous wound at the hands of the hunters, 5
Musters his armor at length, and rejoices in shaking his shaggy
Mane on his neck, and unshrinkingly shivers the shaft of the spoiler
Fixed in his bosom, and roars with his mouth all reekingly gory:
Just like his is the violence growing in fiery Turnus.
Then he so speaks to the monarch, and thus he excited commences: 10
“No more halting in Turnus! There’s naught that the dastard Æneans
Need to retract in their words, or recall what they lately have plighted.
Yes, I engage him! Bring sacrifice, father, and draw up the contract:
Either with this right hand yon Dardan deserter from Asia
I will to Tartarus send—let the Latins sit still and observe it— 15
Yea, and alone will refute with the sabre their common aspersion,
Or he shall hold us as slaves, and Lavinia own him as husband.”

Mildly to him, and with heart imperturbable answers Latinus:
“Chieftain of chivalrous spirit, the more to excess in ferocious
Valor thou risest, the more it behooves me in turn to consider 20
Calmly the issues, and all the contingencies dreading to ponder.
Daunus, thy father’s dominions are thine, as is many a stronghold
Won by thy hand, and Latinus has gold and a soul to assist thee.
Surely in Latium’s bounds, and Laurentian fields, there are other
Virgins of no mean birth. Though unpleasant to utter, permit me, 25

Doffing disguises, to broach this, and drink it at once in thy spirit:
 Proper it was that I marry my daughter to none of her former
 Suitors, and all, both gods and men, were forewarning me of it.
 Swayed by attachment to thee, and induced by the tenure of kindred
 Blood, and the tears of my sorrowing spouse, I have, breaking all fetters, 30
 Snatched from a son his betrothed, and embarked in an infamous warfare.
 Turnus, thou seest from thence what disasters and battles pursue me,
 Yea, and thou seest how great are the hardships thou chiefly endurest:
 Twice in a mighty engagement defeated, we scarce in the city
 Succor Italia's hopes: nay, still are the streams of the Tiber 35
 Warm with our blood, and the vast plains blanch with the bones of our kinsmen.
 Where am I drifting so often? What madness is swaying my purpose?
 If then, were Turnus extinct, I were ready to court this alliance,
 Why, while he yet is unharmed, do I rather not yet finish the contests?
 What will my kin, the Rutulians, what will the rest of Italia 40
 Say, if I—fortune belie the expression—should basely betray thee
 Over to death, while seeking our daughter and marriage relations?
 Look at the various issues of battles, and pity thine aged
 Sire, whom his native Ardeā now in his loneliness widely
 Separates." Never a whit by these words is the raving of Turnus 45
 Curbed; it o'ercomes him the more, and he sickens by efforts to cure him.
 Soon, though, as able to speak, in his utterance thus he insisted:
 "Highness, what cares thou assumest for my sake, I pray thee for my sake
 Lay now aside, and permit me to barter my death for my honor!
 Father, we also do weapons and no mean steel in our right hand 50
 Scatter, and blood flows free from the wounds we inflict on a foeman.
 Far will his goddess mother be from him to shelter her fleeing
 Son in a feminine cloak, and conceal herself in the vanishing shadows."

Meanwhile the queen was, shocked by the singular turn of the warfare,
 Weeping, and fast to her fiery son-in-law desperate holding: 55
 "O by these tears, and respect, if aught touches thy soul, for Amata,
 Turnus, I pray thee, thou only hope to me now, thou reliance
 Sole of my pitiful dotage, the glory and sway of Latinus
 Pivots on thee; on thee rests all of our tottering household,
 Only I beg thee refrain from engaging a hand with the Teucrans. 60
 Turnus, in that dread contest whatever disasters await thee
 Thence, are awaiting me, too: I at once will abandon this hated
 Light, and a captive I never will look as my son on Æneas."
 Lovely Lavinia, catching the voice of her sorrowing mother,
 Drenches her burning cheeks with tears, and her plentiful blushes 65

Kindled a fire in her heart, and it glowingly mantled her features:
 Just as if one should the Indian ivory stain with a blood-red
 Rouge, or when snow-white lilies may seemingly redden by many
 Roses immingled; such hues in her face did the maiden exhibit.
 Love is confusing him quite, and he, fixing his eyes on the maiden, 70
 Blazes the more in his armor, and briefly addresses Amata:
 "Do not I beg thee, my mother, O do not with tears, nor with such sad
 Omen attend me, when marching away to the contests of ruthless
 Mars; for delay of his death is not at the disposal of Turnus.
 Idmon, go bear to the Phrygian tyrant my doubtless unwelcome 75
 Terms, that he, soon as the morrow's Aurora, upwafted on purple
 Chariot, reddens in heaven, against the Rutulians do not
 Marshal the Teucrans; but let the Rutulians all, and the Teucrans
 Rest on their armor, and we with our blood will determine the warfare:
 On yon plain be Lavinia won as the conqueror's consort!" 80

When he has uttered these words, and has rapid retired to his mansions,
 Seeks he his steeds, and rejoices in seeing them prancing before him—
 Steeds which Orithyia gave herself as a prize to Pilumnus,
 Which could in whiteness outrival the snows, and in races the breezes.
 Bustling hostlers are standing around them, and patting with hollow 85
 Hands their resounding breasts, and combing their gracefully flowing
 Manes. Then around his shoulders he places his corselet of scaly
 Gold, and of white orichalcum: at once he attaches for wearing
 Sword and shield, and the cones of his deep-red plumage—the very
 Sword the Ignipotent god had himself for Daunus his parent 90
 Fashioned, and plunged at a white heat into the Stygian billow.
 Then, as amid his apartments, against a magnificent column
 Leaned, it was standing, with vigor he seizes his powerful war-spear,
 Spoil of Auruncan Actor, and tosses it quivering o'er him,
 Shouting out: "Now, O spear, that hast never dishonored my summons, 95
 Now is the time! Once wielded thee mightiest Actor, and Turnus'
 Right hand wieldeth thee now: O grant that I level his carcass
 Low; that I rend with my powerful hand the enveloping breast-plate
 Wrenched from the Phrygian eunuch, and draggle in ordure the ringlets
 Frizzled with heated iron, and dripping with myrrh in profusion." 100
 Thus is he driven by furies, and, blazing from all of his features,
 Sparkles are starting, and fire in his keen eye flashes defiance:
 Just as a bull, when enraged at the onset of battle, terrific
 Bellowings rouses, and strives in his horns to embody his anger,
 Butting the trunk of a tree, and assails the winds with his wrathful 105

Lunges, or paws up the scattering sand, as a challenge to combat.

Meanwhile Æneas no less, in the armor bestowed by his mother,
Savagely whets up Mars, and enkindles himself in his choler,
Glad that the war is to close on the base of his offered proposal.
Then does he solace his comrades and fear of the saddened Illus, 110
Citing the fates, and he orders the herald to carry his definite answers
Back to the monarch Latinus, and tell him the terms of agreement.

Scarce was the following day, as it rose, bestrewing the mountain
Tops with its light, when as soon as the steeds of the sun are emerging
Out of the fathomless surges, and sniffing the air with distended 115
Nostrils, Rutulian nobles and Trojan were under the mighty
City's defences preparing to measure the ground for the contest,
Right in the midst of the hearths, and the grass-grown altars of common
Deities. Others were bringing the font and the fire for the service,
Decked with the apron, and having their temples entwreathed in verbena. 120
Forth the Ausonian legion advances, and halberted squadrons
Stream from the crowded portals; and yonder in various armor
Rushes the Trojan battalion and all the Tyrrhenian army,
Just as completely accoutred in steel, as if summons the roughest
Battle of Mars. The commanders themselves in the midst of the thousands 125
Proudly are flitting about in their gold and purple equipments:
Mnestheus, Assaracus' offspring, is there, and the valiant Asilas;
There is the tamer of horses Messapus, descendant of Neptune.
Each, when the signal was given, retired to his separate station;
Fix they their spears in the ground, and recline on their bucklers in waiting 130
Then in their eagerness issued the matrons and weaponless rabble;
Old and decrepit men on the turrets and roofs of the houses
Clustered, while others are standing alert at the towering gateways.

But from the top of the mound which at present is known as the Alban—
Then to the mountain was neither a name, nor an honor, nor glory— 135
Juno was gazing aloof on the plain, and on both of the armies,
Trojan as well as Laurentian, watching the town of Latinus.
Presently thus has the goddess accosted the sister of Turnus,
Deified now as a goddess, who rules o'er the stagnant and roaring
Rivers: this dignity Jupiter, sovereign exalted of æther, 140
Sacredly settled in lieu of her ravished virginity on her:
“Pride of the streams, O nymph to my soul most grateful, thou knowest
How, that of all the Latian maidens, thou art the only
One to ascend to magnanimous Jupiter's couch of unkindness,
Whom I have favored, and cheerfully placed in a portion of heaven: 145

Learn now—lest thou accuse me—Juturna, the cause of thy troubles.
 Wherever fortune appeared to allow, and were destinies letting
 Latium's interests prosper, I shielded thy city and Turnus;
 Now I the champion see about to engage with unequal
 Fates, and his day, and the destinies' hostile might are approaching. 150
 I cannot bear to behold with my eyes this fight and the treaties;
 If thou darest resort to aught else in behalf of thy brother,
 On, it becometh thee. Possibly luck may accrue to the luckless."
 Scarce were these said, when Juturna shed tears from her eyes, and convulsive
 Thrice, yea, and four times smote with her hand on her generous bosom. 155
 "This is no time for thy tears," exclaims the Saturnian Juno,
 "Hasten, if means can achieve it, and rescue thy brother from ruin,
 Otherwise rally the battles, and baffle the inchoate treaty:
 I am thy patron in venturing." Thus she exhorted and left her,
 Dazed, and disturbed by the grievous wound of her mind as she pondered. 160
 Meanwhile the monarchs—Latinus of corpulent stature
 Rides in his four-horsed chariot; twice six radiant golden
 Spangles encircle his glittering temples around, the resplendent
 Type of the sun his progenitor: Turnus proceeds on his white span,
 Grasping in hand with their broad steel mountings a couple of lances: 165
 Following father Æneas, the source of the Roman descendance
 Blazing in starry shield, and accoutred in armor celestial;
 Near him Ascanius, too, the successional hope of imperial Roma—
 Onward advance to the camps. In immaculate vesture the high-priest
 Forward the young of a bristly sow, and a ewe that was unshorn 170
 Brought, and the cattle arranged by the blazing altars in waiting.
 Turning their eyes to the rising sun they religiously offer
 Salted fruits in their hands, and the temple-tips of the victims
 Mark with a knife, and pour out libations from bowls on the altars.
 Then does the pious Æneas, unsheathing his falchion, pray thus: 175
 "Be now my witness, O Sun, and this land of my solemn invoking,
 Thou for whose sake I have such sore trials been able to suffer;
 Thou, too, omnipotent Father, and thou his Saturnian Consort—
 Kinder now goddess, now kinder I pray thee—and notable Mavors,
 Thou who, O Father, all battles beneath thy divinity swayest, 180
 Fountains, and Rivers I summon, and all that is worshipped in lofty
 Æther, and all the divinities shrined in cerulean ocean,
 If it should happen that victory side with Ausonian Turnus,
 It is agreed that the conquered retire to the town of Evander,
 Youthful Iulus withdraw from the fields, and Æneas no longer 185

Muster to arms in rebellion, nor worry these realms with the sabre—
 But should the victory Mars vouchsafe as our own—as I rather
 Reckon, and rather believe that the gods will in sovereignty sanction—
 I will not order Italians to be in subjection to Teucrans,
 Nor will I claim for myself the dominion; let both of the nations 190
 Enter unvanquished, with equable laws, in eternal alliance:
 I will attend to the rites and the gods, and let father Latinus
 Manage the army and general government; Teucrans shall build me
 Bastioned walls, and Lavinia tender her name to the city."

So at the outset Æneas; and so then follows Latinus, 195
 Heavenward gazing, as up toward the planets he stretches his right hand:
 "I by the same, O Æneas, the Earth, and the Sea, and the Planets
 Swear, by Latonia's twin-born offspring, and Janus the two-faced;
 Yea, by the might of infernals, the shrine of the merciless Pluto,
 Let, too, the Father who ratifies treaties with thunderbolt hear me. 200
 Touch I the altars, and vouch by these medial fires and their patron
 Gods, that no day shall unsettle this truce and these leagues with Italians:
 Issue events as they may, no power whatever shall make me
 Willingly swerve; no, though it o'erwhelm in the billows the mainland,
 Mingling all in a flood, and in Tartarus crumble the heavens: 205
 Nay, as this sceptre—for sceptre he happened to hold in his right hand—
 Never will scions and foliage sprout with a delicate leafage,
 Since at the time it was hewn at the root from its stock in the forests,
 Reft of its mother, it doffed by the steel its tresses and branches;
 Tree it was once, but now hath the hand of the artist in comely 210
 Copper encased, and permitted the Latian fathers to wield it."
 Such the expressions in which they were binding the mutual treaties,
 Central in sight of the nobles: then over the flame they devoutly
 Slaughter the sanctified victims, and out of their quivering bodies
 Snatch up the vitals, and pile them in loaded trays on the altars. 215

But to Rutulians all the while had this fighting uneven
 Seemed, and their bosoms were heaving with mingled and varied emotions;
 Then all the more, as they nearer discern them unequally mated.
 Turnus enhances their gloom, as in silent demeanor advancing
 Slowly with downcast eye, and as suppliant suing the altar, 220
 Wan in his cheeks, and a pallor pervading his juvenile body.
 Soon as his sister Juturna beheld him, and saw the increasing
 Talk, and the vacillant hearts of the rabble were growing uneasy,
 Right in the midst of the lines, yet assuming the figure of Camers—
 Grand was whose rank from his ancestors, bright the renown of his father's 225

Valor, and he was himself, too, signally dauntless in armor—
 Right in the midst of the lines she appears, and aware of the crisis,
 Broadcast scatters the various rumors, and thus she bespeaks them:
 “Does it not, O ye Rutulians, shame you to jeopard for all these
 Champions one brave soul? Are we not, both in number and valor 230
 Fully their equals? Behold the Arcadians yonder, and Trojans
 All, and the band of fate, the Etruria hostile to Turnus!
 Scarce have we each an antagonist, though we engage them alternate.
 Up to supernals shall he, on whose altars indeed he devotes him,
 Mount to renown, and from mouth to mouth be immortally wafted. 235
 We, if our country be lost, shall be forced to submit to insulting
 Lords; yes we, who have settled now leisurely down on the meadows.”
 By such words of harangue is enkindled the warriors’ purpose
 More, and yet more, and the murmuring stealthily creeps through the marshalled
 Hosts, and Laurentians even, and even the Latins have wavered. 240
 They who already were hoping for respite of fighting, and safety
 Gained to the State, are now anxious for armor, and pray that the treaty
 Issue a failure, and pity the unequal allotment of Turnus.

Closely with these does Juturna couple another and grander
 Signal, and gives it from lofty heaven, none else more profoundly 245
 Startled Italian minds, and so by its omen beguiled them:
 For as he flies in the reddening æther, lo! Jupiter’s tawny
 Soarer was routing the birds of the shore, and the feathery cluster’s
 Boisterous throng, when he, suddenly swooping adown to the billows,
 Ruthlessly seizes the goodliest swan in his talony clutches. 250
 Fresh the Italians rally their spirits, as all of the wild-fowls
 Wheel with a clamor together in flight, and—a marvel to witness!—
 Darken the air with their pinions, and after their foe on the breezes,
 Massed in a dense cloud, sally, till he by their violence vanquished,
 Flagged by his very incumbrance, and forth from his talons the soarer 255
 Flung in the river his prey, and away on the vapors departed.

Then do Rutulians truly the augury hail with a clamor,
 Brisk they accoutre their hands, and the augur Tolumnius foremost:
 “This it was, this,” he exclaims, “that I often have sought in petitions,
 This I accept, and acknowledge the gods; under me as your leader 260
 Grapple, ye wretches, the steel, whom a ruthless marauder in battle
 Frightens like feeble and timorous birds, and with violence basely
 Plunders your shores. He shall seek an escape, and unfurl on the great deep
 Yonder his sails. Then unanimous densely mass your battalions:
 On, and your captured monarch defend to the death in the onset.” 265

Spake he, and right in the face of the toemen he tilted a weapon,
 Forward advancing: the whistling cornel resounds, and the breezes
 Steadily cleaves. In an instant is this, in an instant a loud shout.
 All the platoons were disturbed, and their hearts were aglow in the tumult.
 Opposite stood, as it happened, the handsomest bodies of mine own 274
 Brothers in line, whom his faithful Tyrrhenian consort, his only
 One, so many had born to Arcadia's yeoman Gylippus;
 One of whom, just at the waist, where the stitched belt rubs on the belly,
 Right where the buckle attaches the ends at the joinings, the flying
 Spear transfixes, a warrior splendid in person and gleaming 275
 Armor, and drives right through his ribs, and he sprawls on the yellow arena.
 But his brothers, and, fired by their sorrow, the spirited phalanx,
 Part draw swords in their hands, and a part are a missile of iron
 Hurriedly seizing and randomly rushing. Laurentian squadrons
 Forward to meet them advance: hence crowdedly backward are surging 280
 Trojans, Agyllians, Arcadians all in their gorgeous equipments:
 Thus one zest is possessing them all to decide it with sabre.
 Soon they have rifled the altars, and darkly a tempest of weapons
 Courses all over the heavens, and hurtles a shower of iron;
 Crocks and the braziers they carry away, and even Latinus 285
 Flees, back bearing his beaten gods, with the treaty a failure:
 Some are their chariots harnessing, or at a bound on their chargers
 Flinging their bodies, and stand with their sabres unsheathed for a battle
 On the Tyrrhenian monarch Auletes, enrobed in a monarch's
 Badge, the intrepid Messapus, intent on confounding the treaty, 290
 Rides on his charger to trample him down: in retreating he rushes
 Back, and unlucky is rolled, on the opposite altars behind him,
 Square on his head and his shoulders: Messapus however with war-spear
 Flies at him fierce, and, though often entreating, aloft with his beaming
 Shaft from above on his war horse heavily stabs him, and thus speaks: 295
 "Now he has got it; this goodlier victim is booned to the great gods!"
 Crowd the Italians around, and his yet warm limbs of their armor
 Strip. Corynaeus, in passing, a half-burnt brand from an altar
 Seizes, and right in the face of Ehyssus dashes the flames as he comes up.
 Dealing a blow: out blazed his luxuriant beard, and the singed hair 300
 Gave out a stench: and, moreover, he following up, with his left hand
 Seizes his wildered antagonist's flowing locks, and upon him
 Planting his knee, and straining to earth he remorselessly pins him;
 So he his side with his stiff sword stabs. Podalirius shepherd
 Alsus pursuing, as on through the weapons he scuds in the front line, 305

Over him bends with unscabbarded broadsword, he with a pole-axe
 Drawn back opposite right through the midst of his forehead and chin-bone
 Smites him, and widely with spattering gore bedrenches his armor:
 Hard is his rest, and of steel is the slumber that presses his eyeballs
 Down, and his eyelids are closed in the gloom of perpetual midnight. 310

Meanwhile the pious Æneas unarmed was stretching his right hand
 Forth, with his forehead uncovered, and shouting aloud to his allies:
 "Where are ye rushing, or what is this sudden disorder arising?
 Check your resentments; already the treaty is struck, the conditions
 All are arranged: it is right that I only encounter the hazard: 315
 Let me, and banish your fears; by my hand I will render the treaties
 Valid; these services set apart Turnus already as due me."
 Right in the midst of these pleas, in the midst of such noble expressions,
 Lo! on its wings at the champion whizzing there glided an arrow;
 But by whose hand it was shot, by what whirlwind blast it was driven, 320
 Whether by chance, or a deity won for Rutulians such high
 Praise, is uncertain: suppressed is the glory distinct of the exploit:
 No, nor did any one boast of the deed in the wound of Æneas.
 Turnus, as soon as he saw Æneas retire from the serried
 Host, and the leaders confounded, with hope of a sudden aglow burns; 325
 Orders his steeds, and his armor at once; at a bound in his chariot
 Proudly he leaps, and disposes the reins in his hands for an onslaught.
 Many a champion's stalwart body to death he careering
 Offers, and many he rolls half-dead, or the hosts with his chariot
 Charges, or scatters the war-spears snatched from the fugitive foemen; 330
 Just as when blood-stained Mars, by the streams of the shivering Hebrus
 Wrathfully clangs with his shield, and awakening battles he in them
 Launches his furious chargers: they over the limitless prairie,
 Fly in the van of the South and the East-wind: Thrace to its last bound
 Groans with the tramp of their feet, and around are careering the dismal 335
 Features of Panic, and Anger, and Ambush, the deity's escorts!
 So does alacrious Turnus, at large in the midst of the conflicts
 Startle his lathery chargers, insulting his wretchedly slaughtered
 Foemen; the rapid hoofs of his prancers besprinkle the bloody
 Spray, as the fresh gore mixed with the sand is trampled beneath them. 340

Now hath he given to massacre Sthenelus, Thamyris, Pholus,
 This one confronting and that, but the latter at distance, at distance
 Both the Imbrasides Glancus, and Lades, whom Imbrasmus' self had
 Fondly in Lycia fostered and furnished with similar armor,
 Either to fight as a footman, or rival the winds on a war-horse. 345

There, in another direction, Eumedes is borne in the midst of the combat,
 Offspring in battle distinguished of Dolon of old, to his grandsire
 Bearing resemblance in name, and in spirit and hands to his parent,
 Who, on a time, as he went as a spy to the camps of the Dana,
 Ventured to claim for himself, as his querdon, the car of Pelides; 350
 Him did Tydides award for his daring adventures a wholly
 Different prize: he no longer aspires to the steeds of Achilles.
 Far o'er the open plain as Turnus observant espied him,
 First through the long void chasing him up with a pliable javelin,
 Reins in his span, and adown from his chariot leaps, and upon him 355
 Comes as he lifelessly sank, and his foot on his neck as a victor
 Pressing, he wrenches the blade from his right hand, and glittering bathes it
 Deep in his throat, while he over him adds these stinging invectives:
 "There! thou art lying, O Trojan, to measure what thou by the warfare
 Soughtest, these fields and Hesperia: such are the prizes which those bear 360
 Off, who presume to assail me with sabre: so build they their ramparts!"
 Then with his swift-hurled barb he dispatches his escort Abytes,
 Chloreus, too, and Sybaris, Dares, Thersilochus likewise;
 And as he slid from the neck of his stumbling charger, Thymetes:
 Just as a blast of Edoman Boreas over the mighty Aegean 365
 Roars, as it chases the surges successively on to the headlands
 Wildly; wherever the winds swooped, clouds take flight in the heavens:
 So, too, to Turnus, wherever he cleaves him a passage, the squadrons
 Yield, and the scattering ranks rush wild, for an impetus bears him
 On, and a breeze from the chariot ruffles his fluttering plumage. 370
 Phegeus brooked not the slayer careering, and raving in spirits;
 Planting himself in the chariots' track, he jerked with his right hand
 Downward the bit-frothed mouths of his galloping steeds; but a broad lance
 Follows him, whilst he is dragged along and hangs on the neck yoke
 Unprotected; and piercing it burrows its way through his two-fold 375
 Corselet, and smacks with a wound in its passage the tip of his body:
 Still, interposing his buckler, he wheeling was right on the foeman
 Striding, and seeking redress with his unsheathed blade for the insult,
 When, as impelled by the onward momentum, the wheel and the axle
 Struck him, and tumbled him prone on the ground: and Turnus pursuing, 380
 Right in between the base of his helmet and top of his breast-plate,
 Severed his head with his sword, and the trunk left on the arena.

But on the plains while Turnus triumphant is making such havoc,
 Mnestheus and faithful Achates, Ascanius also as escort,
 Meanwhile have stationed in camp the exhausted and gory Aeneas, 385

Limpingly leaning his every alternate step on his long lance.
 Wildly he raves, as he struggles to tear out the shaft of the shattered
 Reed, and insists on the readiest way of relief from its torture,
 Bidding them cleave with his broad-sword even the wound, and lay open
 Deeply the weapon's retreat, and restore him again to the combats. 390
 Soon at his side was Iäpis, the son of Iäsus, o'er others
 Cherished by Phœbus, to whom by his ardent affection enraptured
 Once the elated Apollo imparted his arts and peculiar
 Offices, augury, harp, and his skill with the feathery arrow:
 He, with a view of postponing the fate of his languishing parent, 395
 Chose to acquire the medicinal virtues of herbs, and the method
 Rather of healing, and practice unhonored his silent vocations.
 Bitterly storming Æneas was standing sustained by his massy
 Spear, with a mighty assembly of guards, and the saddened Iulus,
 He by their tears unaffected. The old man girt with a tucked up 400
 Scarf in Pæonian fashion, with many a medicine ready,
 Many a potent herb of Phœbus, in trepidance bustles
 Fruitlessly round, and as fruitlessly coaxes the dart with his right hand
 Gently, and grasps with tenacious forceps the steel to extract it.
 Fortune no way is directing, and naught does his patron Apollo 405
 Aid him, whilst more and more on the plains is the ominous panic
 Spreading, and evil is nearer. Already they notice the heavens
 Pillared in dust, as the cavalry charge, and the javelins are falling
 Thick in the midst of the camps. To æther a saddening clamor
 Booms as of warriors fighting and falling 'neath merciless Mavors. 410
 Hereupon, shocked by the anguish unworthy endured by her offspring,
 Venus, his mother, a spriglet of dittany gathers on Cretan
 Ida, mature in its downy leafage, and hairy in purple
 Bloom, a medicinal plant not wholly unknown to the mountain
 Goats, when fast in their backs are inhering the piniony arrows. 415
 This, in a dim cloud while she enshrouded her countenance, Venus [ing
 Brought, and with this does she tincture the stream that is poured from the shin-
 Basins, and, secretly drugging it, sprinkles the healthful and healing
 Juice of ambrosia in it, a sweetly perfumed panacea.
 Aged Iäpis, not knowing its virtues, the wound with this lotion 420
 Tenderly bathes, and forsooth of a sudden all pain from his body
 Fled, and directly the blood all staunch'd in the wound to the bottom.
 Now does the arrow, pursuing the hand without an exertion,
 Fall of itself, and his strength has recovered as freshly as ever.
 "Hasten, and furnish the hero his armor! Why stand ye," Iäpis 425

Loudly exclaims, and at once he enkindles their souls on the foe-man:
 " Not by a human assistance, and not by the art of a master
 Came this about. It is not my hand, O Æneas, that saves thee:
 Deity grander directs, and reserves thee for grander achievements ! "
 Eagerly had he in gold enveloped his ankles for battle, 430
 This side and that, and he grudges delays as he flashes his war-spear.
 When to his side and his back are adjusted his buckler and breast-plate,
 Fondly he clasps his Ascanius round in his armored embraces,
 Kissing the tips of his lips through the helmet, and thus he bespeaks him:
 " Learn from me, my boy, heroism and labor in earnest, 435
 Fortune from others: for now shall my right hand win thee in warfare
 Safety, and lead thee amid its distinguishing prizes to glory !
 See to it presently, when to maturity age shall have brought thee,
 Be thou aware when recalling to mind the examples of kindred,
 Let then thy father Æneas and uncle Hector incite thee ! " 440

When he hath uttered these words, as a giant he strode from the gate-ways,
 Waving his ponderous shaft in his hand; and at once with a dense host
 Antheus and Mnestheus sally, and all—a promiscuous rabble—
 Stream from the quitted encampment. Then is the plain in a blinding
 Dust-cloud mingled, and trembles the earth in affright at their foot-fall. 445

Turnus has seen them, as onward they come from the opposite breastwork
 Seen have Ausonians all, and a cold chill ran through their inmost
 Bones. In advance of all of the Latins Juturna the foremost
 Heard, and distinguished the sound, and shrinkingly fled to the rearward.
 Onward he flits, as he hurries his dark host over the freed plain; 450
 Just like a tempest when down from the zenith abruptly it landward
 Sweeps o'er the midst of the ocean: alas ! how the hearts of the wretched
 Husbandmen quake as they bode it afar; to the trees it will ruin
 Bring and a havoc to harvests, and widely will devastate all things:
 Winds as they fly in advance bear onward the roar to the sea-shores: 455
 Such on the enemy's front is the Rhætian champion onward
 Urging his host, as they crowdedly each in their marshalled battalions
 Cluster. Thymbræus smites with his sword the encumbered Osiris;
 Mnestheus Archetius, Achates assassinates Epulo, Gyas
 Massacres Ufens, and even the Augur Tolumnius welters, 460
 Who at the outset, had tilted his shaft in the face of the foemen.
 Loud on the welkin is lifted a shout, and Rutulians wheeling
 Offer in turn their backs in a dusty retreat through the cornfields.
 Deigns he not even to level in death the escaping deserters ;
 Follows he none who encountered him foot to foot, nor the weapon 465

Bearers at large; but he searchingly tracks in bewildering darkness
 Turnus alone, and alone he challenges him in the contests.
 Sore distraught in her mind by this fear, the virago Juturna
 Off in the midst of the traces the driver of Turnus, Metiscus,
 Pitches, and leaving him far in the rear, as he slid from the car-pole, 470
 Mounts in his place, and seizing the undulent reins in her own hands
 Mimics exactly the voice, and the mien, and the arms of Metiscus;
 Just as a sable swallow at times through the sumptuous mansions
 Flits of an opulent lord: as it roams on its pinions the lofty
 Court-yards, picking up daintiest morsels and food for its chirping 475
 Nestlings, and now in the porticoes vacant, and now by the deep pools
 Twitters around: like it in the midst of the foemen Juturna,
 Borne by her coursers, and flitting in fluttering chariot braves all
 Risks, and now hither, now thither exhibits her jubilant brother,
 Nor does she let him at hand fight, but dashes away in the distance. 480

Nevertheless to confront him, Æneas her tortuous circles
 Traces, and tracking the hero, aloud through the mighty disordered
 Regiments calls him. As oft as he, fixing his eyes on the foeman,
 Tested by running the speed of her wing-footed horses, Juturna
 Equally often her chariot wheeled in another direction. 485
 Lack-a-day! What can he do? In a various eddy he vainly
 Floats, and conflicting anxieties summon his spirit diversely.
 At him Messapus, the nimble in chase, as he then in his left hand
 Chanced to be carrying two tough darts, that were mounted with iron,
 One of them levelling aims it directs with unerring precision. 490
 Halted Æneas, and coolly collected himself in his armor,
 Crouched on his knee: yet the spear, as incited, the tip of his helmet
 Carried away, and shook off the plumes from the cone on its summit.
 Then for a certainty rises his wrath; and he, chafed by the ruses,
 When he perceives that the horses and chariot are driven at random, 495
 Calling on Jupiter oft, and the altars of violate treaties,
 Now on their centre advances at length, and, with Mars in his favor,
 Terrible grown, he awakens an indiscriminate, savage
 Slaughter, and flings loose all the reins of his wrathful resentments.

Which god now can so many atrocities, which can the random 500
 Carnage in song, and the fate of the champions whom on the whole field
 Turnus now charges, and now in his turn the hero of Troja,
 Sketch me? O Jupiter, was it thy will that the nations in endless
 Amity destined to merge, should engage in such fearful commotion?

Wrathful Æneas Rutulian Sucro—this opening combat 505

Checked on the spot the discomfited Teucreans—while stopping a moment
 Takes in the flank, and his murderous sword, where the Lates are the swiftest,
 Drives right straight through his ribs, and the frame-work strong of his harness
 Turnus contending on foot lays Amycus, flung from his charger,
 Low, and upcoming his brother Dioreas, the one with his long barbed 510
 Spear, and the other he smites with his blade, and, suspending the severed
 Heads of the two on his chariot, carries them reeking with blood-drops.
 That one dispatches Talos and Tanais, valiant Cethegus—
 Three in a single encounter—to death, and the hapless Onites,
 Nominal son of Echion, his mother the nymph Peridia. 515
 This one dispatches the brothers by Lycia sent from Apollo's
 Fields, and Menœtes, a youth from Arcadia vainly abhorring
 Battles, whose trade and whose plebeian cottage had been by the fish-filled
 Streams of the Lerna; unknown were the duties devolving on mighty
 Heroes in war, and the land that his father was sowing was rented. 520
 Just as when fires have been started at different points in a drought-dried
 Forest, and spread thence wild in the crackling bushes of laurel;
 Or when down, in a rapid descent from the towering mountains,
 Tumble the foaming torrents, and hurry away on the lowlands,
 Each one plowing its own way through: no slower are both men 525
 Rushing, Æneas and Turnus, through various skirmishes: now, now
 Surges resentment within them; their bosoms are bursting, not knowing
 How to be conquered: in wounds they with all their might are careering:
 This one Murranus, while sounding his father's and forefathers' ancient
 Titles, and all of his lineage traced through the Latian monarchs, 530
 Headlong down with a crag, and the whirl of a ponderous boulder,
 Pitches and sprawls on the ground: right o'er him 'neath traces and neck-yoke,
 Trundled the wheels, and upon him, with clattering patter, the prancing
 Hoofs of his horses, unmindful at length of their master are trampling.
 That one on Hyllus, as savagely rushing and storming in spirits, 535
 Charges, and hurls at his gaudily gold-decked temples a weapon;
 Right through his helmet the spear stood fixed in the brain of the braggart.
 Nor did thine own right hand, O Cretheus, thou bravest of Grecians,
 Snatch thee from Turnus; nor yet did the deities shelter Cupencus
 At the approach of Æneas: he gave to the steel his presented 540
 Breast, nor availed him unlucky the cheek of his coppery buckler.
 Thee, too, Laurentian plains, O Æolus, saw as untimely
 Perish, and sprawlingly stretch on thy back on the land of the foemen;
 Yes, thou hast fallen whom neither the Argives serried phalanxes,
 No, nor Achilles, the master of Priam's dominions, could prostrate; 545

Here were thy limits of death : thy home under Ida was lofty,
Lofty thy home at Lyrnesus, thy grave in the glebe of Laurentum.

Thus were embattled the whole line of combatants, all of the Latins,
All the Dardanian forces, Mnestheus and daring Serestus,
Tamer of horses Messapus no less, and the valiant Asilas, 550
Tuscans' phalanx entire, and Evander's Arcadian squadrons,
Each for himself to the utmost of energy struggle the heroes;
Halt there is none, nor repose, as they tug in the desperate contest.

Here did his beautiful mother suggest to Æneas the purpose
Forward to push to the ramparts, and turn to the city his column 555
Quickly, and charging to rout by precipitous slaughter the Latins.
He, as he tracks through the different columns his enemy Turnus,
Sweeps round hither and thither his glance, and discovers the city
Now from the terrible battle exempt, and uninjuredly quiet;

Instantly flashes before him the view of a grander engagement. 560

Calling his chieftains Mnestheus, Sergestus, and valiant Serestus
Round him, he takes to a mound, where the rest of the legion of Teucrans
Rally, nor lay they their shields, nor their javelins, though crowded together,
Down. He centrally perched on the lofty embankment bespeaks them:

"Let there be no delay at my orders, for Jupiter backs this; 565

Let none slower advance, because my proposal is sudden;

I will to-day yon city, the cause of the war, and Latinus'

Realms, too, unless they consent to the curb, and submit as the conquered,

Crumble, and low on the ground will deposit its smouldering rafters.

I am forsooth to await, until Turnus shall choose to permit our 570

Battles, and be once more as the conquered willing to meet him!

Citizens this is the head, and the sum of this cursable warfare:

Bring ye the torches at once, and with flames demand the agreement."

Thus had he spoken, and all in a body with rivalrous spirits

Form in a wedge, and are borne in a crowded mass to the ramparts! 575

All unexpectedly ladders, and fire have appeared of a sudden!

Some run round to the portals and butcher the outermost sentries;

Others are hurling the steel, and the firmament shrouding with weapons:

Under the ramparts Æneas himself in the midst of the vanguards,

Stretches his right hand upward, and loudly accuses Latinus, 580

Calling the gods to attest that again he is forced to the combats:

"Twice now Italians are foes, and now these other treaties are broken."

Meanwhile among the affrighted citizens rises a discord;

Some of them bid to unfasten the city, and open the gate-ways

Wide to the Dardans, and drag out their monarch himself on the ramparts: 585

Others their armor assume, and attempt to defend the entrenchment.
 As when a shepherd has traced out bees in the cellular tufa
 Pent, and has filled their retreat with a nauseous fume to expel them,
 Trembling within for their welfare they, through their waxen encampments,
 Bustle about, and whet up their wrath by inordinate buzzings; 590
 Foul is the odor uprolled to the roofs; then the rocks with a dull hum
 Echo within, and there issues a smoke to the vacuous breezes.

This catastrophe also befel the dispirited Latins,
 Which profound to its base shook all the city with mourning.
 As from her mansions the queen looks out on the foemen approaching, 595
 Sees that the walls are assaulted, and fires vault up to the roofings,
 Nowhere Rutulian troops to oppose them, no column of Turnus,
 Sad she believes that the youth is at last in the contest of battle
 Quenched, and, distracted in mind by her wildering grief, of a sudden
 Clamors that she is the criminal cause and the head of the evils: 600
 Crazed by disheartening frenzy, and uttering many reproaches,
 She, with her own hand, desperate, rending her mantle of purple,
 Ties from a lofty rafter the noose of an infamous exit.
 When of the suicide learned the disconsolate Latian matrons,
 Foremost her daughter Lavinia tore with her fingers her auburn 605
 Tresses and rosy cheeks; then around her the rest of the rabble
 Rages, and wide the apartments resound with their dolorous wailings.
 Hence the unfortunate rumor is noised through the whole of the city;
 Minds are despondent: Latinus goes forth with his vesture in tatters,
 Stunned and o'erwhelmed by the fate of his wife and the city's destruction, 610
 Soiling his hoary locks, besprinkled with dust in defilement,
 [Much he accuses himself that he did not receive at the outset
 Dardan Æneas, and take him as son-in-law cordially welcomed.]

Meanwhile away on the verge of the plain is the warrior Turnus
 Chasing a straggling few yet more languidly now, and elate now 615
 Less and less by the meagre success of his galloping chargers.
 Distantly to him the breeze hath wafted the clamor with unseen
 Terrors commingled: and thrilling have struck his arrested attention
 Sounds of the city confused, and the joy-extinguishing murmur.
 "Ah, me! why are the ramparts disturbed by so grievous a mourning? 620
 What is such clamor uprushing from different parts of the city?"
 So he exclaims, and he pauses with reins drawn tight as a madman!
 But his sister, as changed to the shape of his driver Metiscus,
 She was the chariot, and horses, and reins for the champion guiding,
 Meets him with these words: "Hitherward, Turnus, now let us pursue these 625

Natives of Troja, where victory earliest opens a pathway;
 Others there are who by hand can defend the imperial mansions;
 See how Æneas assails the Italians and mingles the combats,
 Come from our hand let us launch on the Teucrans a merciless havoc,
 Thou shalt retire not 'neath them in number and honor of battle ! " 630
 Turnus to this said:

" Sister, aye long have I known thee, when first thou by artful intriguing
 Quashedst the treaties, and gavest thyself to engage in these conflicts !
 Vainly thou now as a goddess disguisest ! But who in Olympus,
 Pray, hath wished thee dispatched to bring us such terrible hardships ? 635
 Is it to witness the cruel death of thy pitiful brother ?
 For, what do I ? or what now the safety that fortune can pledge me ?
 I e'en before mine eyes, as he loudly invoked me to save him,
 Saw Murranus, than whom to me no other dearer survives him,
 Perishing, mighty himself by a death-wound mighty defeated. 640
 Fell the unfortunate Ufens, lest he our indecorous conduct
 Witness, and now are the Teucrans possessing his body and armor.
 Shall I then suffer our homes to be razed—to calamities this one
 Only was left—nor refute by this hand the reproaches of Drances ?
 Back shall I show, and this earth see Turnus a fugitive fleeing ? 645
 Is it then such a misfortune to die ? O ye spirits departed,
 Be ye benign to me now, since averse is the will of supernals !
 I will go down unto you as a sanctified soul, and of that foul
 Scandal unconscious, and never unworthy my valorous fathers ! "

Scarce had he spoken this—lo ! through the midst of the enemy Saces 650
 Mountedly flits on a foaming charger, his face by an arrow
 Wounded in front, and imploring Turnus by name as he rushes:
 " Turnus, in thee is our ultimate safety ! O pity thy comrades !
 Thunders Æneas in armor, and threatens to hurl the Italian's
 Loftiest citadels down, and consign them to utter destruction; 655
 Torches now vault to the roofing. On thee, on thee are the Latins
 Turning their faces and eyes: e'en hesitates monarch Latinus
 Which he shall son-in-law call, and to which of the leagues to ally him !
 Further, the queen, thy trustiest friend, hath just by her own hand
 Fallen, alas ! and in utter despondency fled from the daylight. 660
 Sole in defense of the portals Messapus and daring Atinas
 Steady the line of the battle; on each flank round them phalanxes
 Crowdedly stand, and is bristling an iron harvest of unsheathed
 Blades, yet thou sweepest thy chariot round on the desolate grass-plot."

Turnus confounded was stunned by the varying image of pending 665

Issues, and stood in a speechless attitude, mightily surges
 Shame in his single heart, and a madness unmingled with sorrow,
 Love, too, goaded by furies, and conscious possession of valor.
 Soon as the shadows dispersed, and the light was restored to his senses,
 Straightway whirled he the flashing balls of his eyes to the ramparts 670
 Frenzied, and back from his vehicle gazed on the glorious city.
 But lo ! a vortex of flames was, uprolled in the midst of the stories,
 Waving to heaven, and seizing the tower—the tower that himself had
 Lately upreared of compactedly jointed timbers, and firmly
 Under it trussed, and constructed its rollers and towering gang-ways, 675
 “Now, now sister are fates in ascendancy; cease to detain me:
 Let me pursue where imperious fortune and deity call me !
 Purposed am I to engage with Æneas, and purposed to suffer
 All that is bitter in death: thou shalt see me no longer a coward,
 Sister, but ere it, I pray thee, permit me to fume in this fury.” 680

Spake he and gave from his chariot quickly a leap to the meadows;
 On through the foe, and through weapons he rushes, and leaves his disheartened
 Sister, and bursts on a furious run in the midst of the squadrons,
 Just like a rock, when it headlong down from the top of a mountain
 Rushes, detached by the wind, or when a tempestuous rain-storm 685
 Drenches, or time, with the lapse of years, perhaps has released it;
 Down the precipitous ledge, the impetuous mount by momentum
 Mighty is borne, as it bounds o’er the ground and enrolling within it
 Forests and cattle and men: so Turnus, through scattering squadrons,
 Rushes away to the walls of the city, where earth is profusely 690
 Reeking with fresh-shed blood, and the breezes are hissing with javelins.
 Beckons he far with his hand, and at once in vociferous language commands:
 “Spare ye Rutulians now, and ye Latins refrain from your weapons;
 Fortune, whatever it be, is my own; it is fairer that singly
 I in your stead should atone for the truce, and decide it with sabre.” 695
 All in the midst have withdrawn and afforded a space for the combat.

But when the name of Turnus was mentioned the father Æneas,
 Quitting the walls of the city, and quitting the heights of the castle,
 Dashes down all delays, and breaks off all operations.
 Leaping in exhilaration, he horribly rattles his armor, 700
 Mighty as Athos, or mighty as Eryx, or mighty as father
 Mornt Apenninus, when loudly he roars in the shimmering holm-trees
 Proud of his summit of snow, as he loftly looms in the breezes.
 Now have Rutulians eager, and Trojans and all the Italians
 Verily turned their eyes, both those who were holding the ramparts 705

Lofty, and those who were pounding the lowermost walls with an engine,
Down from their shoulders have lowered their armor, and even Latinus
Views with amazement the stalwart champions, born in dissevered
Farts of the globe, engaging and risking their fate on the sabre.

But they, as soon as have opened the plains in a vacant arena, 710
On at a rapid pace, when afar have been tilted their war-spears,
March to the martial encounter with bucklers and copper resounding.
Earth deep utters a groan; then the clashings incessant with broadswords
Fierce they redouble, and fortune and valor are mingled together:
Just as in boundless Sila, or when on the heights of Taburnus, 715
Two bulls meet in their hostile encounters with foreheads on foreheads
Butting; their keepers dismayed have withdrawn from the scene of the conflict;
All of the herd stand mute in alarm, and at loss are the heifers
Which shall be lord of the wood, which all of the cattle shall follow:
Wounds they between them with many a tussle immingle, and pushing 720
Burrow their horns in each other, and fierce are with copious bloodshed
Bathing their necks and their withers; the whole wood bellows with groaning:
Just so Trojan Æneas at length and the Daunian hero
Battle with bucklers, and mighty the crash that is filling the welkin.
Jupiter even is holding the scales on an evenly balanced 725
Poise, and the different fates of the two he adjusts to determine
Which the engagement shall doom, and for which shall preponderate ruin.
Turnus here springs forth boldly, presuming it safe, and on tip-toe
Rises with all of his body aloft, and uplifting his broadsword
Slashes. The Teucrans and trepidant Latins cry out in amazement, 730
Both of the armies are held in suspense; but the treacherous broadsword
Snaps, and abandons the fiery wight in the midst of his well-aimed
Blow, and if flight come not to his aid—but he quicker than East-wind
Fled, as he glanced at the unknown hilt, and his weaponless right hand.

There is a rumor that, when he was mounting his span in the early 735
Frays, the ancestral blade of his father was left, and that while he
Headlong hurries, he caught up the steel of his driver Metiscus:
Long it sufficed him, while Teucrans were turning their backs in a panic;
But when it came to the god's Vulcanian armor, the mortal
Blade in the hands of the hero, as brittle as frosting to flinders 740
Flew at a stroke, and its fragment outgleams on the yellow arena.
Hence as a madman Turnus betakes him in flight to a distant
Part of the field, and entangles now hither, then thither his mazy
Circuits, for Teucrans have hedged him around in a clustering circle,
But here a measureless marsh, there the towering battlements gird him. 745

Nevertheless Æneas, though lamed by the hindering arrow,
 Even though often his knees are impeding and checking his progress,
 Follows, and fervidly urges his foot on the foot of his frightened
 Foe; like a hunter-hound, if perchance he discover a roebuck
 Hemmed by a current, or awed by the dread of a fluttering feather, 750
 Presses him hard in the chase, and assails him with furious barkings:
 He, though alarmed by the snares and the lofty bank of the river,
 Backward and forward flies in a thousand ways, but the active
 Wide-mouthed Umbrian checks him, and now, now grabs him, and like one
 Gaping he gnashes his jaws, but is mocked by a bite as at nothing 755
 Then of a truth there arises a shout, and the banks and the marshes
 Echo it round, and thunder the heavens throughout with the uproar.
 He, as he flees, upbraids the Rutulians all in a body,
 Calling on each by name, and entreats for his notable broadsword.
 Counter Æneas vindictive immediate death and destruction 760
 Threatens, if any appear to assist him, and frightens the trembling
 Fugitive, threatening to ravage the city, and presses on wounded.
 Five full circles they round in the chase and as many retrace,
 Hither and thither, for they are intent on no trilling and sportive
 Prizes, but strive for the life and the blood of the champion Turnus. 765

Here there by chance had a wild olive stood, with its nauseous leafage
 Sacred to Faunus, a tree that had long been regarded by shipwrecked
 Sailors, as where they were wont to affix, when escaped from the surges,
 Gifts and suspend the habiliments vowed to the god of Laurentum:
 But indiscriminate then had the Teucrans taken its sacred 770
 Trunk away, to be able to charge on a plain unobstructed.
 Here was the spear of Æneas standing; the impulse had hither
 Borne it, and fixed in the toughened roots it was holding it tightly.
 O'er it the Dardan stooped, and endeavored to wrench the embedded
 Steel with his hand, and pursue by the weapon the foe he had been by 775
 Running unable to catch; but distracted by terror then Turnus
 Cried: "O Faunus, I pray thee to pity, and thou most benign Earth
 Grapple tenacious the steel, if I ever have cherished thy honors,
 Which the Æneans conversely have rendered profane by the warfare."
 Spake he, and summoned the deity's aid in no frivolous vows; for 780
 Long on the toughened stump, though tugging and hindered, Æneas
 Did not by utmost exertion succeed in unclasping the wood's firm
 Grip. While he earnestly struggles and presses, the Daunian goddess,
 Once more changed to the features and form of the driver Metiscus,
 Sallies officiously forth, and restores to her brother his broadsword. 785

Venus, indignant that leave should be granted the pertly audacious Nymph, drew near, and the shaft from the deep root wrenched for Æneas. They sublime with their armor and spirits refurnished, confiding One in his sword, and the other, undaunted and tall, in his war-spear, Stand forth opposite, breathlessly waiting the deadly encounter.

790

Meanwhile the sovereign of omnipotential Olympus addresses Juno, as she on a sulphurous cloud is observing the combats:

“What shall the end be now, my spouse? What at last is remaining? Knowest thou well, and confessest thou knowest; that born is Æneas Destined for heaven, and yet to be raised by the fates to the planets. What dost thou scheme? Or with what hope clingest thou still to the cold Was it befitting a god to be maimed by the wound of a mortal? [clouds?

795

Or that a sword—for what could Juturna accomplish without thee?—Filched, be restored to Turnus, and vigor infused in the vanquished? Cease now at length from the strife, and be swayed by our earnest entreaties; 800 Let not a grievance so harrowing gnaw thee in silence; nor let such Sorrowful cares from thy sweet lips so incessantly haunt me.

Come is the crisis at last. Thou hast had on the land and the billows Power to discomfit the Teucrans, and kindle ineffable warfare,

Whelm in dishonor a home, and embroil an espousal in mourning: Further to trench I forbid thee!” So Jupiter opened the parley;

805

So the Saturnian goddess with downcast countenance answered:

“It was because of my knowing this pleasure of thine, O exalted Jupiter, that I Turnus and earth have reluctant abandoned; Nay, thou hadst not now seen me alone in this airy position, Suffering rightly or wrongly, but girded with flames I had wrathful Stood in the front-rank goading to hostile encounters the Teucrans.

810

Yes, I confess I persuaded Juturna to succor her hapless Brother, and sanctioned her risk for his life of more signal achievements;

Still that she level no shaft, that she bend not a bow in his rescue; I by the awful, implacable source of the Stygian fountain—

815

That sole sanctity left to supernal divinities—swear it:

Now I retire from the field, and disgusted abandon the combats.

That which is holden by no stern statute of fate, I entreat thee, Grant me for Latium’s sake, for the majesty’s sake of thy kindred, When they shall presently form by felicitous nuptials—so be it—

820

Peaceful alliance, and presently join in enactments and treaties,

Bid not indigenuous Latins to change their original surname,

Or to become all Trojans, or called as a nation the Teucrans,

Or that the heroes exchange their language, or alter their customs;

825

Let there be Latium, let there be Alban monarchs for ages,
 Let, too, the Roman succession be strong by Italian valor.
 'Troja hath fallen, and let it have fallen in name as in prestige."
 Smiling upon her replied the designer of men and of empires:
 "Thou art the sister of Jove, and another descendant of Saturn; 830
 Yet thou art rolling such mighty billows of wrath in thy bosom!
 Come, now, and lower the fury so fruitlessly started within thee:
 What thou desirest I grant, and submissive I cheerful surrender:
 Still shall Ausonians hold to the speech and the ways of their fathers.
 Just as it is shall the name be still, and incorporate only 835
 'Teucreans shall settle commingled; and customs and rites of religion,
 Too, I will add, and will make of one language all of the Latins:
 Yea, and the race that hence rises with blood Ausonian mingled,
 Thou shalt behold over men, over gods in its piety mounting;
 Nay, not a nation shall equally celebrate with them thine honors." 840
 Juno assented to these, and elated retracted her purpose;
 Meanwhile retires she from heaven, and abandons her cloudy pavilion.
 These things done with himself does the father resolve on another
 Scheme, and prepares to dismiss from the arms of her brother Juturna.
 Twain are the sister fiends who are called by the name of the Furies, 845
 Whom—and in Tartarus dwelling Megæra—unseasonably Night once
 Bore at a single and self-same birth, and with tresses of serpents
 Wreathed them alike, and appended to each wind-hovering pinions.
 These are at Jupiter's throne, in the court of the merciless sovereign,
 Waiting, and serve to intensify dread in languishing mortals. 850
 Whene'er the sovereign of gods some horrible plague or diseases
 Plans to inflict, or would terrify cities deserving with warfare.
 One of these Jupiter swiftly adown from the summit of æther
 Sent, and bade her as omen of evil encounter Juturna.
 Flies she aloof, and is borne to the earth on a rushing tornado, 855
 Just as an arrow impelled by its string through a nebulous vapor,
 Armed with the bane of a virulent poison which Parthian archer—
 Parthian or a Cydonian—shot, an incurable weapon:
 Whizzing it bounds on its errand unnoticed through vanishing shadows:
 So did the daughter of Night move on as she earthward descended. 860
 When she discovers the Ilian ranks and the columns of Turnus,
 Suddenly shrank she in size to the form of a minikin night-bird,
 Such as at times on the tombs, or on desolate roofs in the night-time
 Seated, unwelcomely hoots through the shadows till late in the midnight
 Changed to this aspect the fiend flits buzzing in presence of Turnus, 865

To and fro, and she flaps with her pinions his shield as she passes.
 Singular lethargy palsied his limbs with alarm as he saw her;
 Stiffened his hair, and his voice stuck fast in his jaws at the vision.
 But as Juturna his sister the whirl and the wings of the dire-fiend
 Knew in the distance, she tore her disheveled tresses in anguish, 870
 Scratching her face with her nails, and with clenched fists beating her bosom:
 "How can thy sister, O Turnus, now, possibly longer assist thee?
 What now remains for my pitiless self? By what art can I longer
 Lengthen thy light? Can I singly oppose so unearthly a monster?
 Now I abandon the battle: affright me no more in my terror, 875
 O ye detestable fowls! I the flap of your wings and its fatal
 Death-knell know, nor mistake I magnanimous Jupiter's haughty
 Mandates. O does he thus requite for virginity ravished?
 Why did he grant me perpetual life? And wherefore was death's stern
 Ordinance reft me? I now can assuredly end such oppressive 880
 Troubles and go through the shadows my pitiful brother's attendant!
 I an immortal? or will there be aught in the privilege precious,
 Brother, without thee? O where is the land that sufficiently deeply
 Yawns to receive and consign me a goddess to spectres infernal?"
 Thus much spake she, and covered her head in a veiling of azure, 885
 Groaning full oft, and the goddess hath buried herself in the deep stream.

Onward confrontingly presses Æneas, and flashes his weapon,
 Huge as a tree, and he thus from his merciless bosom bespeaks him:
 "What now at last is the hindrance? Or, Turnus, why shrinkest already?
 Not on a chase, but by merciless armor at hand is the contest; 890
 Turn thee in every shape, or whatever of spirit or cunning
 Thou canst command draw on for the nonce: on adventurous pinions
 Long to ascend to the stars, or to hide thee enclosed in the caverned
 Earth." But he shaking his head said: "Savage, thy fervid bravado
 Frightens me not, but the gods, and my enemy Jupiter, fright me." 895
 Spake he no more, but he glances around, and a ponderous boulder,
 Primitive boulder and ponderous, which by a chance on the plain lay
 There as a landmark, set to avert a dispute in the cornfields:
 Scarce could a dozen selected men on their shoulders support it—
 Such sized bodies of men as the earth at the present produces; 900
 Seizing it, he, with a quivering hand, at his enemy hurled it,
 Rising aloft, and exerting himself on a run as a hero.
 But he neither in running, nor charging discovers his wonted
 Self, nor in lifting his hand, nor in moving the marvellous boulder:
 Totter his knees, and his chilled blood curdled throughout with a shiver. 905

Then, too, the stone itself of the champion, whirled through the thin air,
 Vaulted not over the whole of the space, nor inflicted a death-blow;
 But as in slumbers by night, when a languid repose is our eye-balls
 Pressing, and vainly we seem to be eager to run an extended
 Race, yet we swooningly sink in the midst of our strenuous efforts 910
 Powerless: avails not the tongue, and the usual vigor of body
 Fails us, and neither does voice nor utterance follow our wishes.
 Just so Turnus, whatever the method he sought by his valor.
 Wrathful the goddess refuses success. Then varied emotions
 Surge in his bosom: he looks to Rutulians, then to the city, 915
 Falters in terror, and shrinkingly quails at the weapon impending:
 Sees he not how to escape, nor with what force charge on his Loeman,
 Sees not his chariot anywhere round, nor its driver, his sister.
 Then as he hesitates, flashes Æneas his murderous weapon,
 Gauging his chance by his eyes, and at distance with all of his body 920
 Hurls it. Never do boulders so fearfully hurtle when flung from a mural
 Engine, and never from thunderbolt even are crashes so awful
 Bounding. The terrible spear flies on like a lurid tornado
 Carrying doom in its flight, and, upripping the rims of his breast-plate,
 Sundered the nethermost orb of his seven-fold, circular buckler. 925
 Whizzing it bores through the midst of his thigh, and the muscular Turnus,
 Struck down, tumbles to earth with his knee bent double beneath him.
 Rise the Rutulians all with a groan, and the whole of the mountain
 Bellows around, and the deep groves widely re-echo the outcry.
 He, on the ground, and as suppliant stretching his eyes and his pleading 930
 Right hand: "I have deserved it," he said, "and I deprecate nothing:
 Use thy allotted advantage. If any regard for a parent
 Move thee to pity, I pray thee—for such was thy father Anchises—
 Pity the dotage of Daunus my father, and merciful give me,
 Or, if thou rather preferest, my body despoiled of the day-light, 935
 Back to my kin. Thou hast conquered; Ausonians saw me as vanquished
 Stretching my palms out; thine is Lavinia now as thy consort
 Press me no longer in malice." Æneas, intrepid in armor,
 Halted, and rolling his eyes, he repressed for a moment his right hand:
 Yea, and already in pausing the speech had begun to affect him 940
 More and more, when appeared of a sudden, and high on his shoulder
 Flashed, with its well-known studs, the unfortunate BALDIRE of youthful
 Pallas, whom Turnus had conquered, and prostrate laid by a fatal
 Wound, and was flauntingly wearing an enemy's badge on his shoulders.
 When he has drunk with his eyes the mementoes and relics of cruel 945

Grief, he was kindled by furies, and stood in the might of his anger
Terrible: "Shalt thou be hence—thou, clad in the spoils of my allies—
Snatched from me? Pallas by this wound, Pallas devotes thee an offered
Victim, and takes from this villainous blood his retributive vengeance."
Saying this, buries he deeply the steel in his opposite bosom,
Glowing with wrath: but the limbs of the foe are relaxed with a tremor,
And with a groan his indignant life flees down to the shadows.

950

THE END.



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